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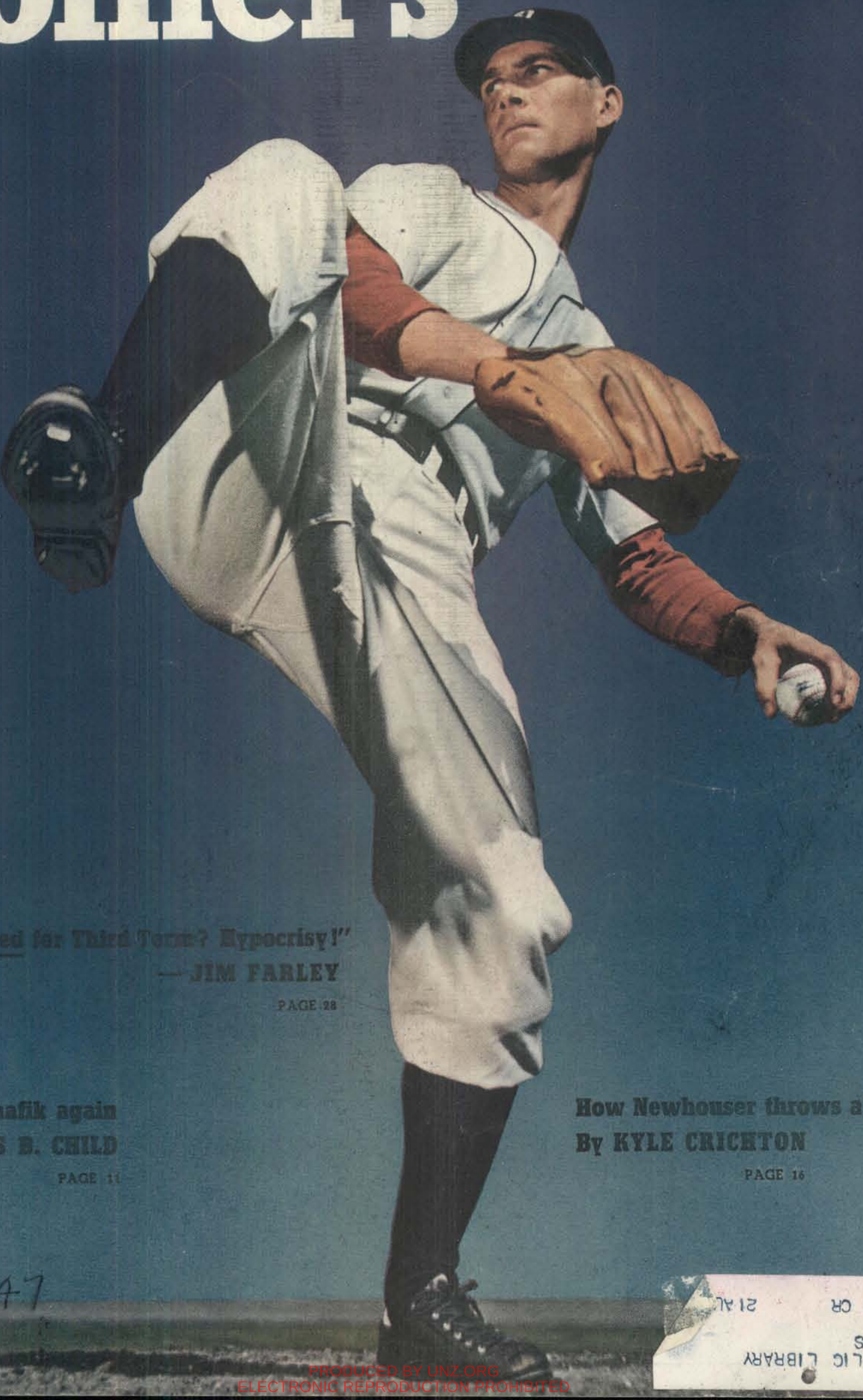

"F. D. R. drafted for Third Term? Hypocrisy!"
—JIM FARLEY
PAGE 28

Inspector Chafik again
By CHARLES B. CHILD
PAGE 11

How Newhouser throws a ball
By KYLE CRICHTON
PAGE 16

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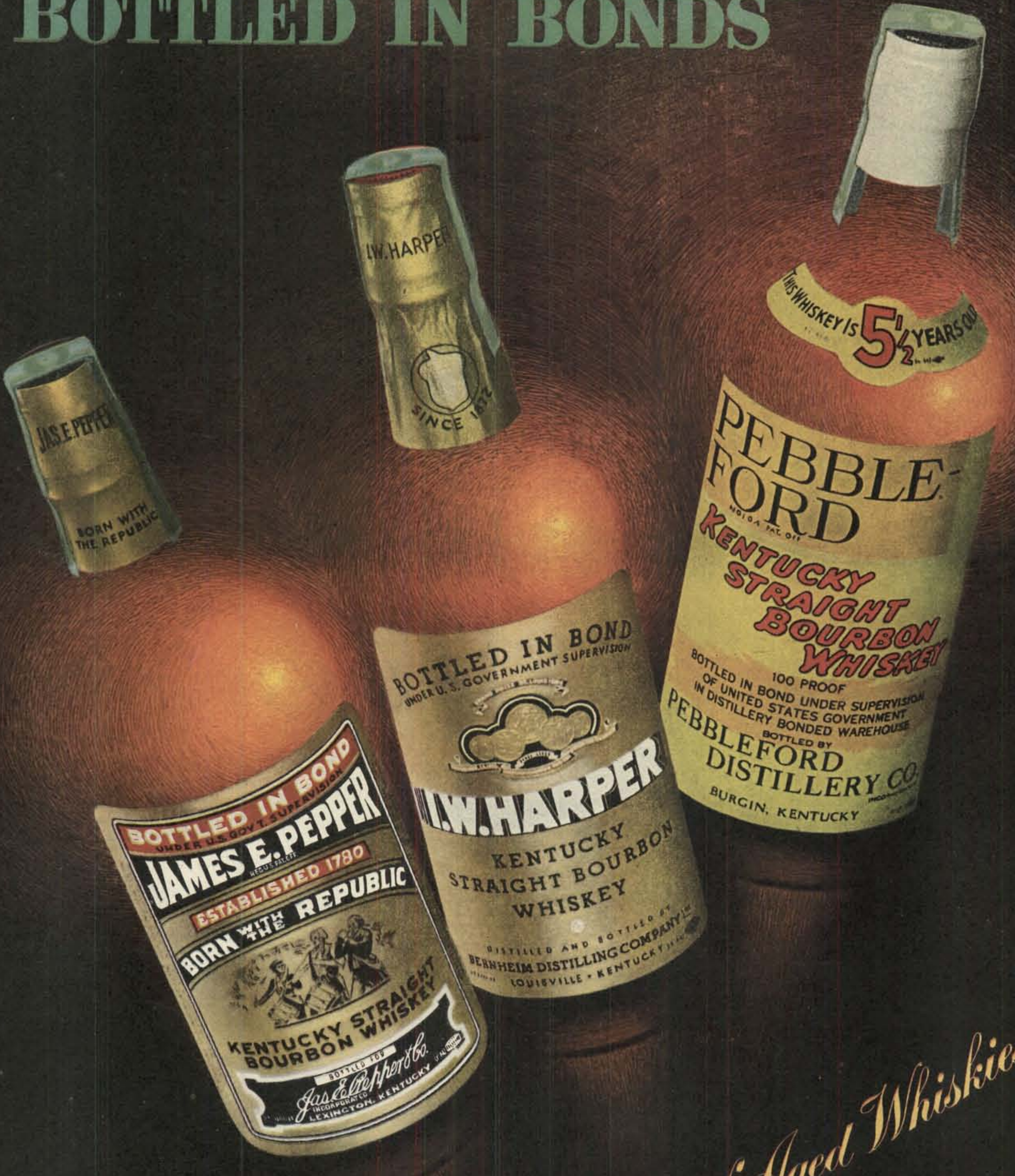
*Precious pre-war*

# BOTTLED IN BONDS•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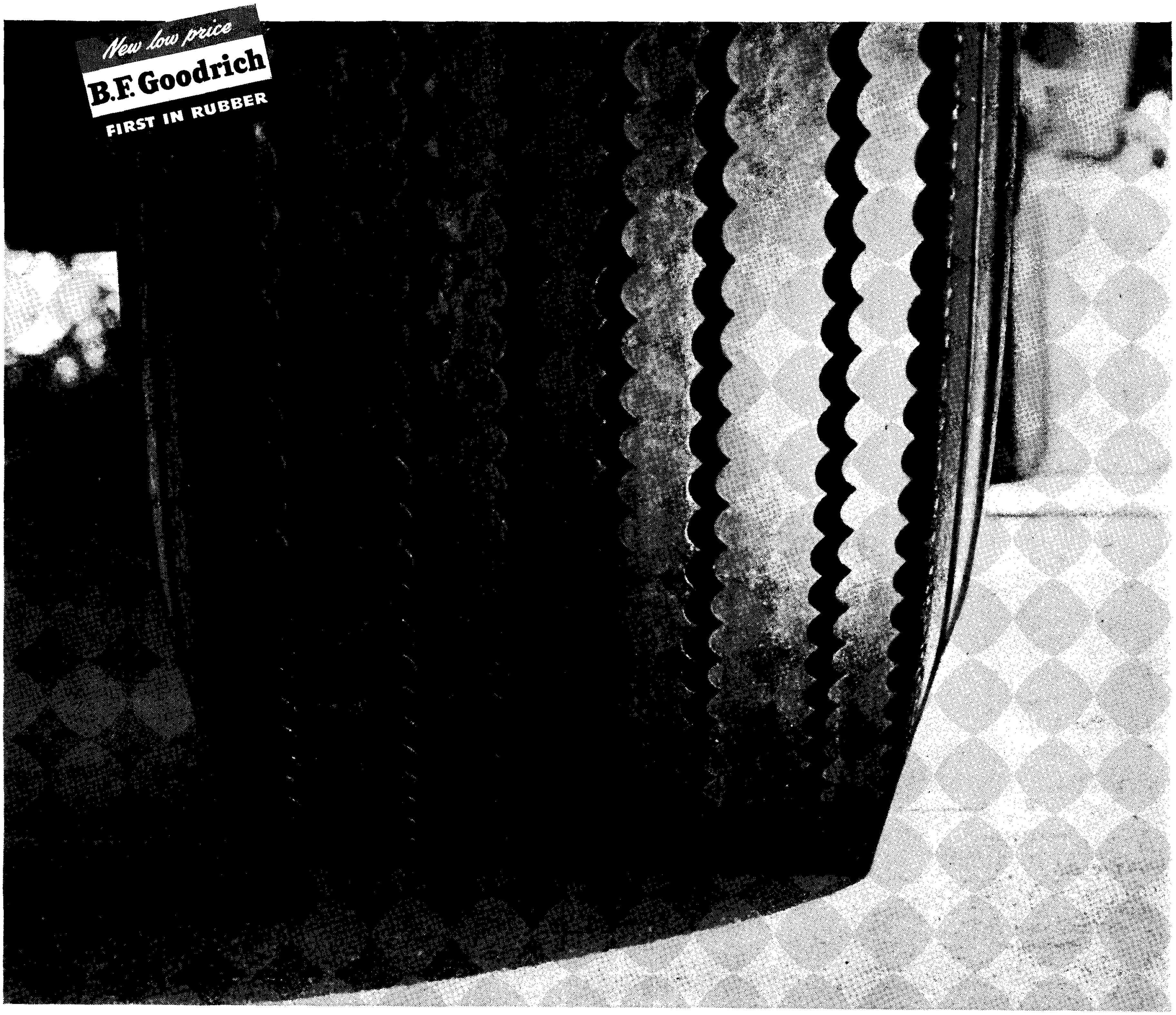

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**COLLIER'S**
July 19, 1947

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## THE WEEK'S MAIL

### LIGHT 3,284,789,760,000,000 BLOCKS

DEAR EDITOR: I should like to see how Mr. Eugene Gardner got his figures for the number of city blocks in a hundred light years (The Week's Mail, June 7th). To find that number, you must first consider that light travels 186,000 miles per second; therefore it would travel 11,160,000 miles in a minute; 669,600,000 miles in an hour; and 16,070,400,000 miles in a day. Multiplying by 365, one finds that light would travel 5,865,696,000,000 miles in a year, and in a hundred years it would travel 586,569,600,000,000 miles!! Therefore, it would travel 3,097,087,488,000,000,000 *feet* in a hundred light years. Now, in our town, there are 300 feet in a block; that is the standard in most places. So, there would be 10,323,624,960,000,000 city (or town) blocks (approximately) in 100 light years, or . . . MERLE J. THOMAS, Holbrook, Neb.

*We concede!*

### PEACEVILLE

DEAR SIR: Re Dunkirk—One World Town (June 7th), Quentin Reynolds has written the best and most timely article that I have ever read. He has touched upon most of the things that are confusing this country and the world today. Dunkirk has not allowed them to be stumbling blocks in the solution of her problems. Perhaps 95 per cent of the people want peace—with all politics left out. "Maybe people all over the world are just like us. If they are, they don't want any more wars."

JOHN MILTON, Salt Lake City, Utah

### CHURCHILL IN THE RAW

DEAR EDITOR: It was interesting reading Frank J. Wilson's Undercover Man: V (May 31st). I was raised at Pompano, Fla., where Churchill went in swimming naked. Why didn't the U.S. lend-lease him a bathing suit? And we "natives" didn't think he looked so hot wearing a cigar in swimming, yet one native girl perched in a coconut tree was heard to say, "Why couldn't it have been Van Johnson or Clark Gable?"

EDWARD P. HARRY, Muncie, Ind.

### BAT MAN

DEAR EDITOR: In Keep Up With the World by Freling Foster (June 7th), someone is far, far behind. "The *only* airman to perform the stunt of gliding through the air with canvas wings happened for the last time in 1937!" it states. 20-30 Pomona Club Number 9 gave an air show at the Claremont Cable Airfield, Claremont, California, December 29, 1946, and the main attraction was the "Bat Man," who soared

*(Continued on page 80)*

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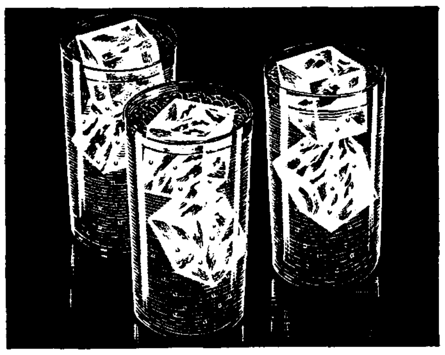

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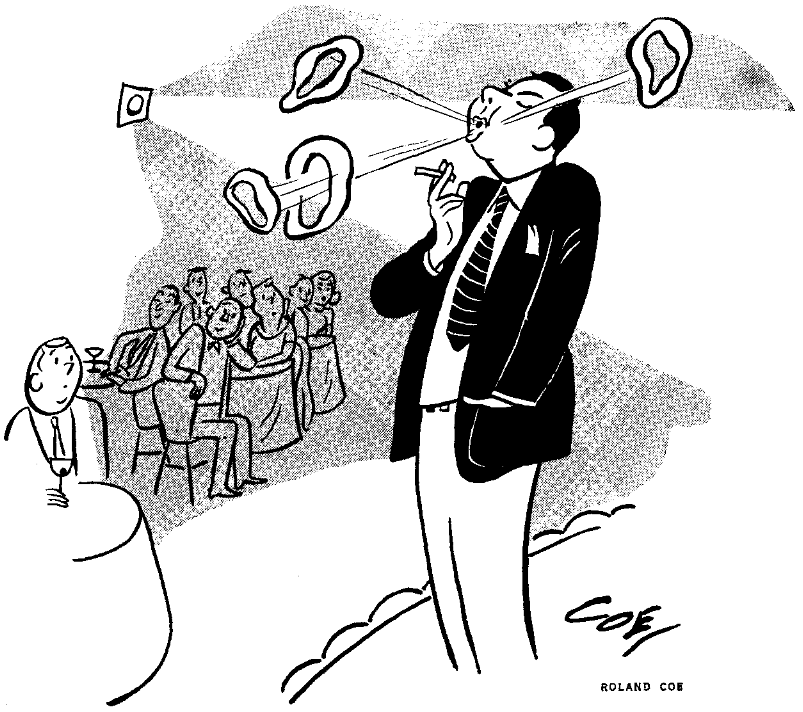

ROLAND COE

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

### BY FRELING FOSTER

*In a* current night-club act, Bert Pichel, of Cincinnati, blows two smoke rings of the same size simultaneously from the sides of his mouth. He also blows a ring that floats down and settles on the floor instead of rising, and another that catches up with and passes through a larger one without changing the shape of either.

*Violent* explosions have been caused by some 25 kinds of dust, such as of grain, starch, soap and sugar, whose particles may be ignited by a spark when they are very fine and evenly distributed in the air. One blast, in the loading tunnel of a Chicago grain elevator not long ago, lifted and moved several feet 40 storage bins having a total weight of nearly 300,000 tons.

*The* New York Fire Department is installing 150 devices intended to discourage the sending of false alarms. The device is a siren that, when the box lever is pulled, begins a one-minute shriek which, by attracting the attention of everyone within a block, usually leads to the identification or apprehension of the prankster.

*A secret* of acoustics that died with the ancients is embodied in a 2,400-year-old amphitheater that still stands in excellent condition in Epidaurus, Greece. Although its stage is open and uncovered, a whisper spoken on it is heard distinctly in every one of the 14,000 seats.

*Although* 184 years old, the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, South Carolina, retains its original social code, which includes a rule forbidding members to bring actors, actresses or divorced persons to its periodical balls. The society is so exclusive that newspapers cannot obtain any information about its activities.—*By Anna Harwood, Stryker, Ohio.*

*Tarzan* is the only motion-picture character who has towns named after him, two being Tarzan, Texas, and Tarzana, California.

*Crime* laboratory technicians can usually determine, under ultraviolet light, whether a tooth or a fragment of skin came from a white man or a Negro. When crushed to powder, the tooth of a white person glows green, while that of a Negro glows a reddish orange; and the skin of a white man fluoresces only when it *is not* sunburned and that of a Negro only when it *is* sunburned.

*The* "City of London" occupies an area of only one square mile in the business center of the British capital, on the site where it was founded by the Romans. Although an integral part of London, this little section is self-governed, has its laws and customs and maintains its own courts, schools, police force, etc. Even the King must have an invitation from its Lord Mayor in order to pay an official visit.

*Having* found there exists a legitimate need for a telephone recorder, the Federal Communications Commission expects to sanction soon the manufacture of such machines—with a certain provision. When in use, they must automatically sound a signal that, after warning the called party that his conversation will be recorded is repeated at short intervals, so as to remind him that the recording is being made.

*A curious* trick played by the eyes is the imaginary perception of reversed motion for a few seconds after the real motion has ceased. For example, a motorist who has been driving several hours may think he sees, upon stopping his car, the road and trees backing away from him; while a man standing on the rear platform of a fast train may imagine he sees, when the train stops, the landscape rushing toward him.

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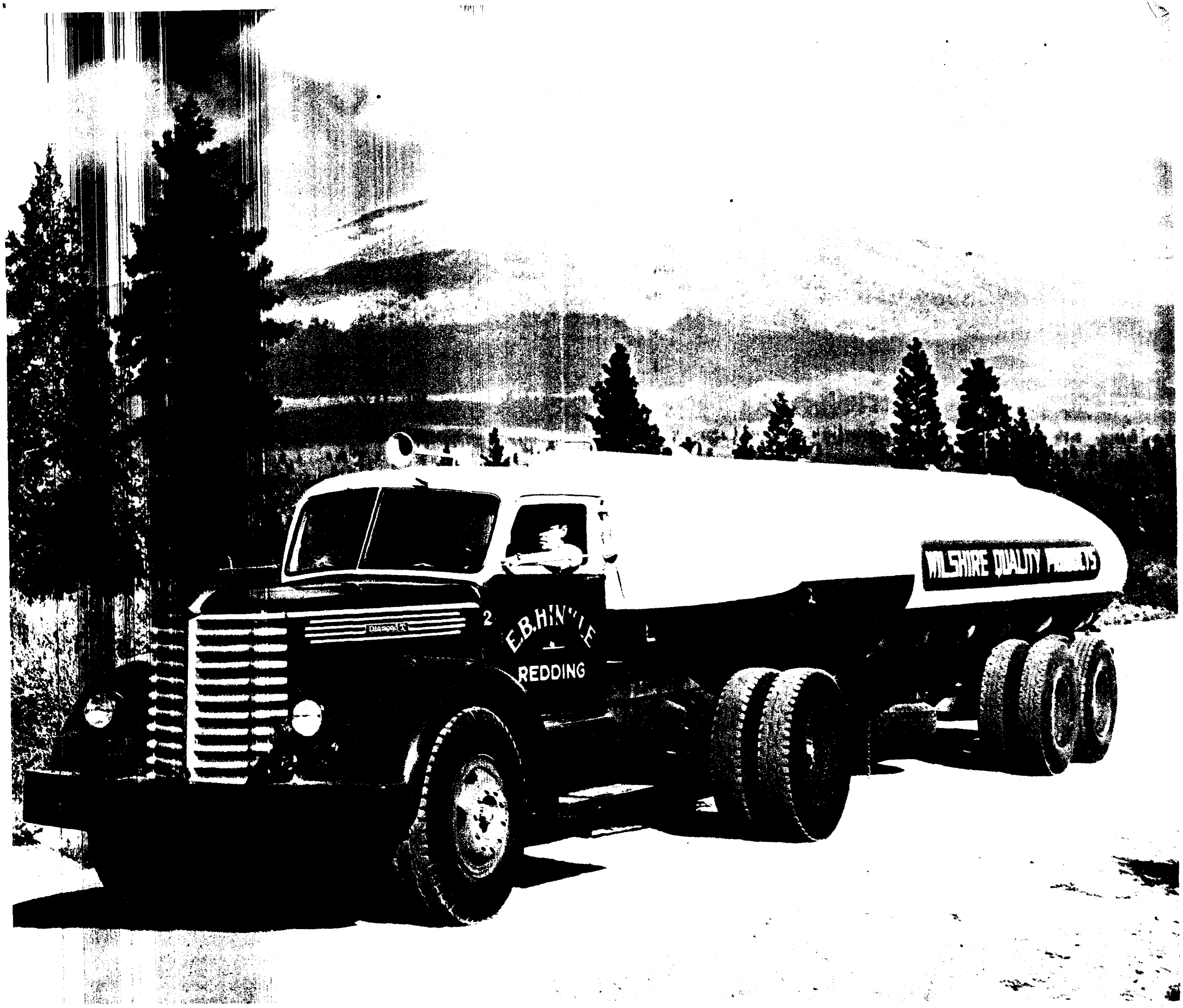

# Towering above the field in speed, power, economy ...that's DIAMOND T *reliability*

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He stresses the economy and complete satisfaction of his Diamond T experience, and adds, "Your parts service has been exceptional. Never, even during the most critical times, have our Diamond T's been laid up for want of parts."

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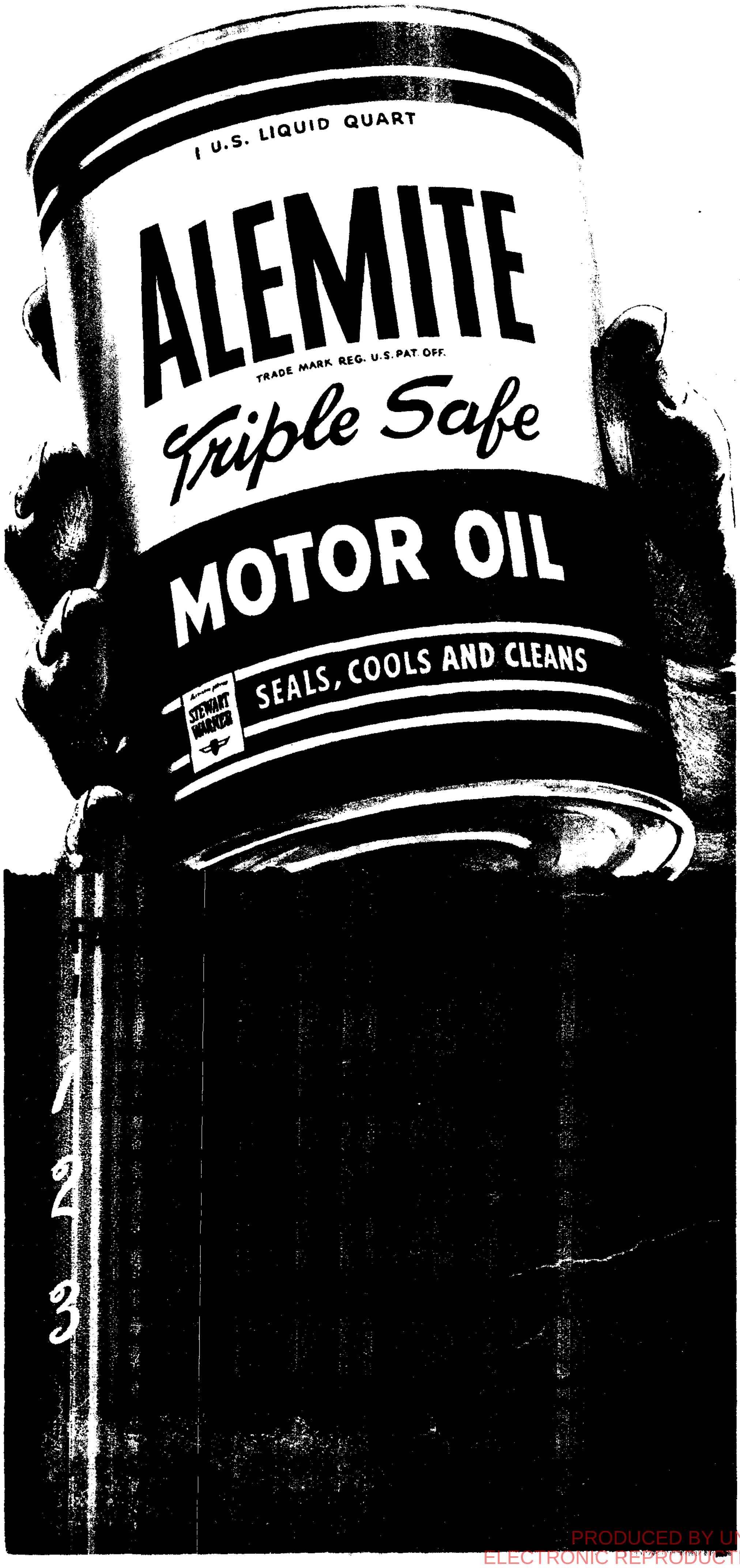
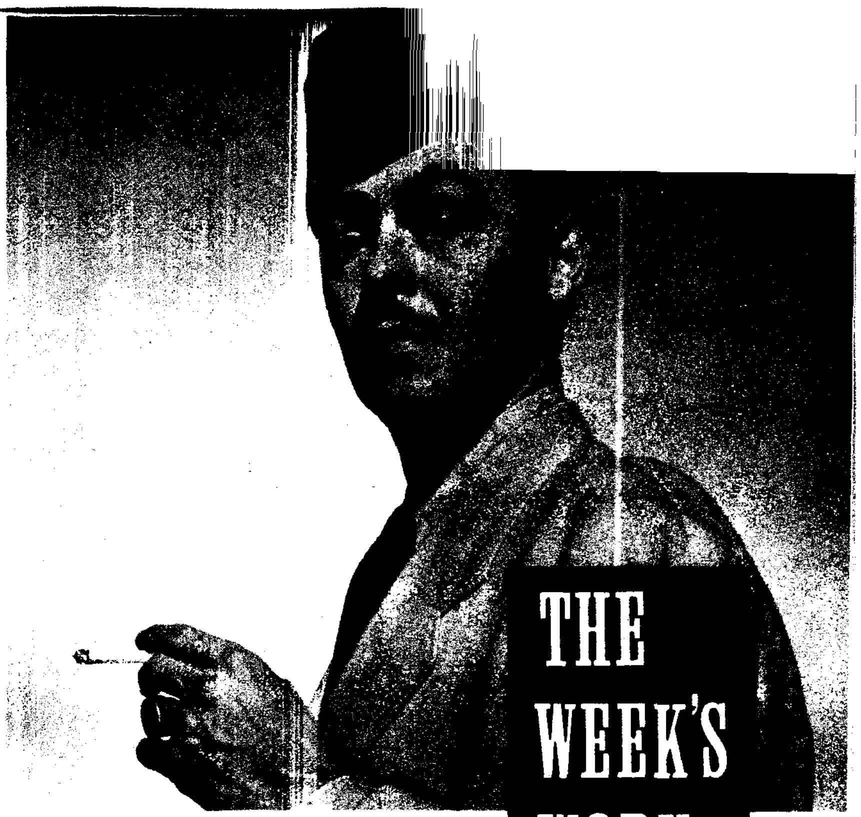



KARGER

Artist John Pike modeling a sidarah, Inspector Chafik's official headgear

# THE WEEK'S WORK

CHARLES CHILD, who created our new snooper-sleuth, Inspector Chafik J. Chafik of the C.I.D., Iraq and Points East (Inspector Chafik Closes the Case, p. 11), should know his Arabs. A Londoner and now forty-four, Mr. Child spent two romantic years tagging Abd-el-Krim in North Africa in the twenties. Marriage to an American newspaperwoman brought him here first in 1930.

The war ended a writing idyl on the Côte d'Azur in France, and Mr. Child wound up in Iraq with Military Intelligence associated with the Criminal Investigation Department, British equivalent of our O.S.S. and F.B.I.

Patterned on Scotland Yard and headed by an Englishman, Child and Company did their work so well nary an Iraqian oil well was sabotaged. "Security was at such a high level the Allied Forces were reduced to a skeleton command when I left in 1944," says Mr. Child, happily.

When he got back to America in 1946, Mr. Child settled down in Westport, Connecticut, to catch up on his writing and life with his wife. In time the urge to write crime came to our ex-hawkshaw.

"I wondered what kind of detective would fit the tricks I had in mind," explains Mr. Child. "Naturally I thought of my friends, and so the character of Chafik J. Chafik was born. I take no credit. Chafik just arrived quietly complete with *sidarah* and cigarette and introduced me to Sergeant Abdullah. Chafik is a composite of old associates. Graceful manners mean more to the Arabs than to us. They love a witty phrase, but wrap it around a hard core of truth. Their minds are agile and wind through a complicated maze, but when adapted to the problem of crime this appears to be an asset."

Meanwhile Mr. Child declines to be mugged for this department's rogues' gallery. "Please excuse me," he says smoothly, "but my experience of handling other people's records has made me allergic to cameras and fingerprints."

There will be other Chafik stories.

CRACK water-colorist John Pike, who projects the philosophic Chafik in the flesh, is from Boston, thirty-six, and because he preferred to draw caricatures of his teachers, moderately badly educated. "At sixteen I left home and school," he says, "to become what romanticists call a soldier of fortune, suburbanites call a bum, and I called an artist."

At all three Pike insists he has had mild success. For a time he carried ink and coffee for the art department of a paper, then washed dishes and played an accordion for keep and art lessons at Provincetown, on Cape Cod. The accordion he squeezed during walk-ons and walk-offs at the Provincetown Playhouse. Later he picked up a knowledge of theatrical lighting in Boston experimenting with ultraviolet.

There are a couple of benches in Central Park, New York, dear to Pike's heart and rear. During his struggles for recognition there, he tried painting, commercial and arty; made jewelry; etched glassware; stage-designed.

It got so cold one Thursday night in 1934, Pike worked his way to Jamaica, B.W.I., where he not only went native, painted a thousand water colors, acquired a charming wife and son, but also attained heights.

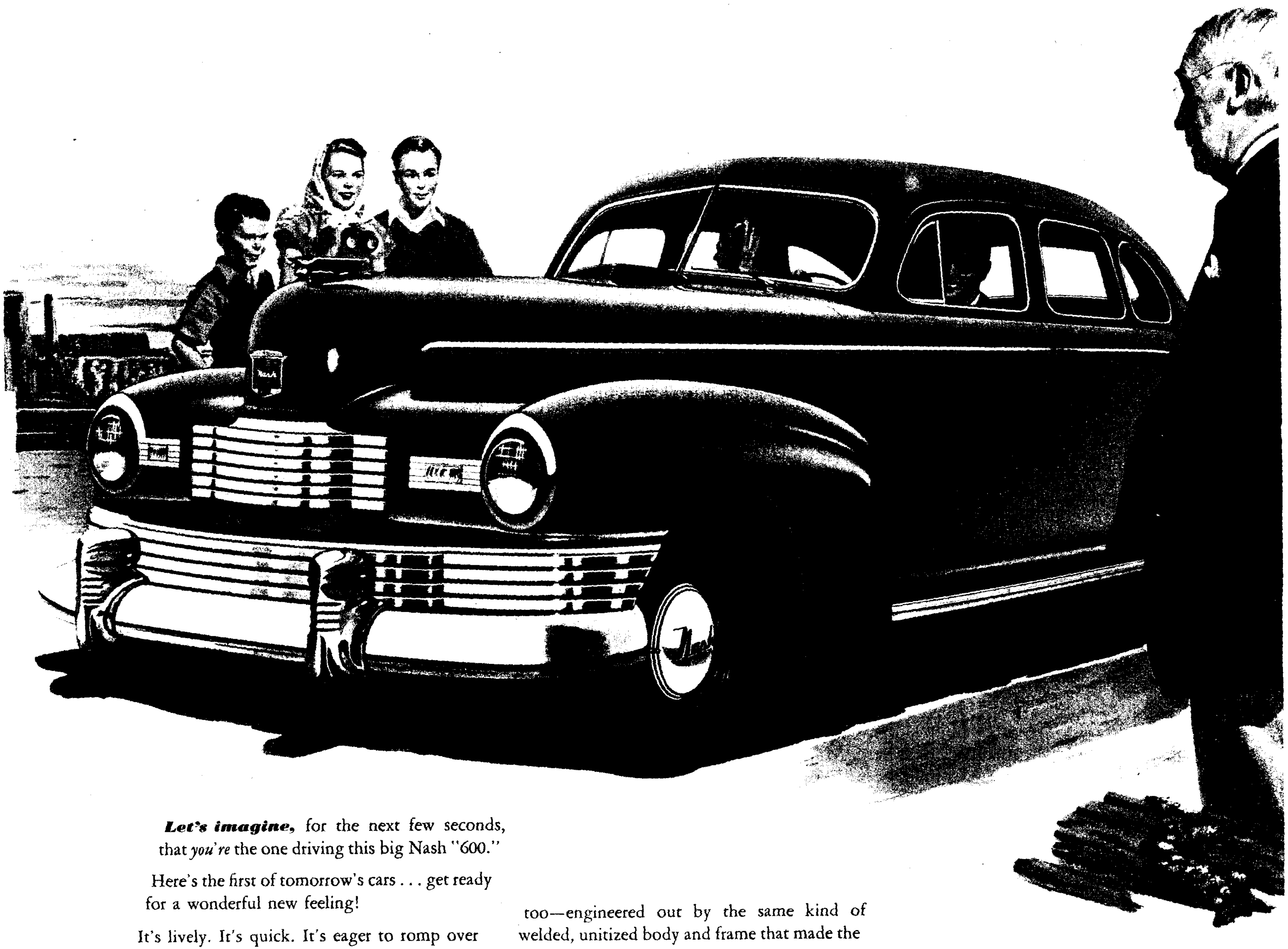
He designed and decorated local glamor bistros with rum-and-water-color murals, did the *décors* for "sad plays," and designed a half-million-dollar cinema for M-G-M. A dream palace, it had no corners, and was ultra-ultra. Pike also ran his own night club in Montego Bay.

During the war Pike served with the OWI as an artist in the Near East and Korea, and since, he's painted around Old Lyme, Connecticut, run a 1,100-acre cotton-corn-cane-cattle tenant farm in Rutherford County, North Carolina, and is right now back in art at Woodstock, New York, an artist without an ax to grind. "I simply want to be a better water-color artist," he says.

**This week's cover:** Newhouser Pitching. When the Brothers Peskin came to take his picture, the innocently youthful Newhouser said he'd pose only if a story on himself went with it. The Peskins promptly wired Collier's editors, "No story—no cover!" Meanwhile Kyle Crichton (The Newhouser Nuisance, p. 16) was having similar experiences. Result: another victory for Newhouser. . . .

TED SHANE

*Pamper yourself for 45 seconds*



**Let's imagine,** for the next few seconds, that *you're* the one driving this big Nash "600."

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Just a stranger...why did anyone want to kill him?

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*with*
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Produced by
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Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON
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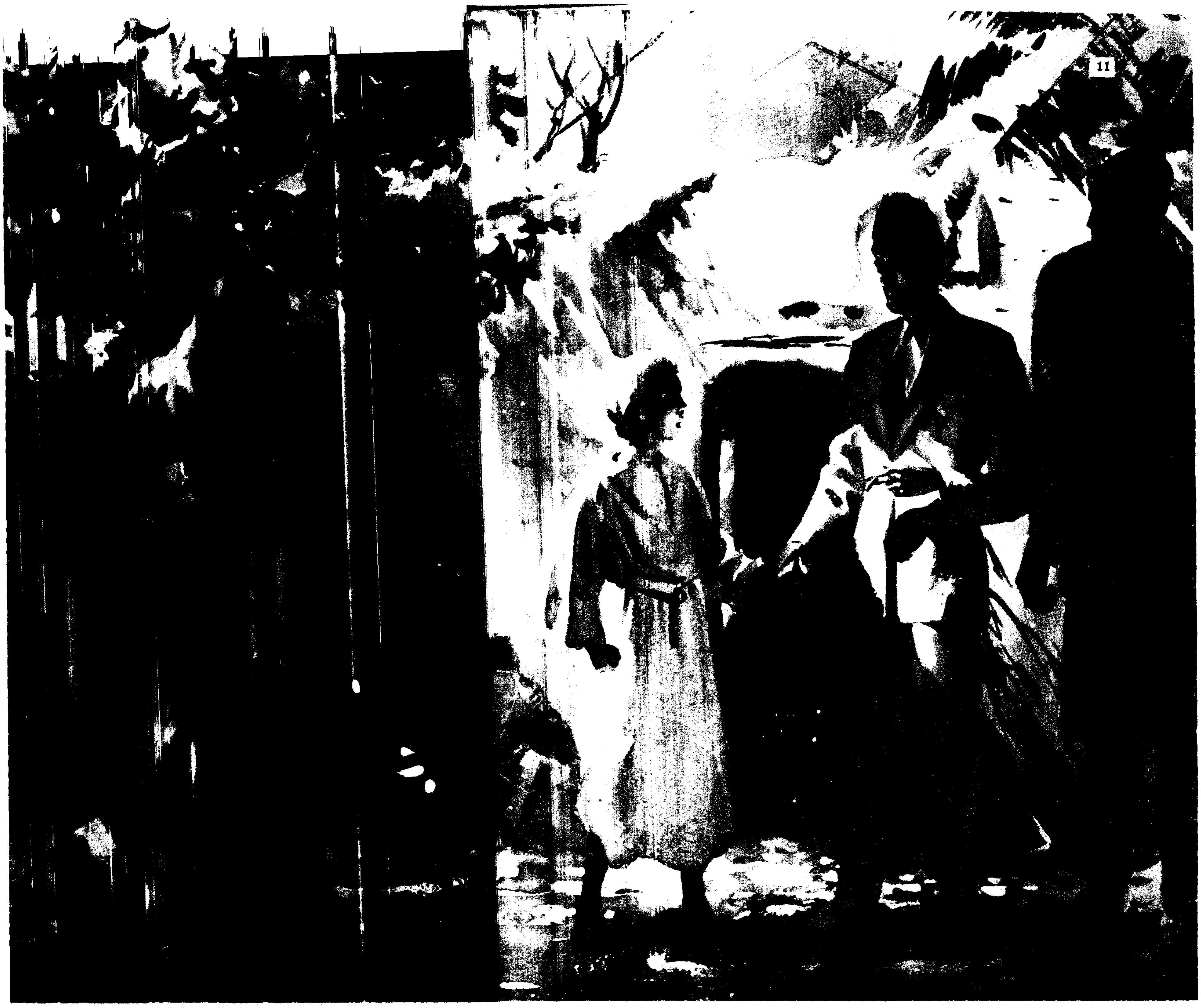
*World Premiere* RIVOLI THEATRE BROADWAY, NEW YORK



"Ahmed has ten years," the woman said. "He is a man." "Then I will talk to him as a man," Chafik said. "Who killed your father?"

# INSPECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE

### BY CHARLES B. CHILDS

**Sometimes compassion comes closer to Justice than the letter of the law**

THE desert was an ocean of gravel and gray dust which lapped the struggling outskirts of the City of Baghdad. Spewed from the sullen waves of dead earth were hovels built partly of baked mud and partly of flattened gasoline cans, relics of the war years and the British garrison. A few goats, tethered at the doors, chewed listlessly at rinds of discarded melons, while potbellied children, dirt more than rags covering their nakedness, played in the brief shade of the railway embankment.

The sky was the open door of a furnace stoked with the Iraqi sun, and Inspector Chafik, stepping from his car and viewing the scene, said to the tall, gaunt man who followed him, "It is well we came at once. A body is always detestable, but in such heat it becomes an abomination."

Sergeant Abdullah said reprovingly, "Man's body is made by God."

"True," his superior replied, "but when the soul's breath has gone from it, the remains are only of interest to us of the police." Chafik smiled as he spoke, an unexpected softening of his dark, lean face, and a brightening of his dun-colored eyes, which were as old as the ancient land of his birth. He was a little man, with well-shaped hands and feet and a thin, wiry body. He wore a white linen suit, well tailored by Western standards, and stepped daintily over the rubbish which littered the path, careful not to soil his shoes. He was aware he was watched by people who feared him because he was Chafik J. Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department, but he felt no pride in their fear. If the poor were all criminals I would have half Baghdad on my records, he thought, and stopped at the gate of a courtyard where two khaki-uniformed police were standing guard.

As he entered, his shadow went before him over a square of swept, clean ground. He looked at the round cakes of water-buffalo dung plastered against the walls of the hut to dry for fuel, and said, "Him we have come to see was blessed with an industrious wife. Poverty has not broken her spirit."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "Was she not always poor?"

*(Continued on page 75)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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Police headquarters is jammed with reporters several times a day, and the cubs jot down every scrap of news Chief N. R. Hagan tosses them

**Just a whisper of a story, and a pack of eager news hounds is hot on your trail. That's what to expect in Columbia, home of Missouri's School of Journalism, with a world-record population of reporters**

YOU don't have to be famous to meet the press in Columbia, Missouri. All you have to do is step off a train or bus.

"Help you with your bags, sir?" The young man or pretty girl who greets you so helpfully is not a porter, you find, but a reporter from the Columbia Missourian.

A loud noise anywhere in town will bring two or three of them on the gallop. On Broadway, driving up to your hotel, your cab locks bumpers with a car backing out of a parking space. Before the dust has settled, two young men have gotten your name, birthplace and business, and you've apologized for remaining intact.

"No damage," they report sadly to the girl colleague who has just trotted up carrying a pencil pirate-fashion between her teeth. But the girl doesn't give up so easily. Over soft drinks at a near-by snack bar, she sends down test drillings for fillers: What briefly is the story of your life? Who'll win the World Series? Is civilization doomed?

By the third lemon phosphate, you get in a few leading questions yourself: How come this plethora of reporters? Who is paying their salaries? What do they substitute for news in this peaceful community where the broad, elm-lined streets end abruptly on somebody's farm, where the grocer still treats you to a bag of candy when you pay the bills, where . . . ?

"Who," interrupts the young lady, "is interviewing whom?" In a few crisp words she gives you what she refers to as the "deal."

To cover a town of 25,000, her paper, the Columbia Missourian, has a city desk twice as large as the New York Times, more photographers than any six metropolitan dailies combined, a total staff that outnumbers all the American correspondents required to cover Europe, Asia, Africa and the Near East. They are paid not in cash but in credit at the University of Missouri's famous School of Journalism, whose entire student body of 525 is involved in getting out a regular city newspaper in competition with the Tribune—"a paper," the young lady describes it, "that would be there anyway."

Life in Columbia, you soon discover, is a three-ring, 24-hour press conference. It reminds you of the Westerns, where hands reach for the ceiling when the voice behind the gun snaps: "Talk fast, bub." At the sight of a Missourian reporter whipping out his pencil, God-fearing citizens freeze in their tracks and wait for the classic 5 W's every good journalist must learn to shoot fast: Who? What? When? Where? Why?

Columbia has had almost 40 years of it, ever since the late Dean Walter Williams started the paper as a laboratory for the first, and long the only, journalism school in the world. Since then the school has expanded from two spare classrooms in ancient Jesse Hall to two large campus buildings of its own. The Missourian, keeping pace, has climbed to 4,500 circulation and turned the school into a larger-than-life newspaper plant, complete with rotary press, photoengraving laboratory, the full leased wire service of the United Press and more hustle and bustle per square yard than you'd find in a whole block of downtown Columbia.

Students entering journalism school must have two years' college education at better than average grades, then work two more years for their B.J. degree—and that means "work." Under teachers doubling as newspaper executives, all except the mechanical and accounting chores of getting out a metropolitan daily are performed by students, who rotate from department to department. The idea, of course, is to help them take their pick of paying jobs later on; and in support of its methods, the school can point to an impressive proportion of its 60,000 alumni who did just that in many fields.

For the school itself, the Missourian hasn't done too badly, either. Possibly to sidestep state ownership, it's nominally owned by the University Missourian Association, Incorporated, a nonprofit organization of old grads. But the university provides and maintains the plant, and all profits are paid back to the School of Journalism for "improvements." On a mechanical plant valued at $80,000 the paper is currently grossing that sum yearly from circulation and advertising.

### A Goldfish Has More Privacy

As for its effect on the town, the Missourian has brought an unlooked-for blessing: no secrets. Explored, romped over, and scrutinized each year by a fresh batch of news-hungry cubs, the townsfolk put no stock in concealment.

"Why try to hold anything back?" sighs a matron coming out of a local beauty parlor. "Everything is known anyhow." She's just been interviewed under the drier by a team of society reporters who figure like this: If you're having your hair done, you must be going someplace. And if you're going someplace, why haven't we heard?

"They don't just cover fires," drawls Tom Walden, who has headed the fire department since 1917, "they blanket them." Back when the fire wagons depended on horses for power, the cubs would usually get there first, and Walden would find them throwing furniture out of the windows and looking for maidens in distress. Firemen had to push their way through reporters to put out the blaze. "Modern fire-fighting equipment," says Walden, "has been a great help in bringing newspapermen under control."

In courthouse, municipal building and police station, reporters swarm around city and county officials in numbers that would flatter Presidents and Prime Ministers. With the Missourian and the Tribune competing hotly on local news coverage, a city council meeting on the garbage-disposal problem gets a bigger play than the Council of Foreign Ministers debating the fate of Germany.

The cubs aren't satisfied with official handouts, either. The morning after a secret council meeting, the mayor came back to his office to find a student reporter seated at his desk with a portable typewriter, making a copy of the minutes. "Be through in a second, Your Honor," he said. "Don't want to misquote anybody."

### Cubs Work on Murder-Suicide

Two or three times a day, police headquarters is jampacked with reporters. "Time to feed the sea lions," mutters the desk sergeant as the cubs jot down every scrap of news Chief N. R. Hagan can toss them. Mostly it's routine traffic violations, petty larceny, or café brawls, only rarely sensational news like last year's case of Dr. Adolph Zeck, the university German teacher who killed himself after presumably poisoning his wife. Then the chief suddenly found his staff of fourteen augmented by scores of self-deputized detectives.

"The theories they turned up on that one would keep Ellery Queen in plots for the next 10 years," says Hagan, who listened patiently while cubs explained the crime in terms of everything from psychoanalysis to the international situation. "They lose confidence in you if there isn't a murder once in a while," he wisecracks, "but we do the best we can." However, this doesn't include rides in the town's four police cars, something every cub yearns for. "We'd need a bus fleet to carry you all," the chief tells them. So they rush to the scene of the crime by foot, bicycle, car or motor scooter.

When official news runs thin, the enterprising Missourian reporter finds ways of making it himself. Sy Weintraub from Chicago, who specializes in pulling stories out of loopholes, considerably flustered Stephens College last fall when he discovered there was no by-law against male students—and tried for story purposes to enroll with 3,000 girls and take classes in body conditioning, marriage, fly casting and child care.

Ruled out by the college welfare clause, Sy evened the score by digging up an 1887 city ordinance making it a misdemeanor for women to wear "overalls or men's attire of any description." Chief Hagan obligingly agreed to enforce the law, and Sy was able to report that half the girls in Stephens and the University were "flagrant and habitual law breakers subject to arrest on sight."

Another stickler for law and order, Brooks Honeycott of Louisville, Kentucky, cooked up a news assignment any motorist would envy. In a borrowed car, Brooks spent a whole day deliberately trying to get a ticket. He raced through red lights, U-turned on Broadway, parked in front of fire hydrants, finally turned his motor off and honked continuously for half an hour. On this story, too, the police co-operated beautifully. None of them paid any attention.

"A good reporter gets the stories he is sent after," says General Instruction No 7 in the Missourian rule

(*Continued on page 65*)

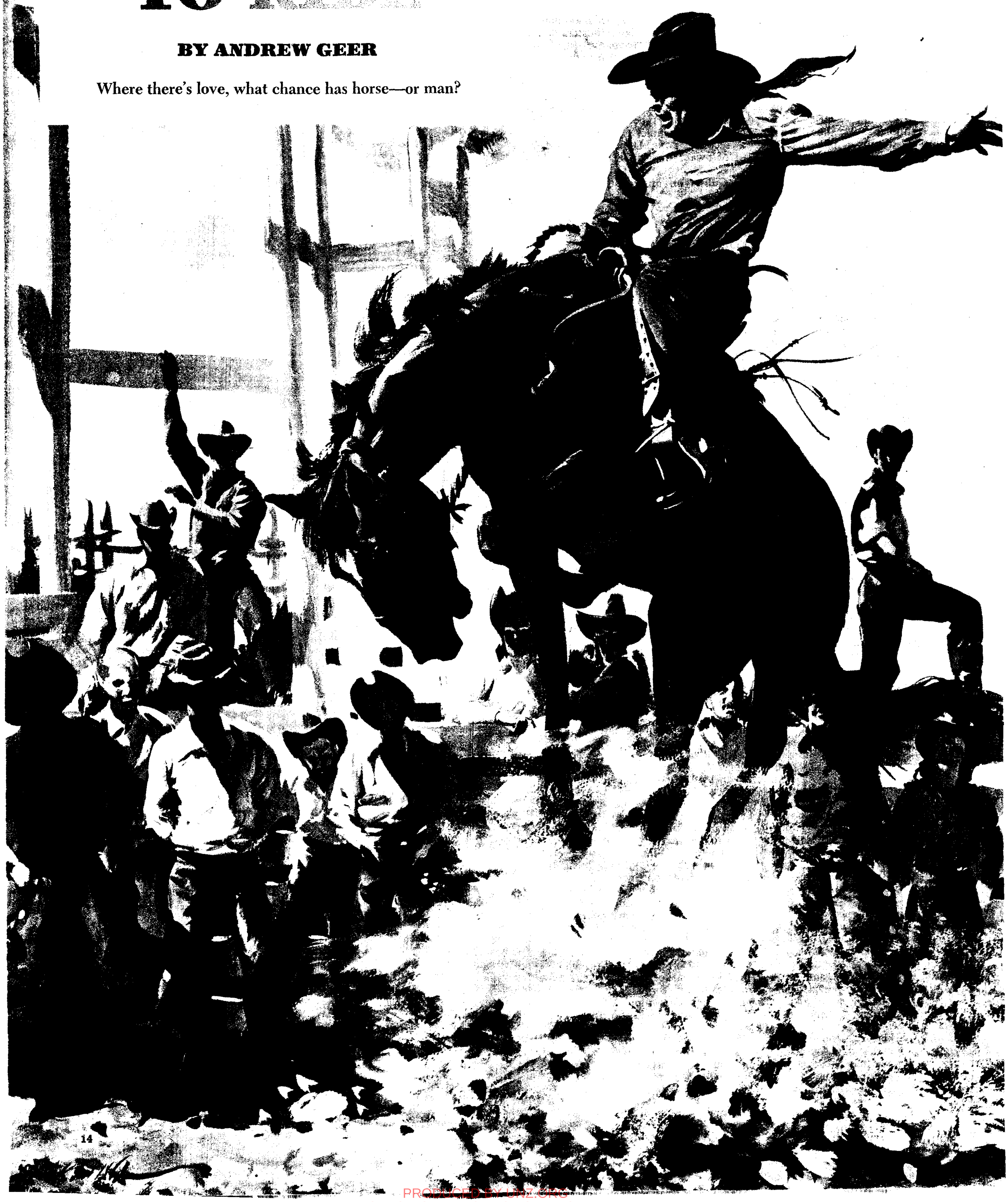
When a story breaks, there's a mad rush of reporters to cover it. When the breaks don't come, the students dig up their own news. Below, Guy B. Jackson explores the garbage for story material. Guy found one woman's shoe in good repair, eleven "Please remit" bills, and a note saying, "Darling, I'll try." It made a story

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

# DARK HORSE TO RIDE

### BY ANDREW GEER

Where there's love, what chance has horse—or man?



POOLEY JONES, a soft-bellied man with jowls like turkey wattles, saw the horse and rider coming toward him. Pooley waited, sucking his teeth in anticipation of the show he would put on for the crowd. It would mean a drink or two from Harry Strange and the Teapot bunch, and he ached for a drink. Moving to the edge of the wooden sidewalk he took a deep breath and when the rider was directly in front of him he yelled in a voice as rough as file cuttings, "Hi ya, Slippers!"

Reining his horse around so sharply its mane snapped, the rider marched the horse to the sidewalk and halted him with his forefeet on the wooden planking. People as far away as Bell's Hotel veranda halted in midsentence to watch.

"The name is Benton—Jeff Benton." Ignoring the silent crowd, the rider leaned forward in the saddle. "So you won't forget next time, we'll repeat that little act you just put on."

Pooley Jones shifted his feet, and his wattle jowls went reddish brown. "An' if I don't?" he asked, and his voice had gone to seed.

"Don't risk it, Pooley; you'll never look the same again if you do." Benton swung his horse off the walk and up the street, turned him and came back.

"Hi ya, Jeff," said Pooley Jones, his voice sounding like a dog choking on a chicken bone.

"Hi ya, Pooley—"

Staring straight ahead, Benton rode to the end of the street, past the open-air dance pavilion and out to the bucking chutes. Drop-tying his horse in the shade of the grandstand, he entered the pennant-draped tent.

"Hello, Mack," he greeted a large, porky man seated behind a makeshift desk of pine boards.

"Howdy, Jeff. What can I do for you?"

"I'm entering the works—bronc riding, saddle and bareback, steer riding, calf roping and bulldogging."

"I didn't think you'd be riding this year."

"Why wouldn't I be riding this year?"

Mack Thomas lifted a bushy left eyebrow and meaty shoulder as though they were controlled by the same muscle. "From the things I've been hearing—" His voice died out in a fog of uncertainty.

"Are you taking my entry or not?"

"Pass over fifty bucks," Thomas waved his hand at two boxes on the end of the table, "and draw for the afternoon show."

Benton drew a folded paper from each box and opening them read, "Poodle Dog in the saddle bucking; Cloud Duster in the bareback." He tossed the papers on the table. "Who're the judges?"

"Me, Holly Green and Petey Wells."

"Petey Wells here? At least there's one judge who'll score the ride and not the rider."

Mack Thomas put his pencil down carefully and color flared up his neck and into his face. "Insulting me, Jeff, or are you building an alibi?"

"I don't need an alibi."

"After hearing what that black harness horse of Harry Strange's did to you, I think you do." Thomas settled back in his chair. "Regardless of what you say, you'll get every point you deserve out there. Maybe you'll win your entry money back, but I doubt it."

"Fifty bucks says I finish one-two in the all-round championship."

"That's a sucker bet, but I'll take it just to teach you a lesson."

Benton pulled out his Indian sack, stripped off four tens and two fives. "There's my entrance money. I'll be in to pick up your fifty later on."

Benton rode back to town and put his horse Pronto away in the livery stable and grain-fed him; then he went to Morgan's bar.

It was gloomy and cool inside; the place was saturated with the smell of years and years of stale tobacco smoke and staler beer. The bar was lined with homesteaders and cattlemen; the green-top tables were untenanted save for two old-timers in a sunlit corner staking out a cribbage game.

Benton paused in the entrance to let his eyes get used to the gloom and felt the swinging door paddling his rump with shorter and softer strokes until it stopped entirely. The talk in the room died. Pooley Jones was standing nearest the door, his back to the mahogany bar.

"Hi ya, Pooley," Benton said. One by one, faces turned his way until there was not a blank spot along the line.

Pooley Jones looked at him. His eyes narrowed to slits. "Howdy, Jeff," he said hoarsely.

Midway down the bar a stringy rider in snug-fitting black whipcords and yellow shirt stepped from the line. "What say, Slippers?" he asked in a high, jeering voice. "Got your plowing done and your cows milked?"

Benton moved away from the door, his face flaming at the titter of laughter that rose and died away.

"That's a funny rig for a plow jockey to be wearing."

"Your talk isn't funny, Tom—cut it!"

"And if I don't, Mr. Slippers?"

Jeff swung and felt the shock of the blow run from his knuckles up his arm to his shoulder. Tom Triplett went down, but bounced up roaring. Jeff slipped under a curling left, but Tom Triplett caught him with his right.

Both men straightened, breathing heavily, moved in and standing toe to toe began to slug it out with neither making an attempt to duck or evade a blow. Morgan yelled and vaulted the bar, and the circle closed in to pull the two apart.

"Break it up!" Morgan roared.

"Let 'em fight it out," snarled Pooley Jones.

Benton staggered a little as he made his way out the back door and into the alley. He went to the pump and his breath whistled through his hands as he scooped cold water to his face.

"What the hell's the matter with you, Jeff? You gone mean?"

Without looking around Jeff knew who it was. He shook his head. "I don't think so, Petey."

"I do. I saw that play you made against Pooley on the street this morning."

"He asked for it."

"But hell, Jeff. Why pick on a sorry old washed-up bronc rider like Pooley?"

"If he isn't a man, he shouldn't play around with men." The words came out right, but Jeff knew he was wrong. He was wrong about a lot of things. Holding up the bucket he ducked his head into it, threw the water out and dried his face. "Let's go to the Chinaman's for chow."

THEY found a booth in the rear and ordered. Petey Wells, redheaded and freckled, sitting askew in his chair from an old pelvis injury suffered at Pendleton, talked to the tabletop.

"I heard a gentle driving horse made you eat dirt, Jeff. And Harry Strange fired you off the Teapot, and you went to farming a homestead in Outlaw Canyon? All that true?"

"Excepting Harry firing me—I quit."

"What's back of all this ruckus?"

"I guess most of it started when Edith came out to teach school."

"There's a girl mixed up in it?"

Jeff nodded. "Edith Oliver. She was bedding down on the Teapot. You know what that's like?"

Petey nodded.

"Hell, there were cow-pokes from six townships around using the Teapot range for a short cut that only added twenty miles to their ride." Jeff waited while a young Chinese came through the curtains and handed plates of food around.

"Don't eat too much," Petey cautioned. "You've got a busy afternoon ahead of you."

"That's the truth, and one helluva lot depends on how I do the next three days." Jeff gulped his coffee and gagged against the heat of it. "Things sort of leveled out to competition between Tom Triplett and me. As far as I could see, it was even Stephen with us, even though I was getting help from Martha. D'you know Harry Strange's wife, Martha?"

"Sure."

"She owed me a favor and whenever she could she saw to it that I got the call when Edith had to go anywhere. One day she asked me to pick Edith up after school. I drove over in the phaeton with Zeke, the harness horse."

Jeff shoved back from the table and made a cigarette. "As we were coming up the lane toward the house, I got show-offy—jumped onto Zeke—I landed scratching and yelling, just skylarking around. I figured on making a dash entrance, but Zeke figured different. He broke the check rein, put his head between his legs and went to work. On the fifth jump he threw me half as high as the cottonwoods. From there he kicked his way out of the phaeton—Edith got dumped, of course."

Jeff lighted his smoke. "There was a helluva lot of milling around and yelling. As soon as Harry found out Edith wasn't hurt, he began yelling about wrecking his phaeton and making an outlaw of his best buggy horse. I knew I'd been a damn' fool and that didn't help any. I told Harry I'd pay for the phaeton, but he kept bellering about ruining his driving horse. Then I really blew my top. I bet Harry a month's wages I could ride his damn' outlaw wagon horse. To pour it on I borrowed a pair of Martha's high-heeled slippers. She's a big woman and I could get into them, curling my toes."

TROMPING out his smoke, Jeff looked at the ceiling. "I stayed with him seven jumps. I don't think I could've stuck him with full rig and pulling leather. That was when Harry tagged me with the name Slippers. It spread like fire in dry brush."

Petey cleared his throat. "Why should Harry get so puckered?"

"That goes back a time. Harry'd been courting Martha for about five years. It didn't look like he'd ever get off the dime, so Martha and me cooked up a deal. I made it look like I was casting my loop her way. Harry jumped. Ever since then he's been thinking I'm his chief threat. That's the favor Martha owed me."

"Is this black the buck-jumper you say he is?"

"Do you remember the day Tom Three-Persons rode Strawberry?"

"I remember," answered Petey in the voice of a man talking in church.

"Did you think you'd never see a better bucking horse than Strawberry?"

"Not in this life."

"This black horse Zeke is, and not because he dumped me twice—"

"What about the girl?" Petey asked.

"She nearly got killed, but she held no grudges. Before I rode off the Teapot we chinned private, down by the ford. She let me know I was tops in her tally book, and she'd tell Tom Triplett likewise—that's why Tom was burning for a fight. Anyhow, Edith said she wasn't going to tie up with a broken-down bronc rider, meaning me. So, what do I do? I go to the bank and borrow five hundred and file a homestead in Outlaw Canyon; I build a house, a barn, four stalls and two stanchions. Two cows and a garden."

Jeff leaned back in his chair. "Did you ever do farm chores?"

Petey shook his head emphatically.

"That's all farming means, milking cows, weeding the garden, plowing for next year's crop and feeding chickens. Then it's time to milk again."

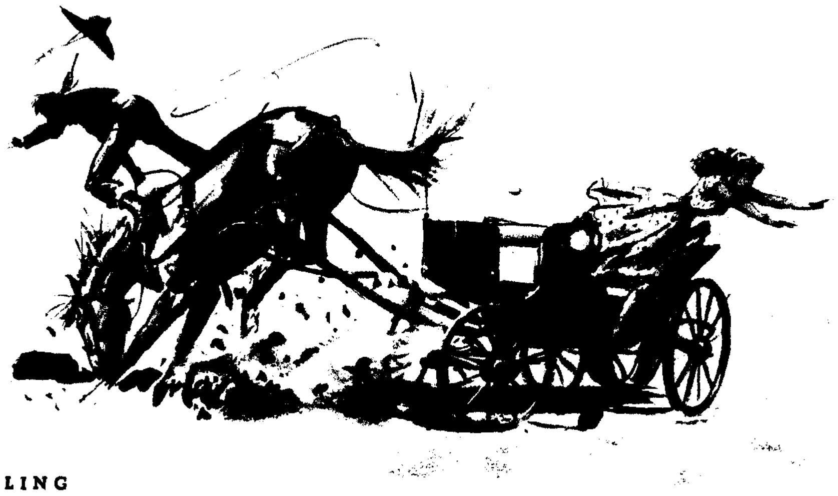
"You mean you got hens?"

Jeff nodded.

"How long's this been going on?"

"Over two months. That's why I rode into town today loaded for bear. I've

*(Continued on page 69)*



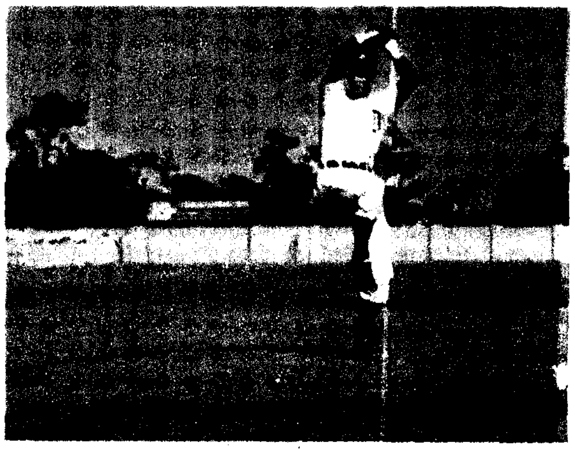
"I'm coming out—" The gate swung open. Midnight erupted with a bawl. He caprioled so high it looked as if he were walking the top rail of the chutes

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

# THE NEWHOUSER NUISANCE

### BY KYLE CRICHTON

Time was when Pitcher Ha



IN PAST years Master Harold Newhouser, Detroit southpaw, was a nuisance of such unprecedented malignancy that only divine intervention saved him from lethal belaboring at the hands of his playmates. Now considered by many critics the greatest pitcher in baseball, there was a time when he not only failed to influence hitters but succeeded admirably in alienating friends.

"Let us observe merely that he is a thick-headed Dutchman," they used to say elegantly and bitterly in the Detroit dugout, stroking a bat tenderly and wishing the laws on assault were less stringent in Michigan.

This ordinarily followed a scene in which Master Hal welcomed a teammate's error by taking off his glove, putting his hands on his hips and glaring murderously at the offender. He would then return to the mound in a white rage and start throwing the ball toward the plate with insane fury. Since his brains and temper had left him simultaneously, there was nothing on the ball but anger, and the result was invariably disastrous. The harder Master Hal threw them up, the faster they came whistling back and it soon became a question not only of saving the game but of preserving Newhouser's life.

"I will not say that Newhouser was disliked," remarks a teammate who now finds him admirable, "but it is a happy chance that there is nobody on this club now serving a term for homicide."

Newhouser gives credit for his reformation to his wife but this must be less than strictly accurate because the marriage was in 1941 and Hal was still playing Dracula in 1942 and 1943. The change came in 1944 when he won twenty-nine and lost nine and almost pitched Detroit into a pennant. For that chore he won the American League's most valuable player award and took it again in 1945, when he won twenty-five and lost the usual nine. Last year he won twenty-six and lost nine and compiled an earned-run average of 1.94. In 1945 it had been 1.81, the first time in twenty-seven years a pitcher had allowed an average of fewer than two runs a game two years in succession.

"The triumph of matter over mind," said some of his ill-wishers, but this is vigorously rebutted by the Detroit sports writers and most close followers of the game. "This young man will never rival Nietzsche as a thinker," says Harry Salsinger, of the Detroit News, "but he will outpitch Feller, Chandler, Ferriss or anybody in our league. I think he'll outpitch anybody in any league."

At twenty-six Newhouser is probably as immature as any man who ever dominated his profession. He is still a big blond kid and will possibly end that way. Rube Waddell would have had trouble matriculating at the Sorbonne, and Dizzy Dean never conducted a seminar in his life, but they were large burly characters who make Newhouser look like someone who has wandered out of the Epworth League. It is only when he is on the mound that he grows into a magician. The gentry facing him would not thank us for hinting Hal is a child; they regard him simply as Attila, the Asiatic Scourge.

Newhouser's father ran a *Turnverein* (gymna-

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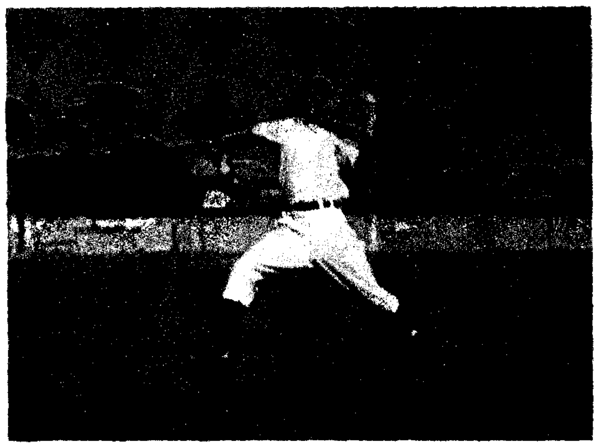
**The Newhouser pitch that has done a lot of damage to many batting averages. Here's the Tigers' famous hurler in action from windup to delivery**

ade himself a pain in the neck around Detroit. But now the pain is felt in seven other big league cities



sium) in Detroit and it was natural that Hal should be an athlete. His brother, Richard, four years older, was signed by Detroit and farmed out to Beckley and Charleston in the Middle Atlantic League and to Hot Springs in the Cotton States League but suffered a whack on the head from a pitched ball and gave up the silly profession. Hal first made the world sit up (the small world around Detroit) when he pitched for the Roose-Vanker Post of the American Legion in 1937, and struck out twenty-four batters of the Learned Post.

In his first year he won fourteen and lost two; in 1938 he won seventeen and lost one. In the latter year he allowed only four earned runs in eighteen games! When he lost to San Diego in the semifinals of the national Legion championships at Charlotte, North Carolina, that year it was the first run scored off him in sixty-five innings. In that time he had pitched three no-hit games and run his string of victories to seventeen straight.

Then a happening occurred that may have been responsible for some of his later mishaps: Wish Egan, the Detroit scout, appeared at the Newhouser home to sign the boy. The family was rocking sedately on the front porch when the famous Wish turned up with five one-hundred-dollar bills and thrust four of them into Papa Newhouser's fist and one into the clammy paw of Harold.

Papa, who was only working three days a week at that time, gasped and said, "Isn't that a little high for a seventeen-year-old kid?" and Wish said no, sirree; that was just about the right figure and besides he had a contract here for a hundred and fifty a month and if Mr. Newhouser would just sign his name as father of this interesting minor, they could consider that a long and warm friendship had been aunched.

Mr. Egan had no sooner departed with the document carefully wrapped within his bosom when a flashy convertible turned into the street and deposited Cy Slapnicka and Roger Peckinpaugh of the Cleveland Indians on the Newhouser front steps. There have been two versions of what happened next. One has it that M. Slapnicka tendered a bonus check of $15,000 and waved a hand at the convertible which was also to be part of the deal, while he Newhousers cradled their heads in their hands and cried oh-oh-oh! The other version is that Cy earned he was too late and then proffered the check and added, "The car is also yours!" Detroiters regard this as a typically Machiavellian trick by slap to make young Newhouser dissatisfied with he Detroit deal.

Harold maintains now that he never gave the matter another thought but there is plain evidence hat the Newhousers uttered at least a few anguished moans over the subject.

In any event Newhouser was sent down to he Detroit farm at Alexandria, Louisiana, where he won eight and lost four and was then dispatched posthaste to Beaumont in the Texas League. He won the first two and lost the next twelve, but looked o good that Detroit brought him up at the end of he season. He pitched one game against Cleveand and lost it.

Now began Childe Harold's battle against the ates. They had given him a great fast ball, a good curve and a nice change of pace. But in a spirit of jolly fun they kept back one thing: victories. If Hal pitched a two-hitter, the other guy pitched a no-hitter. In the first twenty-one innings of the 943 season Detroit got him only one run. Any time things got to looking too good for his cause, his teammates began playing a little game of their own called you-kick-this-one-I'll-kick-the-next. Soon Harold was talking to nobody but himself on the club.

He lost fourteen in 1942 and seventeen in 1943. This was the final straw and he went to Steve O'Neill, the new manager, and asked to be traded. "Traded, my eye," said Steve. "You're going to be one of my starting pitchers this year." Newhouser now gives O'Neill credit for straightening him out and utters most laudatory words about the Christian spirit Steve utilized in this venture, but the truth seems to be that Harold almost drove Steve mad before the turn came. At one point he came to O'Neill and said:

"Steve, you're ridin' me too hard."

"And I'm going to keep on ridin' you," bellowed Steve, "till you stop being so damned dumb out there."

Newhouser lists four factors in his reformation: (a) his marriage, (b) the birth of his little girl in 1943, (c) O'Neill and (d) Paul Richards, the Detroit catcher. Although we have said his wife's influence was late in catching on, it is true that she has had a great deal to do with his success. She is widely admired around the Detroit club and Newhouser is literally wild about her and the baby. He is a boy with the finest instincts and much of his progress is due to his happy home life.

### How He Finally Learned What Was Wrong

Paul Richards had been around a long time when he gave up the job of managing Atlanta to come back to Detroit, and the one thing he has learned in a busy life is never to give advice until it is asked for. Newhouser finally got around to asking Richards what he was doing wrong. They went out on the field.

"Listen," said Richards. "Try one outside, try one inside, one up here, one down here; throw the curve overhand, sidearm, natural. You can't do any worse, can you?"

Newhouser is now a pitcher with everything. He has three speeds for both his curve and fast one. Several years ago he picked up a slider. Birdie Tebbetts says the overhand curve is the best of all.

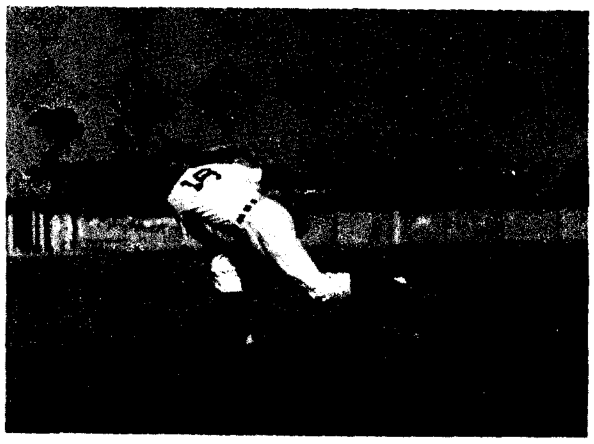
But even with his new stuff and confidence, Newhouser still had to get started right. There was always the feeling that the gods were going to cross him again. What changed him was a game in Cleveland.

"We're two runs behind and it doesn't look as if we're ever going to catch up," says Hal. "A young catcher named Hack Miller is up for us and there are two on. It's his first time at bat in the big leagues and what does he do? He hits the first ball for a home run against the railing in the big stadium. It bounces around out there till he gets over. That puts us ahead and that's the turning point for me. It's been good ever since."

The turnover in temperament didn't come all at once. Even then he couldn't stand to lose. He was losing in a game of hearts one night when he grabbed the cards, tore them up and slammed them around the hotel room.

"That's why I'm a great competitor," he yelled. "I hate to lose."

It is true that this is one of his great assets. He is in the class with Burleigh Grimes and Johnny Allen, who would cut your *(Continued on page 87)*



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

# STAY EAST, YOUNG MAN, STAY EAST!

### BY ANDREW ROBERTS

THERE were angry, muffled voices and a loud shuffling of feet in the corridor at the Veterans Service Center in Los Angeles.

The secretary came in hastily with a frightened look and said, "There's a lot of people out there to see you, Mr. Tryon."

Arthur Tryon, executive director of the center, was about to get up from his desk when the door burst open and a mass of bulky men crowded in. There were fourteen of them and they looked tense and wrought up.

"Mr. Tryon," blurted out the man who seemed to be the leader, "you've been doing all you can for us but we're still not getting anywhere. Last night I slept in the car again with my wife and the two kids . . . Joe, here, he was in an all-night movie. You know Smith; he's been coming in here till he's almost worn the floors out. He's finally had to leave that cellar because of the water and the rats. . . . That right, Smith?"

Smith, a thin, wiry man, nodded.

"Well, Mr. Tryon, it's just got too much for us. We can't find places to live, we can't get jobs and nobody seems to give a damn whether we get along or not. You do and the people here at the center do, but the landlords don't and the bosses don't. They all say they can't do anything about it. Well, by God, we can. We're not going to have our women and kids sleeping in cars and garages and vacant lots. . . ."

He paused and then looked Mr. Tryon full in the eye.

"Mr. Tryon," he said quietly, "these fellows have asked me to tell you that if something isn't done today we're going down and break every window on Broadway. We'll get pinched; we want to get pinched—maybe then somebody will listen to us and do something about us. You mustn't think we're joking or bluffing. We've talked about it and we're going to do it. You can ask anybody here."

It required the most strenuous arguments and pleas from Tryon to talk them out of their plan. Only their faith in his fairness finally won them over, but he knew and they knew that nothing he could say or promise altered the seriousness of their situation. They knew they were trapped and they feared that nobody in Los Angeles could do anything about it.

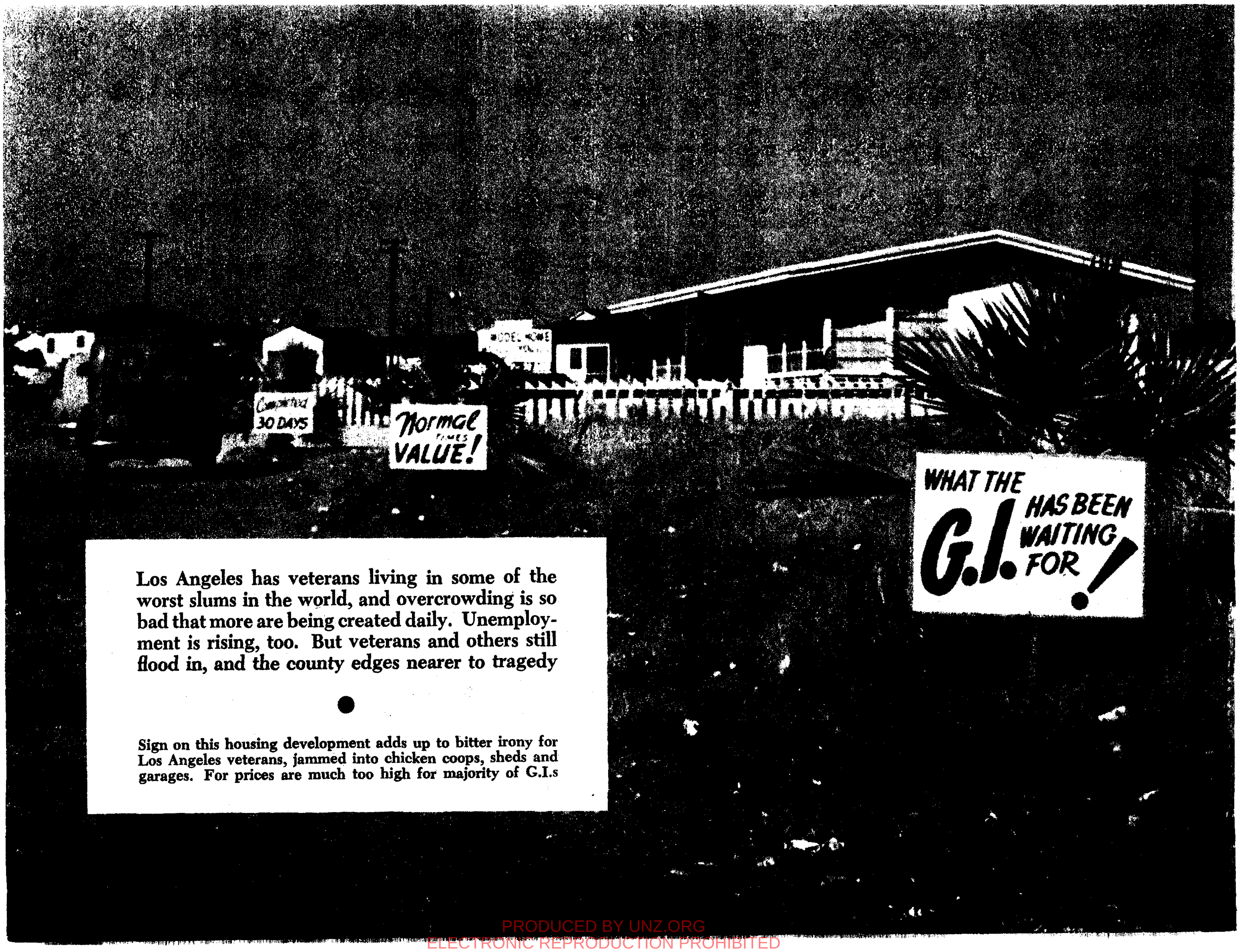
The Los Angeles area is jammed and people keep pouring in.

It was bad during the war; it is terrifying now; rather soon it may become tragic. Every soldier who went through the state during the war and said, "This is for me, brother," wants to come back. The State Employment office estimates that 12,000 new veterans are coming into Los Angeles County every month. The Veterans Administration reports that 5,000 a month are having their records transferred to Los Angeles, meaning they have come to stay.

The wave of civilians is even greater. They have read about this paradise, and nothing but a series of defended road blocks could keep them away. In April of this year, 99,548 people from out of state came into southern California by automobile; 36,646 by bus. No check is made on railroads or planes. There is no way of determining how many of these were tourists or on business bent.

The All-Year Club estimates that approximately 15 per cent of these pilgrims decide to settle permanently. The Veterans Center maintains that at least 80 per cent of out-of-state ex-soldiers intend to stay. You can see the lines of cars in Arizona headed for Needles or Yuma, the eyes of the drivers fixed, pitiably hopeful, on the promised land.

"We want to plead with you," says



**Los Angeles has veterans living in some of the worst slums in the world, and overcrowding is so bad that more are being created daily. Unemployment is rising, too. But veterans and others still flood in, and the county edges nearer to tragedy**

●

**Sign on this housing development adds up to bitter irony for Los Angeles veterans, jammed into chicken coops, sheds and garages. For prices are much too high for majority of G.I.s**

Tryon, "to help us head these people off. Tell them to stop coming. Help us and help them before we're all drowned in the flood."

As long ago as last November, the veterans' advisory committee of the Los Angeles Housing Authority, headed by Al Wineberg, stopped taking applications for housing placements. The list was then at 15,000 and it has taken six months to whittle it down to 2,200; nothing is handled now but the most desperate cases. The Rodger Young Village in Griffith Park is filled; the John Basilone Village in San Fernando Valley is only half completed because federal funds gave out and building was stopped. There should be 1,648 additional family units at Basilone, but instead there are barracks with light showing between the walls, either a monument to the zeal for economy or a symbol of bureaucratic stupidity.

In other parts of town crowding is no longer news.

"If there are only six or seven in a room we consider it normal," said a housing official. "Ten or twelve get it into the emergency class—and we've had lots of them."

But let's not be too general about the discussion. Have you ever seen a family living in a garage, a ramshackle wooden affair with four walls, a door hanging half off and a dirt floor? There was a pleasant-looking young woman standing by the door and three young children were playing outside. Within was a stove, a single bed, but no toilet or water. It was a veteran's family and their application for a new house had been in for months without luck.

"No, the children sleep in the bed," the young woman told us. "My husband and I throw a mattress down here by the door."

### A New American Way of Life

In Los Angeles County, families are living in chicken coops and basements; woodsheds and tents; Quonset huts, trailers, motels and garages. A recent survey shows that three hundred unattached homeless women get refuge every night in Los Angeles either at Union Station, the Greyhound Bus terminal, the all-night movies or the charity missions.

And now the greatest blow of all has fallen: unemployment. Shipbuilding, which once accounted for 100,000 workers, is down to around 17,000; aircraft workers in the county have declined from 262,000 to 75,000; the garment industry has been severely restricted by the buyers' strike, and unemployment in some shops runs as high as 30 per cent. Retail trade has been slow, and the fish-canning season is far off.

As a result there are 50,000 unemployed veterans in Los Angeles County; 36,000 are still getting 52-20 relief ($20 a week for a year for ex-soldiers); and the L.A. County relief rolls for civilian unemployed have risen above 39,000. Until the first of the year the Veterans Service Center was managing to place 45 per cent of applicants in jobs. In February they were placing only 19 per cent, and even though in May it was back to 29 per cent, signs of panic were apparent.

"The figures don't mean a thing," we were told in Los Angeles. "A factory lays off five hundred men, waits a week and hires five hundred others at lower wages. Another large plant makes a practice of taking on

*(Continued on page 85)*

Four children and two adults call this one room home. It contains three cribs, double bed, dresser, baby buggy. At that, it's far better than some "homes" for veterans

**This tiny shanty contains one room, no closet.** In it **are a double bed, a two-burner gas grill, a sink** that empties into a bucket. **This is why L.A. says,** "Stay away!"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

**This is the home that a much-decorated sergeant came back to. It is a tent with a dirt floor. In it live a father** and mother, a working son, a daughter and her husband and their two small children. Water must be carried a distance of 200 feet

Continuing the exciting story of romance and high adventure

# MERCHANT OF VALOR

## BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

*The Story:*

The events narrated take place in sixteen-century Italy. A Medici Pope sits at Rome; the country is turbulent with internal strife.

Peter Carew, young son of an English wool merchant, is sent to Florence on business by his father. Just before leaving England he visits a country fair, where he is given a charm by a beautiful Italian girl disguised as a fortuneteller.

Upon his arrival in Italy, Peter saves the life of a Florentine nobleman, Giovanni De' Medici, leader of a free-lance army, the Black Bands. The next day Peter encounters the fortunetelling girl he had met in England, and Betsy, for so he calls her, takes the charm back from him. The charm is actually a letter of critical interest to the Pope, and Peter is arrested by agents of the Cardinal of Florence. Escaping through Betsy's timely intervention, Peter flees Florence and joins Giovanni's Black Bands—after making another enemy: Piero Riario, an arrogant nobleman, who has designs on Betsy.

In the company of a cheerfully unscrupulous monk who is an agent of the Pope, Riario follows Peter, hoping he will lead them to the mysterious girl.

Encountering Betsy disguised as a camp follower of the Black Bands, Peter saves her from being kidnaped, whereupon Peter, Betsy and their two servants set out on horseback to escape the persistent pursuit of Riario and the monk.

Putting up for the night at a lonely inn, the four wayfarers are attacked by ruffians in the pay of Riario. Peter and his servant Christoforo beat them off. But when he goes into Betsy's room, Peter finds she and her hunchbacked servant John-Peter have disappeared during the fight. Sadly Peter rides off to rejoin the Black Bands, his pride wounded but his love for this clever, domineering beauty more compelling than ever.

### III

AT ONCE, upon our arrival in Fano, I reported to My Lord Giovanni, who was surprised that I had returned so soon.

"What!" he exclaimed gaily. "Hast disposed thy lady in safety so promptly?"

"My lady," I replied wryly, "disposed of me. She flitted, leaving me to make the best of it."

"No adventures to relate?" he asked eagerly.

"There was a slight bickering," I said, "in an inn—during which the maid vanished."

"Slight bickering!" said My Lord. "You English are a tongue-tied race with no gift of narrative." He turned to Christoforo who stood behind me and addressed him by name.

"Christoforo," he asked, "what was this slight bickering of which we hear?"

Now there was nothing of the tongue-tied about Christoforo, for you had but to nod your head and he inundated you with a spate of words.

"It befell thus, My Lord," he said forwardly. "We did hide in the hills through a night and a day. But at nightfall we rode again till we came to this inn and its most villainous and traitorous landlord. He did recognize us from description and sent away his half-wit son to betray us. But Messer Pietro kept strict watch, and just before dawn there arrived four *Lanzenknechts* bent upon our slaughter and the capture of the maid."

"Splendid fighting men, these Germans."

"Aye, and they fought splendidly," said Christoforo, "coming at us up the stairs. Whereupon Messer Pietro shouldered me aside and engaged with them mightily so that they were driven back pell-mell. Then they came again, holding before them as a shield a great oaken table."

"Ah," said My Lord, his eyes shining.

"To me it seemed the end," said Christoforo, "for no sword could penetrate it."

"And what then?" asked My Lord impatiently.

"Then," said Christoforo, "Messer Pietro lifted with his own strength a monstrous oaken chest that three common men could not have raised. It was a miracle, My Lord, for no single man could have lifted the weight. He carried it to the stairhead and, raising it above his head, hurled it down upon them. Nothing human could stand against it. It hurled them down, pinning one beneath and shattering the legs of another. Whereupon we leaped upon them, each slaying one and there was an end of it."

My Lord looked at my height and the breadth of my shoulders and smiled. "Aye," he said, "a slight bickering. Thou, Pietro, are more sententious than Julius Caesar with his *Veni, vidi, vici*. And then?"

"We came back to report for duty."

"Away with thee," he said. "Go learn to fight. And hereafter," he said, smiling into my eyes so that my heart went out to him, "deafen not mine ears with thy garrulity."

Not many days later My Lord summoned me him again, and there stood in the room three strange gentlemen most gorgeously appareled, but the fourth was My Lord Piero Riario who eyed me balefully. I returned his gaze for I had come to hold him in hatred.

"Englishman," said My Lord Giovanni severely, "these gentlemen come with grievous complaints against thee."

"Of what nature, My Lord?" I asked.

"That thou didst murder unfairly three servants of the Duke of Urbino, setting upon them treacherously, and sorely maim a fourth. And thereafter did maliciously burn the inn of an innocent landlord. Hast thou defense against these charges?"

"It is true that certain foreign soldiers were damaged," said I, "but the treachery was upon the other foot. As to the burning, I know naught of it save that as I looked backward there were flames and smoke."

"My Lord Duke," said Riario harshly, "demands that this knave be turned over to him for proper punishment."

I saw the glint in My Lord's eye, for he liketh not that any make peremptory demands of him.

"I have heard the tale otherwise than thou dost relate it, My Lord Riario, and, mayhap, from a more trustworthy tongue. So the Duke of Urbino doth demand one of my men of me! Showing straitly that he hath more arrogance than discretion. I am the mother and father of my soldiers, and their quarrels are my quarrels. Say to your Duke that if he desireth this man it were well to send an army to take him. Also say to him that if it be his wish to make a personal matter of this he shall put on his armor and take lance and appoint a day."

"I am to bear this ungracious refusal to the Duke?" asked Riario.

"Aye," said My Lord, "and if its meaning be not clear to him, add words of thy own devising to increase its strength."

They went out angrily and My Lord stared after them with level brows. He turned, and his face was grave.

"Thou hast added one more to the number of my enemies," he said.

"If it be your will," I said, "I will surrender to the Duke."

"Rather," he said, "would I add ten dukes to the list of my enemies than have it known to my men that I surrendered one of their number. Get thee away, Pietro, and practice with weapons diligently. For it is in my mind you will need all the skill thou canst master."

So for weeks I did practice assiduously with the sword, and learned to wear armor and was instructed in the art of war as it had been improved by My Lord's genius. For it was he who perceived the utility of foot soldiers; also he was master of the business of surprise and of striking where he was not expected to strike. Against My Lord no opponent dared sleep, nor could guess when or from what direction a blow might fall. Also in another thing he was superior, and that was in his solicitude for his men, having always their safety and comfort in mind. Yet he himself was reckless to the point of madness.

MY LORD went to Rome to negotiate with the Pope for money wherewith to pay his troops, and also to seek as reward for his services some little state with a decent revenue to maintain his family respectably. He was ever in need of money.

My Lord spoke of these matters with me. "Rome makes vague promises," he said, "which they do not mean to perform. I ask no more than is my due, but I weary of being cheated."

The month of September was all but spent when news came to Fano that the Emperor had been forced to raise the siege of Marseilles, thus giving free hand to Francis of France to bring his armies into Italy. And then came word to me from My Lord to join him at Trebbio, which I obeyed, taking Christoforo for companion.

My heart was softened to see My Lady once more and the little boy Cosimo. My Lord took me to his chamber and closed fast the door.

"Pietro," he said seriously, "thy maid brought me true tidings, though there has been some delay. Messengers from His Majesty of France are on their way to transact with me. There is to be a meeting at an inn called Piccolo Cavallo. Wherefore I sent for thee, my Pietro, for thou are merchant-trained and a shrewd bargainer."

"What is forward, My Lord?"

"It would seem," he said, "that the French king needs a soldier."

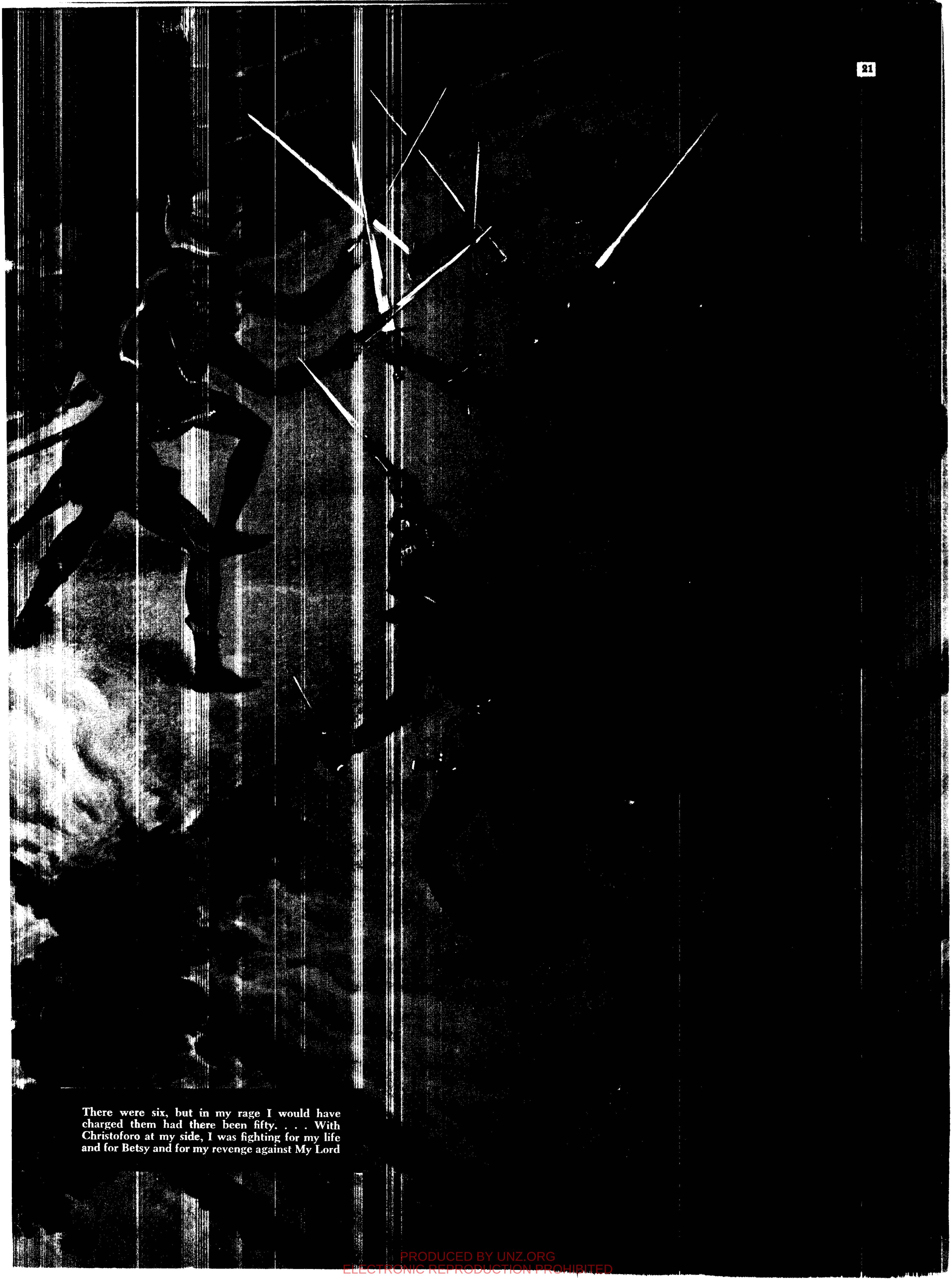
"In a sense," said I, "thou art unemployed. The Black Bands rust in idleness. But there is much to think on. On the one side thou art a Medici; on the other a Sforza. Thy relative is Pope; another relative is Duke of Milan. Sometimes, My Lord, there is doubt where honor lies and what be its demands. It is a point that should be considered."

"Consider it, then, Pietro. You have my leave."

"Thy Bands," said I, "belong to thee. They are thy business which thou dost own as my father owns his business in woolen cloths. It is thy undoubted right to hire thyself and thy Bands to the best advantage. Yet thou art a Florentine, and King Francis is French. It is true you Italians do not regard country as we in England do, being divided into a multitude of jealous and warring states. Were Italy one land as England is one

(*Continued on page* 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



There were six, but in my rage I would have charged them had there been fifty. . . . With Christoforo at my side, I was fighting for my life and for Betsy and for my revenge against My Lord

# PLASTIC AGE

## BY RUTH CARSON

**Don't look for too many miracles yet from plastic products. They may be on the way, but right now the industry is trying to overcome its growing pains**

WHEN the late Henry Ford seized a fire ax a few years ago, and had his picture taken attacking the plastic rear end of a car, he cemented a notion in the public mind. Plastics, we were convinced, were unbreakable. Banking on this, we whammed plastic dishes around in the kitchen sink. Infants stamped with glee on their plastic toys. Disillusion mounted with the breakage until we discovered that some plastics are breakable.

We have other convictions about plastics, too: that they are made out of coal, soybeans, corncobs and anything else you have around; that they will melt at the touch of boiling water, or burst into flames from a spark; that, depending on our temperament, they will create a whole new magic world.

None of these things is literally so. But it's no wonder we are confused. So are the people in this gangling industry, which has grown so fast in the past twenty years that no one person can keep up with it. In the good old celluloid-collar days life was simpler in a lot of ways. For one thing, celluloid was the only plastic the public had to deal with. It was used for making billiard balls, as well as collars, shirt fronts and denture plates.

Today there are twenty-odd basic groups of plastics, depending on what you call basic, and hundreds of uses for each of them. A plastic is tough or brittle, elastic or firm, able to resist acid, fire, boiling water—or not, depending on how it's made. Each plastic is tailor-made by the chemist to meet special needs. He is constantly discovering new things he can do with plastics, but he hasn't yet been able to create one plastic that can do everything.

Small, obviously plastic items like dishes and toys are all many of us mean when we say plastic. Actually they are only a drop in the plastics caldron. Plastics have thousands of uses in industry. Some industries, like the movies with their plastic film, couldn't exist without them. In hundreds of ways all around us, many of them unseen, plastics are making our life easier, safer and more varied. All this started the magic, dream-world talk because plastics make anything seem possible. But it's not magic that has made production figures mount from 27,000,000 pounds in 1921, to over a billion pounds in 1946, with demand steadily exceeding supply.

Consider the safety glass in your car. You probably take it for granted that the windshield and side windows of your car are nonshattering glass. But did you know that a plastic makes this possible? Between two plates of glass is a sandwich filling of elastic plastic film, so firmly bonded to the glass that no matter how badly shattered the glass may be it will stick to that film instead of flying at you. What's more, if you should be so unlucky as to sail head-first into the windshield, the chances are you will at least be lucky enough that it will yield and that rubbery film will stretch instead of break.

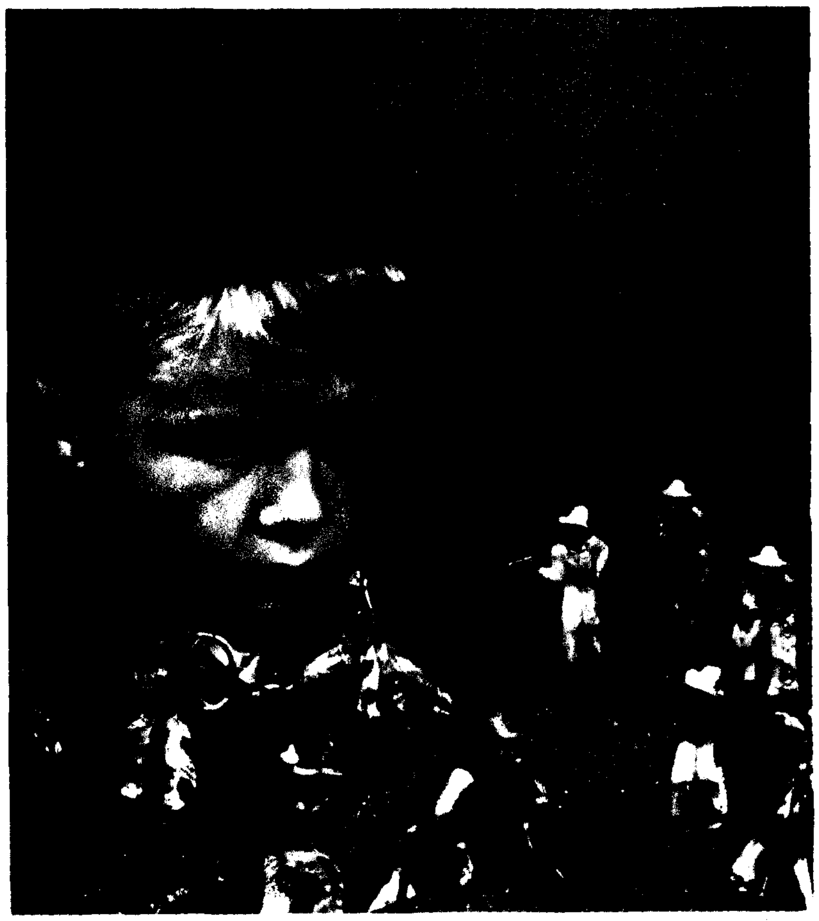
Safety glass didn't always provide so much safety. When it was first used around 1927, the film was made of cellulose nitrate, the same base as celluloid. This made a safer window than plate glass alone, which shatters into long, jagged pieces; and safer than tempered glass, which explodes into thousands of rough, honeycomb sections. But the film yellowed from the ultraviolet rays of the sun, and it got brittle at low temperatures. So in 1932, a cellulose acetate film replaced it; this didn't yellow but it still got brittle.

More work, and by 1938, the film we have today, elastic at all temperatures. Just goes to show you what chemists can do with developing plastics, given a problem and some time. The basic resin of this film is also good, in another form, for treating slip-cover material so that spots can be sponged off. In plastics, one thing generally leads to another.

It will be a while, though, and maybe never, before we have anything like Plexiglas for windshields and windows. The simple reason is that the stuff scratches too easily. Like Lucite, it is crystal clear, light in weight,

TENNESSEE EASTMAN CORPORATION

This football helmet made of plastic absorbs shocks, is lightweight and cool. It is molded in two transparent halves and joined by an extruded strip. The school colors sprayed on the inside show through clearly


Plastic is also used to make toy cowboys and Indians with the figures molded in fine detail. This material is fire-resistant and can be finished with lacquers which, having a special affinity with it, won't chip or peel

endable under heat and nonshattering, making it ideal for the curving ose of a bomber. But put it in a car windshield and drive in the dust for little while. You might as well have sandblasted it in the first place.

Scratches can be buffed out, and they can be prevented in your Lucite rticles by treating them as carefully as you do the fine finish on your furiture. But no one is going to keep buffing windows and windshields. omeday chemists may figure out a way to keep all the desirable qualities f these plastics, and make them hard as glass, too. Not yet.

Plexiglas caught the public imagination during the war. It's one of the ew trick plastic names we remember. Fiberglas is another, dramatized o us, much to the dismay of its makers, by news stories about an alllastic car. It isn't that they don't think their stuff is good. (One official the company has a favorite stunt. After taking important visitors out o lunch, he drives them to his office and parks, managing always to ram is fender against a strategic telephone pole. The visitors say, "Oh, too ad." He says, "Not at all," whereupon he backs up and the fender prings into shape again, good as new. . . . Fiberglas, see?)

This is a wartime development of fibrous glass laminated with plastic esins, out of which body armor was made. You would have heard more bout it if we had had to invade Japan, for all invasion troops would ave worn it. It has terrific impact strength, stopping a bullet or a blow y dissipating its strength much as sand or water would do.

Wartime need accelerated the development of the technique of makig it, and of making other strong laminates, too, using hemp fibers or otton or even paper in place of glass fibers. The method is called ow-pressure lamination. It saves cost and time in building equipment, equiring wooden or plaster of Paris molds, in place of the costly mahines used for molding plastics under high pressure with intense heat.

But here's the hitch, for your plastic car. Factory techniques haven't et been developed for low-pressuring plastic fenders, for example, as uickly, cheaply and precisely as metal fenders can now be stamped out. hey can't compete—yet—on a mass production line that has een geared to turning out cars by the million. On a smaller scale, hower, they are already here. A California company made 3,000 plastic enders last year, expects to make 12,000 this year for sports trailers.

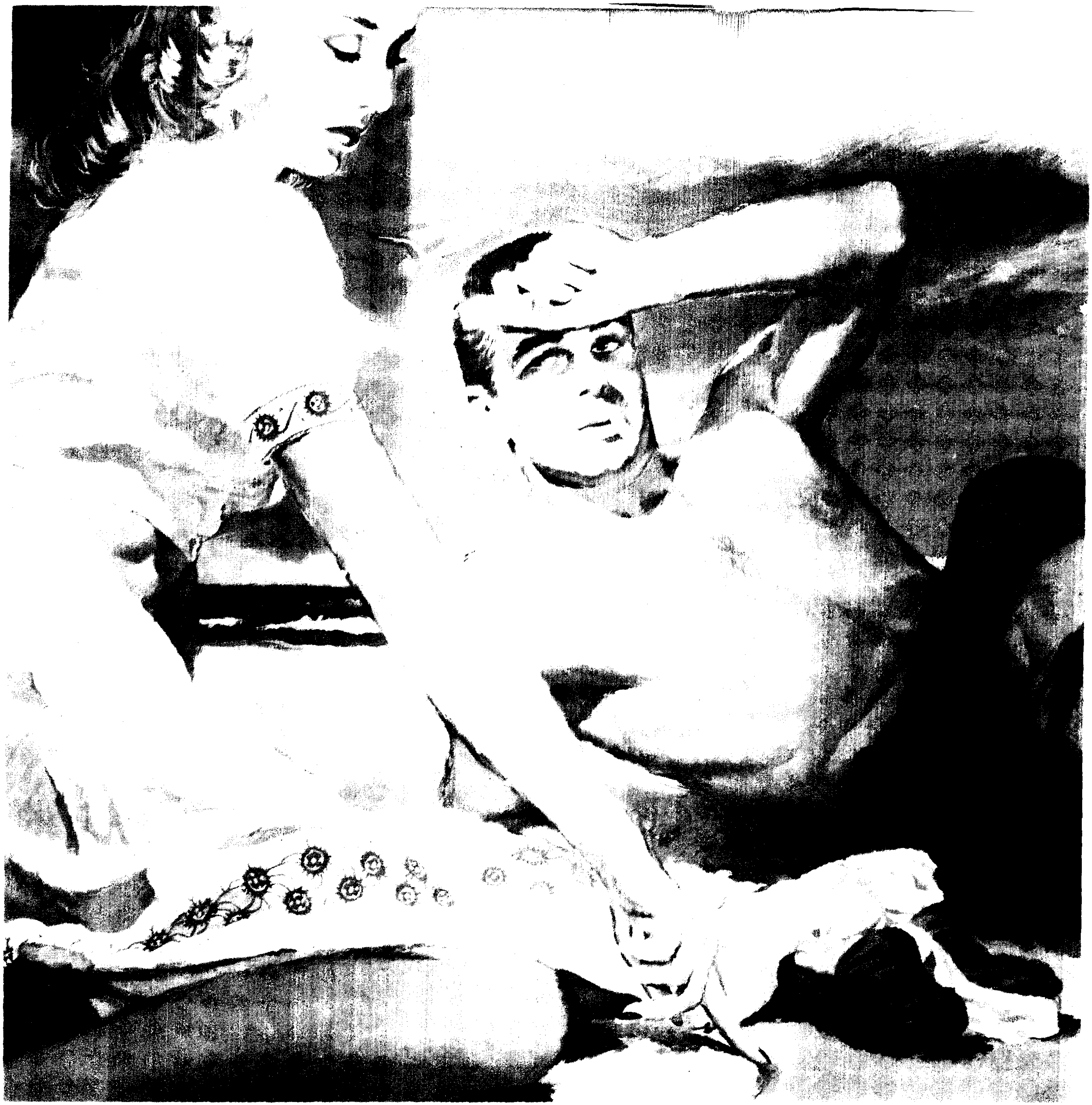
And one of the biggest automobile body *(Continued on page 49)*

This plastic is produced in pellets of a uniform size, in order to make processing easier. The pellets come in any desired color and in transparent, translucent, opaque, variegated, pearlescent and fluorescent effects

NORTON COMPANY

One of the most important industrial uses of resinous plastics is to hold together the particles in grinding wheels. This resinoid-bonded wheel will easily cut through steel so hard it can't be penetrated by a saw

Salmon fishermen in Oregon use plastic floats on their nets because they are tough, permanently buoyant and will withstand exposure to weather and water. These floats will never need a refinishing job to restore color



**Bob waited for Jean to answer. "My father ran away when we were children." Her face felt stiff. "Is there anything else you want to know?" she asked**

SHE saw the man as soon as she stepped out of the kitchen. He was lying belly down on the beach, the barrel of Willie's BB gun steadied on the log of driftwood before him.

Ping! The shot struck the tomato can sitting on the rock beyond the high-tide mark. When he raised his cheek from the gunstock and turned to Willie, she saw his profile, Indian red in the late California sun. He was nobody she knew.

Smoothing her skirt, she stepped from the screened porch and walked toward them. When she was still some yards away Willie glanced up. He gave her the peculiar half-smile that made him look older than thirteen. It was a family smile, a secret smile of the blood and it said all the understanding, comradely things he never put into words.

Now he merely propped himself on one thin elbow and nodded at the man beside him.

"This is Bob," he said. "He used to be a Marine."

She stood above them, her foot almost touching the stranger. She saw that he was in his middle twenties. He wore jeans, and a white cotton T-shirt lay on the sand with his loafers. His body had the set of a man's body. His shoulders were heavy and he was thick-chested and, as he rolled over, he shielded his eyes with his hand and his gray eyes moved across her face. She felt as if she were being picked out of the darkness by a searchlight.

She sat down on the sand beside him and pushed her skirt down between her knees. "Willie," she said. "Aunt May says to set the table. We'll eat on the back porch."

"This is Jean. My sister," Willie told the ex-Marine. "She goes to City *College*."

Again his gaze moved over her. She felt it linger on her blond hair, catch the color of her eyes and check the nose which was like Willie's.

"City College?" he said. "What are you taking?"

She knew he didn't care actually; he was asking because she expected him

**Under her aunt's guidance she was studying, alas, for a degree in spinsterhood. Fortunately, she flunked the course**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

to ask. She smiled a practiced smile of dry amusement, knowing it made her look like Aunt May and being amused by that too.

"I'm taking Library Science," she told him. "I'm studying to be an old maid."

She watched the curiosity come into his eyes. All right, she thought, now you know I'm a little odd. But I told you before you found it out yourself.

"Library Science," he said. "Is that what you want to do?"

His tone held no mockery, merely the casual interest of someone wondering why the snow fell or what made the sea deep.

She hesitated, then from habit ridiculed herself, "Old maids run in the family. I want to study and do it right." Before he could speak again, she turned to Willie. With Willie she could be brisk and certain. There was no twilight area of wanting something you pretended not to want.

"Go set the table, Willie. And wash your hands first," she said. "Dinner's nearly ready."

Willie took the BB gun from the log beside the Marine's head and picked up his can of shot. As he knelt there in the sand, he paused.

"Look," he told the man. "Why don't you stay and eat with us?"

"Oh, Willie!" Her reproval was automatic, and immediately she was blushing. But really, what had got into Willie? He knew what Aunt May would say if they brought in an absolute stranger, somebody he had picked up on the beach.

"I mean, I'm sure, Mr.—"

"Bob," the Marine said.

"I'm sure Bob has another engagement, Willie. You can't just ask people for dinner at the last minute."

Willie's eyes met hers calmly. During all the years she had spent battering herself against the stiff code of conduct Aunt May threw about them, he had merely watched, making his secret judgments in silence. The few times he wanted something, he went after it and returned, quiet and satisfied, to take his punishment.

Right now, he was going to be stubborn. "Bob, have you got anything else to do?" he asked.

The man shook his head; he lay smiling in the warm, salty sunshine.

"Well," she said helplessly, "would you like to stay?"

He grinned. "Sure. Thanks."

"I'll go tell Aunt May," Willie said.

As Willie's thin shoulders swung away toward the house, the Marine moved nearer to her, closing the space the boy had left. It was a natural gesture, but she jerked as if he had laid hands on her.

"There's salad and hamburger," she said quickly.

"Who's Aunt May?" he asked.

"My mother's sister. She's our guardian."

"Your parents dead?" he asked.

She drew an arc in the sand. "My mother is. My father ran away when we were children." Her face felt stiff and her voice was rough against her throat. "Is there anything else you want to know?" she asked.

"Tough," he said placidly.

She got up and brushed the sand from her pale legs. "If you want dinner, you'd better come along."

He rose slowly and looked down at her. He stood close to her and she caught the smell of sweat.

"You can wash up inside," she said.

THEY sat at the table on the screened porch, Aunt May at the head, Jean facing her, Bob and Willie on either side. Jean concentrated on the familiar beach noises outside—the evening gnats, the surf, the screech of brakes above them on the highway—trying to escape the smile fastened to Aunt May's downy face, trying not to listen to her voice.

"I'm sorry there wasn't more," she was saying politely. "I wasn't expecting a guest."

He glanced at her across his plate. "I don't eat much," he said. His voice was pleasantly matter-of-fact. He broke a piece of bread and pushed it through the gravy with his fork.

"At least there's plenty of salad." Aunt May rose with the wooden bowl and put the last of it on his plate. For a moment she watched him eat, then said, "Do you live down here?"

"Los Angeles," he said. "I share a flat with a guy I knew in the war."

"Do you work at the beach?"

"No. I just drove out."

Aunt May said "Oh," and Jean wanted to warn him about Aunt May and work. She wanted to say, "Go on—tell her anything—tell her a lie—but don't let her think you were loafing on a weekday."

But he just ate the last of the watercress and said, "I don't have a job. I saved money; I'm looking around."

All the lines in Aunt May's face moved to touch other lines and her smile was acrid. "You must join our Order of the Lilies," she said.

"Yeah? What's that?"

Aunt May turned slightly and nodded at a framed sampler on the wall, stitched in green and black thread.

LILIES OF THE FIELD
"They toil not,
Neither do they spin."

Beneath the legend, four lilies were exquisitely embroidered. This was Aunt May's quiet joke. Whenever Jean or Willie forgot the dishes or slacked on repainting the house, whenever they sat idle at all, they were made members of the Order.

NOTHING was ever said about their mother who had died, or their father who had run away, but the sampler was always there to remind them that Aunt May had worked hard to support them. Even now the scent of lilies made Jean a little sick.

Bob got up from the table and teetered on the heels of his bare feet, his large hands on his hips, staring at the sampler.

"You did this yourself?" he asked Aunt May.

She frowned, the faintest gathering between her brows. "Yes. Why?"

"Good needlework." He turned, dismissing the sampler. "I've got nothing against work. But I can't see taking a job just to have a job."

She said, "You have something special in mind?"

"No," he said. "But on the islands I learned patience. There'll be something come along I want to do." He pulled out a cigarette. "Smoke?"

"No." This coldly. And then as he moved toward Jean: "And neither does my niece."

There was a short silence while Bob lighted a cigarette and looked around for an ash tray. Finally, he opened the screen door and flung the match outside.

"The paper said there'd be a grunion run tonight," he announced. "That's the reason I drove down."

"Grunion?" Aunt May said, as if she had not heard properly.

"Fish. I hear they come by thousands. They swarm up on the sand to lay their eggs."

"Oh!" Aunt May's tone questioned

*(Continued on page 58)*

# SHERIDAN'S RIDE

### BY JIM MARSHALL

**Wild, free and Texan, Miss Ann Sheridan continues to gallop through the Hollywood scenery**

SHE was born in Denton, Texas, on February 21, 1915, and christened Clara Lou, for her aunt and mother. Her father was George W. Sheridan. a prosperous mechanic. She has one brother, George, and three sisters, Kitty, Mabel and Pauline. Her father's great-uncle was General Phil Sheridan; her mother's family were the Warrens of Virginia. One of her ancestors was a Cherokee, but whether a chief or a princess is not recorded.

In Denton, a small town northwest of Dallas, the Sheridans lived at 304 South Elm Street. Clara Lou started her education at the Robert E. Lee School, being known as Lou-dee. Later she went to the Denton High School and sang with the band, mainly torch songs. After this she enrolled at North Texas State Teachers College, also in Denton, but never, as legend has it, taught school. The story that she did teach was started by a press agent and had schoolteachers coming to Hollywood in droves for some time.

She is one of the very few beauty-contest winners ever to be heard from again after arriving in Hollywood. She got into the contest by the back door when her sister Kitty sent a studio portrait and a snapshot of her in a bathing suit to John Rosenfield, dramatic editor of the Dallas News. Mr. Rosenfield sent the pictures along to Paramount, which was operating a "Search for Beauty." This occurred in the middle of Annie's sophomore year, when she had become resigned to a future as a schoolma'am.

"You are making a fool of me!" Annie wrote to Kitty, when she found out about it.

Later she cooled down and had forgotten about the whole grim episode when Mr. Rosenfield phoned her and said Hollywood was calling. She signed a one-picture contract at $50 a week and hopped a rattler. This was in 1933, a depression year. After the picture was made most of the beauty-contest winners were packed off home, but Annie stayed on —because she could ride a horse. She made five Westerns with Randy Scott and had her name changed to Ann.

Two years of this seemed to be getting her nowhere and she quit Paramount to free-lance. She worked a while at Universal, got odd jobs here and there and was threatening again to go back to Denton when she got a break at Warner's.

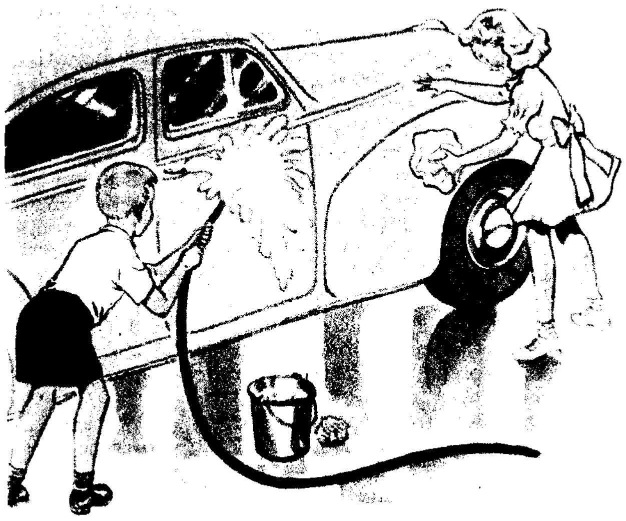
She played a nurse in a string of pictures and was not kissed for the screen until Fred MacMurray tackled the assignment in a picture called Car 99. It turned out okay and she has been kissed in every picture since, often with extreme vehemence.

Her first big part was that of a schoolma'am in The Great O'Malley with Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart. She went on into Black Legion, Alcatraz, San Quentin and twenty others.

But still Annie was Number 27 on the fan-mail list at Warner's and a plenum of press agents was called to get her out of this cellar of celebrity. After talking over several dozen sobriquets which might be applied to Miss Sheridan, *(Continued on page 61)*

## PARTNER TO FAMILY FUN!

# "fresh up" with Seven-Up!



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## YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

ACME

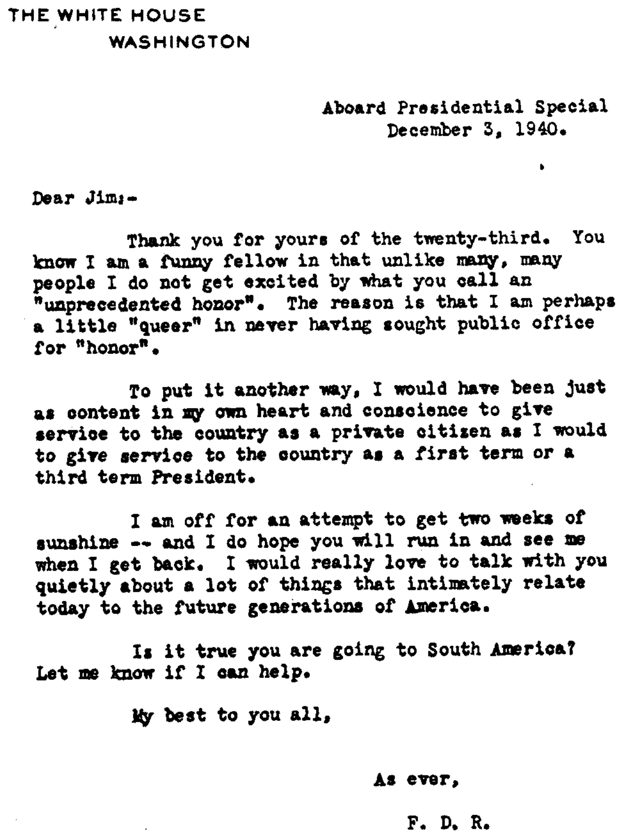
At the 1940 convention, Harry Hopkins and Jimmy Byrnes set up unofficial headquarters to "draft" Roosevelt

# THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

## WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT—V

### BY JAMES A. FARLEY

**The 1940 Democratic Convention proved that the President was "a master of political rough-and-tumble with no holds barred." But Farley and Jack Garner stood their ground and emerged beaten but unbowed. Here is the story of the conclusion of formal relations between Mr. Roosevelt and his party chief**



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Aboard Presidential Special
December 3, 1940.

Dear Jim:-

Thank you for yours of the twenty-third. You know I am a funny fellow in that unlike many, many people I do not get excited by what you call an "unprecedented honor". The reason is that I am perhaps a little "queer" in never having sought public office for "honor".

To put it another way, I would have been just as content in my own heart and conscience to give service to the country as a private citizen as I would to give service to the country as a first term or a third term President.

I am off for an attempt to get two weeks of sunshine -- and I do hope you will run in and see me when I get back. I would really love to talk with you quietly about a lot of things that intimately relate today to the future generations of America.

Is it true you are going to South America? Let me know if I can help.

My best to you all,

As ever,

F. D. R.

The President's unsigned reply to Farley's letter of congratulation

#### Conclusion

I WENT to Chicago and the 1940 Democratic National Convention, fully aware of the strains and stresses awaiting me. My course was to have my name presented to the convention if it was the last thing I ever did. There was no other course before me, because I had promised to stand for the Presidential nomination and if I failed to live up to that promise, I felt I would lose the respect of everyone who knew of me.

Furthermore, this was only one way in which I could fairly and clearly express my opposition to a third term. No one knew better than I that I had no chance of winning, but I could not go back on my word.

I arrived in Chicago Tuesday morning, and went first to my office suite in the Stevens Hotel and then to my living quarters in the Blackstone.

Wednesday all the leaders in the country began trekking into the unofficial headquarters Harry Hopkins and Jimmy Byrnes had in a Blackstone suite. Many never came in to see me at all. The Hopkins-Byrnes strategy became clear that day. Every effort was being directed at winning the nomination for President Roosevelt by acclamation in an effort to convince the country there was a real draft. That was the reason for all the succeeding pressure brought on me to get out of the race.

What I did not like was the hypocrisy of it all; the effort put forth to make it appear that the President was being drafted, when everyone knew it was a "forced draft" fired from the White House itself.

In the next few days nearly every party leader urged me to step aside. Finally Ed Flynn came to see me. Flynn decided on a direct approach.

"Jim, this isn't going to be easy to say," he began, "but for the sake of party harmony, for the best interests of the country and in the interests of world peace, you should pull out of the convention as a candidate and continue as party chairman."

"Now, Ed," I replied, "I am not going to get out of the race. I am not to blame for the present situation. It was none of my making. I was led to believe by the President that he would not be a candidate. Not until last week when I saw him at Hyde Park, did he indicate otherwise."

Flynn started to speak, but I waved for silence.

"I'm not through yet," I said. "Some people, and you may be one of them, have the false idea that I think I am running for the Presidency. I am not running. The President has the votes. Everyone knows he has eight or nine hundred votes pledged to him.

"Now, what they want is the few votes that have been pledged to me, so that the outside world will think this is a unanimous 'draft.'

"What I am trying to let the people outside understand is that I am opposed to a third term. I have never said so, because I did not want to give the Republicans ammunition.

"The only way I can publicly show how I feel, without misunderstanding and with dignity and honor, is to permit my name to go before the convention. This is exactly where I stand and this is exactly what I am going to do."

The following Monday, Elliott Roosevelt breezed in and I explained my position.

"You are all right," he declared, "but there are a lot of damned guttersnipes in the hotel across the street."

Young Joe Kennedy, of the Massachusetts delegation, dropped by to report that he would stay in line for me despite all the pressure that could be brought to bear. He told me how the Blackstone Hotel crowd had called Ambassador Kennedy in London to get him to persuade his son to switch, and Kennedy had refused to make the attempt.

Just before I went out to the Chicago Stadium for the opening of the convention, I received a telephone call from the White House.

"How are you, Jim?" the President greeted. "Is everything going along all right?"

"Everything is okay with me, so far," I cautiously conceded. There was a brief silence which I broke: "I'm just on my way to the convention hall. Have you got your statement ready?"

"Good thing you brought that up, Jim. I just got back from my week-end trip and am going to tackle it this afternoon. I may have it ready for you tonight."

"I'll be right here if you want me."

There was another brief pause, which this time he broke.

"By the way, Jim, there are a lot of stories in the papers. They are writing *(Continued on page 52)*

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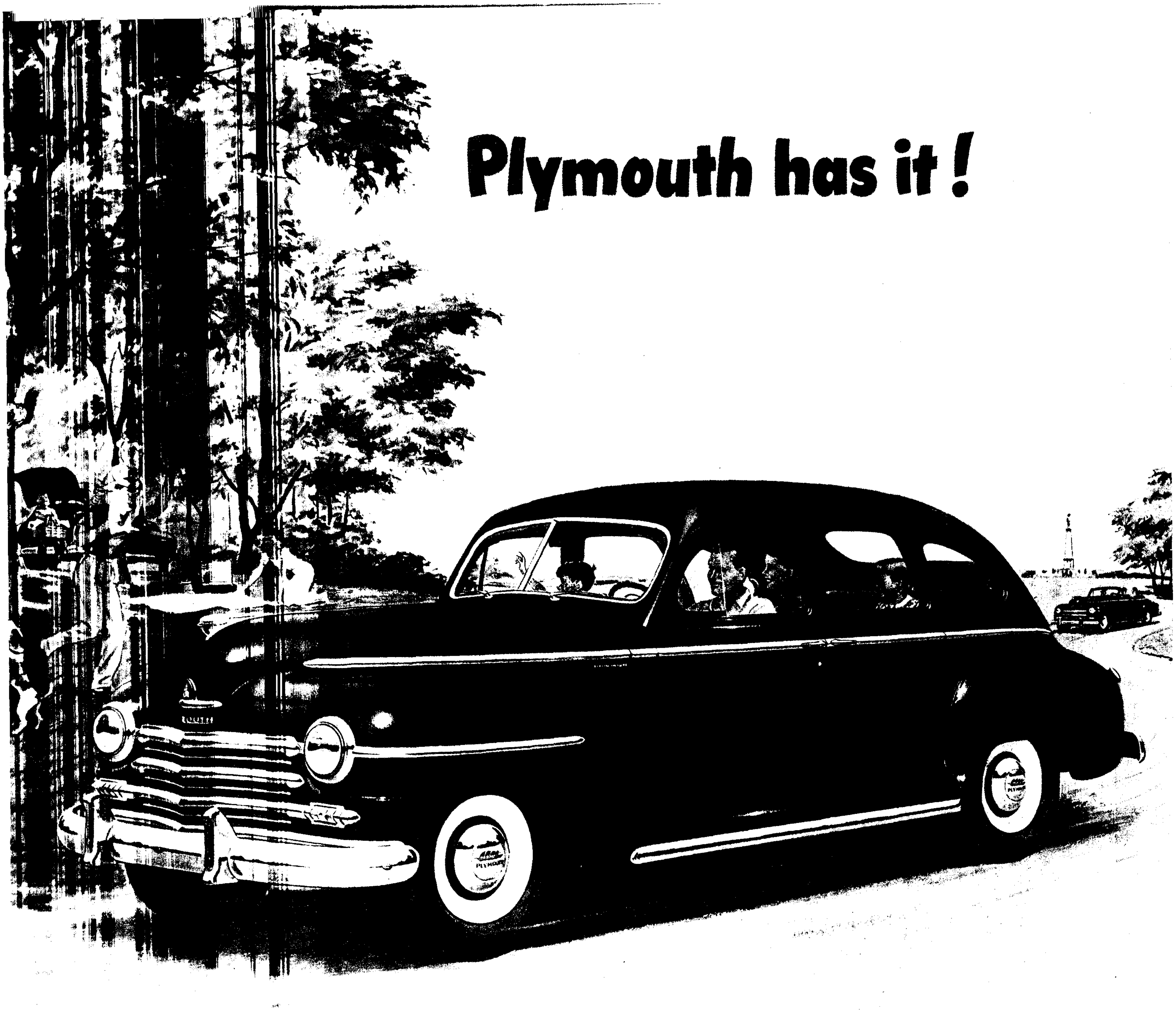

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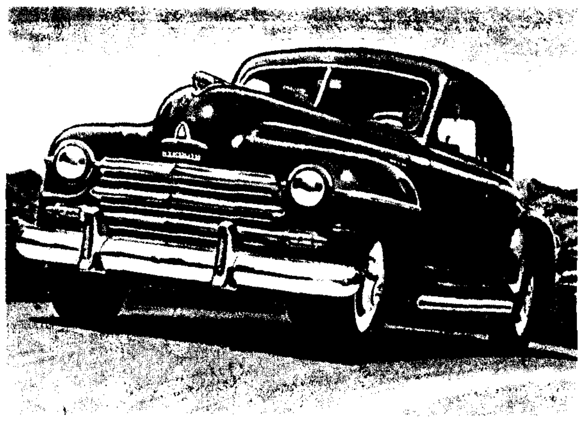

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# MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 20

land, I would urge thee against renting your arms to a foreigner."

"Florence is my city and Tuscany my state," he said. "I am bound to think of their welfare. But will good come to her from Pope, from Emperor or from King? I must serve one of the three. Which one will best serve Florence?"

"The Pope," said I, "walks the tightrope betwixt the horns of dilemma, knowing not in which direction to turn. He is a devious man. He is not a strong man. He doth not serve the church with single mind, but doth consider always the advantage of the Medici. Great things were hoped of him, but he hath not fulfilled his promise. I have talked with many. I have sought to guess which way that cat will jump."

"And thy conclusion, Pietro?"

"That he would turn against the Emperor and Milan if he dared, and that neither may depend upon him. I believe that, secretly, he swings toward France, hoping for the destruction of the power of Milan. I believe that, wert thou to hire thyself to Francis, he would approve, though he would do so secretly, and might even reproach thee publicly."

"Thou hast read my relative shrewdly, Pietro."

"The Pope rules Florence," I said, "using therefor the hand of Cardinal Passerini. If he believes the victory of Francis would profit Florence, it makes thy decision more simple."

"Consequently?" he asked tersely.

"Consequently," said I, "before you meet these agents of France thou must communicate by trusted messenger with the Pope, laying all before him, and requiring his answer and advice. To be in writing over his signature, so he never can deny."

"It is wise counsel," he said. "I shall follow it." He considered in silence. "I shall send my wife, who hath influence with her kinsman the Cardinal Salviati." Whereupon he dismissed me and sent me back to Fano with written orders to his captains to make ready to march at the word for a concentration of the Black Bands at some rendezvous not distant from Pavia.

It was done in this manner, and although Clement VII never affixed his name to writing approving of the step My Lord Giovanni contemplated, nevertheless through the influence of Cardinal Salviati there did arrive a communication from Giberti, the papal datary, congratulating My Lord upon having left the service of the ungrateful Imperials.

On a day, with the chill of autumn in the air My Lord and I, and certain of his trusted captains, rode forth from Trebbio to keep appointment at the inn called Piccolo Cavallo. My Lord saw to it that guards were placed about it to secure the safety of the French agents.

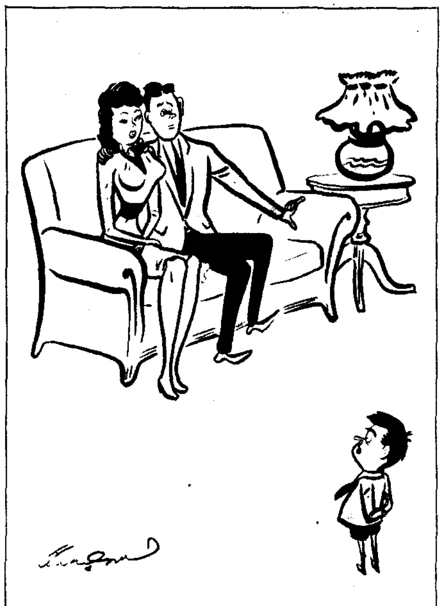
Here was a secret meeting that was no secret. His Holiness knew of it and hence Florence would have been informed, and Cardinal Salviati. Venice, which had her spies everywhere, would not lack information. The two French gentlemen with their retainers would not have passed through the country unobserved by adherents of the Emperor. I did not like it. I did not believe that Venice, or Charles, who ruled Spain and Germany, would suffer this setback to their plans without interference, and right earnestly did I urge My Lord to caution. But care for his own safety was not in him.

So we met, the emissaries of Francis and My Lord, with me at his elbow to assist in the chaffering, and right earnestly did we bargain. For once, My Lord was determined that his interests should be well protected, and that he should get out of this matter all that was due to him of pay and rations for his men and of reward for himself.

None was allowed to enter the room save servants of the inn who came at call to replenish our glasses, for arguing over money matters is a most thirsty occupation. There was the innkeeper himself, a pompous, portly man and self-important to be serving such great lords, and there was a lank, sallow fellow who carried with ceremony the salver and goblets of silver which My Lord had brought in his baggage to do honor to his guests, and there was a most outlandish woman who followed, bearing the great tankard of wine. Her skin was so swarthy as almost to be black, and her hair, done up in a strange way, was also black, and her garb was such as I had never seen, being neither Italian nor Spanish nor French. Now My Lord hath an avid curiosity and likewise a sharp eye for women, so he took notice of this serving maid.

"Art a Moor?" he asked.

"I be a maid from Sardinia," she said, "and no Moor."



"Heads I'd go to the movies, tails I'd take a walk—if I had a coin to flip!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"Yet," he said, "thou art dark of skin and thy hair hath a Moorish kink to it."

"We of Sardinia," she said, "many of us, be descendants of the ancient Carthaginians of Africa, and of the armies of that city that once did harry Sicily and make war upon Rome."

"I have never seen thy country."

"It is mountainous and inclement," she said, "and Your Lordship would find no pleasure there."

Now, because My Lord spoke to her, I, who had given her scant notice before, fixed my attention upon her, and thought upon Hannibal, that great warrior, and the false god Moloch and the casting of little children into his fiery maw. One could not guess her age nor know if under her uncouth, gaudy garments she were fat or thin. But she reached out with the hand that held the tankard to fill My Lord's goblet, and I saw that hand with its slenderness and its gently tapering fingers and its skin of the color of the juice of walnuts. I think my jaw must have dropped open like a yokel's seeing some marvel at a village fair. For, in spite of dusky skin it was a hand well-remembered.

I peered most attentively at her face, but the eyes alone seemed eyes that I had seen, though I could not take my oath upon it. I was bemused. For the hands were the hands of Betsy though none of the rest of her seemed to belong to that strange maid. Of one thing I was certain—that I must make sure of it, and if she could not give an honest account of her presence, not to spare her.

So, waiting a clement moment, I arose from my place and left that room and strode back into the kitchens of the inn.

"Where," I asked the landlord, "is the Sardinian lass?"

"She hath gone to fetch faggots," he said with a grudging motion toward the door. "But she is not to be tampered with by young gallants."

I went out into the courtyard where fowls scratched; she was coming toward me with a bundle of sticks upon her shoulder. She did not seek to avoid me, but came straight toward me and would have passed without a word, but I spoke to her sternly.

"Betsy!" I said.

She came to a halt and looked up into my face most unfriendly. "I had hoped," she said, "never to set eyes on thy great hulking self again." But then, with woman's curiosity, "How didst know me?" she asked.

"There is a point by which I would know thee," I answered, "an thou wert clad as a Chinaman. Why art thou here in this outlandish dress with darkened skin? Answer me straitly or it shall be the worse for thee."

"I answer what I please and whom it suits me to answer," she said.

"Then," I told her, "come to My Lord and we will inquire into it."

"Dolt," she said sharply. "It needed but this—to be seen in talk with thee—to betray me to the monk. His only hope of finding me is to follow thee. Go thy ways, stubborn one, and leave me to mine."

"Thou art here to spy upon My Lord," I accused.

"I came not here to harm the Lord Giovanni either by spying or otherwise," she said. "If I do not make it plain to thee thou will spoil all with thy meddling. Therefore I tell thee that thy lord is most unlikely to leave this inn alive, and that without me he most certainly would leave it dead."

"How is he threatened?" I asked of her.

"By the poisoned cup, paid for by the gold of Venice. Disbursed by the hand of the Cardinal Passerini. And having the blessing of the Pope. Dost think these be overjoyed to see him pass over to the King of France?"

"Upon thy soul," said I, "is this the truth?"

"The Count Piero Riario lurks in the neighborhood," she said. "The monk is with him. Keep me not from the kitchen, for my eye must be sharp. I watch for poison to be dropped into the cup." She halted and considered. "It may be as well that thou art here and aware. I can use thee."

"As is thy wont," I said bitterly. "And little you recked if I were slain in the inn that morning, so long as thou couldst escape through the window."

"I use what I needs must use, and do what I needs must do," she said, and then in a different voice and somewhat gentler, "I heard that tale," she said, and measured me with her eye. "It seems I had no need to worry about thee."

"Didst worry?" I asked eagerly.

"Why should I? What art thou to me? Now mind thee, Englishman. I shall know, I think, when the wine is poisoned. It will be a great scandal and a fearsome thing if Lord Giovanni and the Frenchman drink that common draught and die. Be thou constant in thy attendance. When the evil wine is passed, I bearing the tankard of it, I will signal thee by spilling a drop upon the cloth. So I need not disclose myself, but leave the rest to

# "Pick o' the Picnic!"

Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

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thee. Now let me pass, for each moment I fail to watch is perilous."

So I let her go, even then doubting my prudence, but compelled against my will to put credence in her words. But I called softly after her, "Whose hand will poison the wine?"

"The serving man who carries the salver of goblets," she said. "He doth belong to Piero Riario."

I returned to the bargaining, and it came the hour for dinner, whereupon appeared a great, sizzling goose and other delicacies, and at the end of the meal a special wine pressed from grapes of the vines in My Lord's vineyard on the slopes of Trebbio. When it came to be poured, Betsy spilled some drops upon the cloth in front of me and I did not pause to act.

"Hold, My Lords," said I. "This wine be not fit for man to drink."

My Lord was affronted. "It is my own wine of Trebbio," he said.

"Aye," I said, "but somewhat hath been added to it to cloud its flavor. Before we drink let us make a test of it. Yon lanky servant hath a thirsty look."

I stood and advanced upon him bearing my goblet. "Friend," said I, "we would have thy opinion on this wine before we drink."

He cowered and there was no color in his cheeks and he stammered. "Nay, My Lord," he chattered, "I be not fit to drink in such company."

"Nevertheless drink thou shalt," I answered him.

He backed away from me, clawing at the goblet and seeking to spill its contents. But I had him by the throat.

"No! No!" He gurgled in terror. "Spare me, My Lord, spare me."

My Lord Giovanni's face was stern. "So this is the way of it," he said, and drew poniard. "Drink, rascal, and we will watch thy enjoyment of it. Pry open his mouth, Pietro. See that he quaffs deep."

This I was reluctant to do, for I be no executioner, but My Lord's voice was the voice of command, unyielding and not to be disobeyed. So I used my strength to force open his mouth and hold back his head, and into the orifice I poured a draught of wine. He could not but swallow it. And then he screamed and writhed and I let him fall to the floor, whereupon he was convulsed in his members and twisted horribly; then he screamed again and was dead.

Lord Giovanni stood silent, staring down at the man, and then he faced his guests. "This," he said to them in a gentle, dangerous voice, "is not such hospitality as I would willingly have shown my guests. Landlord, I will have questions to ask of thee." He turned to me and touched my shoulder with his strong fingers. "Pietro," he said, "again thou hast done well."

FRANCIS OF FRANCE was laying siege to Pavia, and was encamped before that city with his army and his generals and his pavilions and such of his court as he deemed indispensable to his comfort and his state. My Lord Giovanni, having completed his negotiations with the King's emissaries, set about to the work of concentrating the Black Bands. We left the inn of the Piccolo Cavallo, but not until My Lord had enquired most strictly into the matter of the poisoned wine. He had before him the landlord and all who served in the place, save and except the girl Betsy. For again she had vanished. From the instant she left the room where the wine had been served, none had seen her.

"My Lord," I told him, "it is her custom. Whether it be by magic I do not know. She appears at will, and then she is gone. But it is to her thou owe thy life."

My Lord's eyes were speculative and he glanced at me sidewise. "She is beautiful, thou sayest?"

"Aye," I answered.

"She hath more than beauty to arouse the interest of a man," he said. "How greatly doth a touch of mystery add to the charm of a woman! Now I charge thee, Pietro, when she appears again, in whatever guise it be, fetch her to me. Methinks the maid and I might have profitable conversation together."

Now My Lord loved his wife tenderly, but I fear not faithfully, for faithfulness to a wife was not a usage of the country. Aside from some passage of arms, he delighted most in a passage of love—which added to my weight of fears. For so great was his fame, so laden with romance was his conduct, so young and noble of appearance was he that I did not see how any woman could resist him—as few found themselves able to do. Of all men, I craved least to have My Lord Giovanni for a rival.

The proposals of King Francis being satisfactory to My Lord, the compact was made and the Black Bands passed over from the service of the Emperor to that of the King. The news of it rang through Italy, and publicly the Pope disavowed any part in it and informed the Emperor that it was a headstrong and unauthorized act on the part of his young kinsman. But I had foreseen that treachery because His Holiness was still undecided as to which would be the victor; and one day he gave money to the Imperial Viceroy, and the next he signed private treaties with Francis. The agreement gave to My Lord that plenty and security which had been his desire and the desire of his wife, so he was content and I was happy at the outcome of it. But who could reckon with the impulses of My Lord or the impractical chivalry which ennobled his character?

"'. . . What luscious blonde was seen with what wedded steel baron in the midniteries these past three dawnings?' . . . Now, who's gonna know that was me?"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

At last we approached the French camp, and My Lord, dismounting from his great charger Sultan, marched on foot at the head of his companies into the encampment carrying a long lance over his shoulder. As he with his famed soldiers passed through the lines, French and Swiss stared curiously to see soldiers who had accomplished so much, but there was no cheering or glad welcome because of jealousy. The King, tall, young, long of nose, but a splendid gentleman withal, received My Lord before his pavilion and gave him welcome such as would gladden the heart. Nor was he content with words; he bade My Lord to kneel that he might place the jeweled collar of the Order of St. Michel about his neck. Then it was that this impetuous young man, acting upon some strange urging of honor, undid all our planning and transacting and left me dumb with amazement and discontent.

"Your Majesty and my master," he said in his grand, boyish way, "I may not receive this honor at your hands, nor wear the collar of this order. Because there goes with the collar an oath of eternal fealty to the throne of France. I may not in honor take such oath."

"Why not, My Lord?" asked Francis.

"Your Majesty," Giovanni said, "I be but a merchant of valorous deeds. Fighting is my trade, and my wares and merchandise be battles and skirmishes. These things be for sale, and Your Majesty is today's purchaser. You will receive good measure and faithful service. But it may be that at some future day there will be another purchaser and I shall desire to deal with him as fairly as I have dealt with thee. Therefore I may not bind mine honor with an oath."

The King stood silent, biting his lip, but My Lord continued, and I saw him draw from his breast the formal contract between himself and the King.

"Wherefore, Your Majesty," he said, "that none may impugn my faith nor accuse mine honor, I do thus, before thine eyes, tear to shreds this agreement betwixt us and abrogate its terms. So that nothing shall be betwixt us two save the obligations of our honor. Let then the payment I receive from thee be in proportion to the deeds I accomplish, and according to thy generosity and appreciation of them. Thus it shall be."

The King advanced to My Lord and embraced him. He too loved knightly adventure and the usages of chivalry, which is an impractical thing for the ruler of a nation. It might have been better for him had he emulated the cold calculation of the Emperor.

"Gentlemen all," he said with enthusiasm, "you have this day beheld an example."

But the gentlemen looked down their noses and thought My Lord to be a fool, and were jealous of his favor. As for myself I was aghast and knew not what moved My Lord to such unbusinesslike and footless conduct. But that was ever his way, and none could change him.

In spite of all, it is my belief that all would have gone well betwixt my master and King Francis had matters gone well with the King—for it was his nature to be gracious and generous. But things so befell that he could not be generous if he would, and so a contract would have been a wholesome document to exhibit and to demand the fulfillment of in the days that lay ahead.

MY LORD was given lodgment close to the royal tents. Fine entertainment was showered upon him, and minstrels sang his praises and he was hailed by all as one nourished upon victories from his childhood. Which delighted him, for there was much of the boy in him and flattery was sweet to his ears.

The days that followed were great days for My Lord, for, from the day of our arrival, the Black Bands did most of the fighting, while the rest of the army, including the ten thousand Swiss, sat idly by and applauded. Forays and raids were of daily or nightly occurrence. We descended upon treacherous villages; we foraged for the army; we were its eyes and its ears, and we paid heavily for the honor. If there were perilous duty, it fell to our share in the cold, inclement weather that was upon us. It was the generalship of My Lord Giovanni that forced the retreat of the army under the Spaniards' great general Pescara when he made feint toward Naples in the hope of drawing our troops away from the siege of Pavia. Nor was he content to obey commands or to fulfill merely his duty. Because of which a thing was bestowed upon me that I little expected and little deserved, but which would please my mother when she came to hear of it.

There was a most troublesome strong point betwixt us and the walls of the city, from which the Imperials made forays and did sore damage to our troops, and King Francis determined upon its capture. So he called together his generals in council of war. For an hour they discussed the manner of the attack, but could arrive at no decision—all to the great impatience of My Lord, who stood up in his place impatiently.

"Sacred Majesty," he said angrily. "Your Highness has more need for results than for words. Let me do it."

He rushed from the pavilion, clad as he was without armor to protect him, and marshaled sufficient of his men, and there, under the eyes of the King and his generals, he advanced to the attack. Seeing his reckless humor, I kept close to him to do what I could to see that he suffered no harm. But even in his rage and his recklessness he conducted the affair with that genius for war which no other man of that age possessed. He screened his main body behind a low hill and then, with a single company, he attacked from the east. No sooner was this body engaged than he sent a second company to attack from the west. Then when the combat was at its hottest, and when our men were being thrown back in both directions, he threw his principal body with incredible swiftness against the main gate of the stronghold. The Spaniards defended themselves with cannon and with

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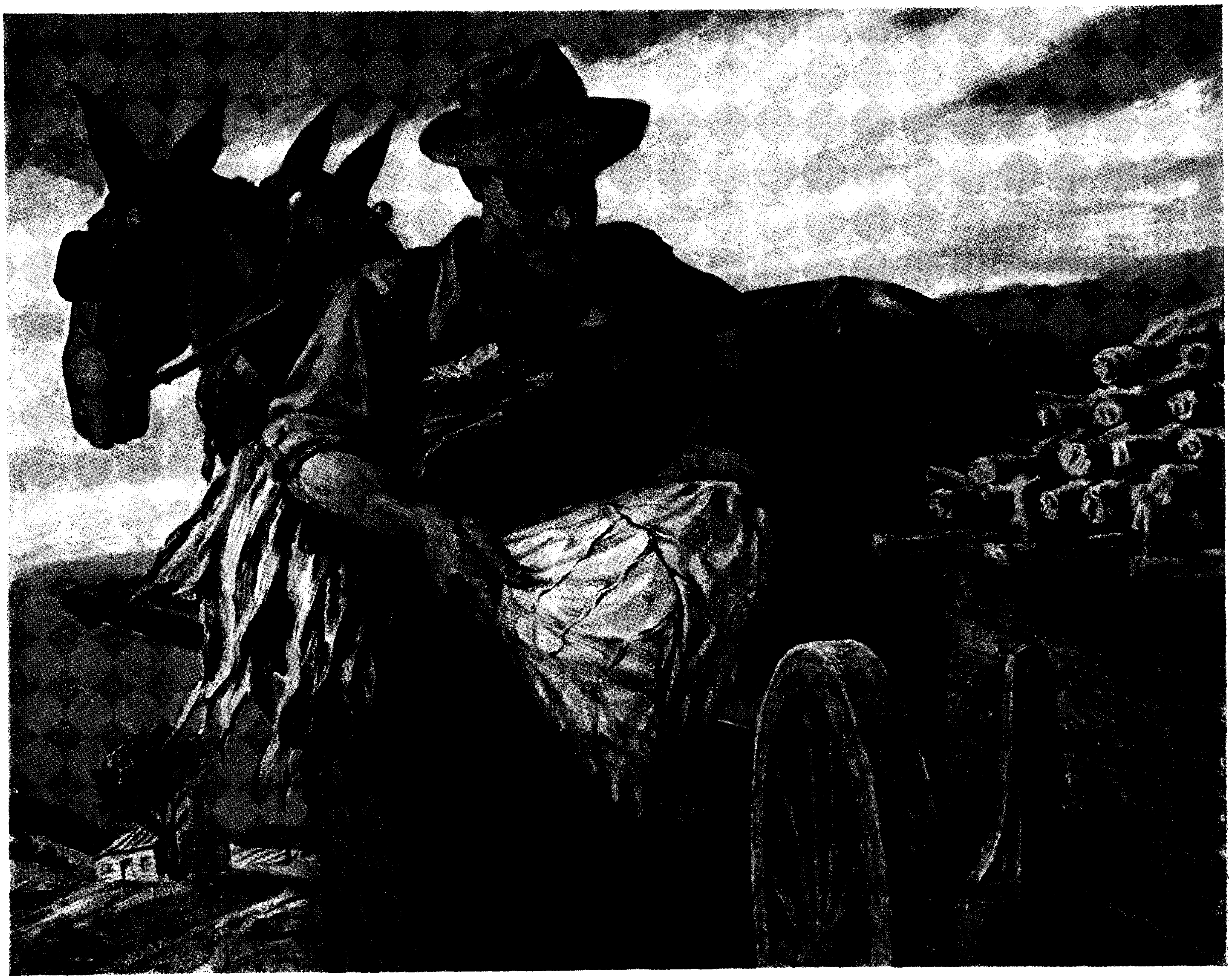

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"Proud of His Crop," painted by Irwin Hoffman

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pikes and swords most valiantly, but we drove them back through the gates, which they closed in our faces and so checked us. I strove to cover My Lord who was in the front of it, scorning any caution or protection for himself. Then, suddenly, the gates opened and the Spaniards rushed out upon us, seeing that we were halted. Our men were driven back a bit, and My Lord, being in advance, was all but surrounded.

And there we were, back to back, fighting the host of them, hacking and hewing. It was a day when I thanked God for my size and my strength, for it was not easy for our men to come to us to rescue us. But so skillful and valiant was My Lord and so furiously did he fight that we held them at bay. In which it is said I was of some slight assistance. So we held them until our men clove a way to us and sent the Spaniards helter-skelter through the gates, which they could not close, for we pressed them too closely. We entered after them, clearing a way, and our other detachments poured over the defenses to the slaughter with so great fury that in an hour not a man of the defenders was left alive.

WE MADE secure our capture and My Lord, torn, disheveled, and bleeding, but to my eyes a very god of war, returned to the place where the King sat his horse, watching the fight. My Lord bent his knee and gazed sidewise with some scorn at the King's officers who clustered about.

"Gracious Majesty," he said, "this is how it is done."

King Francis, his long face alight, plucked a great red ruby from his hat. "My Lord Giovanni," he said, "wear this jewel as a token of my love which you have this day won. Gentlemen, in all my days I have never seen, nor in history have I read of such fighting as I have witnessed." Then he turned to me and eyed me, and frowned.

"Who is this, who stood at thy back when thou were surrounded?" he asked.

"An Englishman," said My Lord, "who hath volunteered with me, and who is my true friend."

The King drew a light sword which he wore at his side.

"Is he worthy of it?" he asked.

"In all ways, Your Majesty," answered My Lord.

"His name?" said the King.

"Peter Carew, is the English of it."

The King dismounted from his horse. "Kneel," he commanded, which order I obeyed, not knowing what was going to happen to me. Then he touched me lightly on the shoulder with his blade.

"Rise, Sir Peter Carew," he said, "and be always worthy of thy knighthood as this day thou were worthy to receive it."

I arose, stammering, and my ears burned with the red blood that rushed upward. I knew not what to say and was sore embarrassed. And then I managed to speak. "Your Majesty," I said, "I am beholden to you. But now that I have it, what in the world am I to do with it?"

Whereat the King laughed and My Lord laughed and the captains and generals laughed with them, and I wished I were well away from there, drinking a cup of milk in our dairy at home.

So now, without in the least wishing it, I was Sir Peter and a gentleman and I wondered how it would go with good woolen cloths, and what my neighbors would think of it. But my mother would like it, being a woman, and would lord it over the other goodwives and fetch it into her talk unnecessarily.

I knew not what to do with my feet or my hands or my eyes, and wished people would not stare at me; and looking this way and that in my distress, my troubled gaze fell upon certain churchmen who stood in a group at one side, among whom was a French cardinal and a bevy of bishops. In the background was a lowly monk in his rough brown robe and he was grinning at me most impudently with his little eyes and full, thick lips. Amidst all that high company he closed his eye at me in a most unchurchly wink. It was, indeed, that monk who had searched my belongings in Livorno, who had followed Betsy to Fano, and who boasted of being the hunting hound of the Pope.

I felt My Lord tug gently at my sleeve, and I had the sense to bow low to King Francis before I was led away in a maze. When we were at a distance I said to him uncomfortably, "Couldst not thou have stopped this nonsense?"

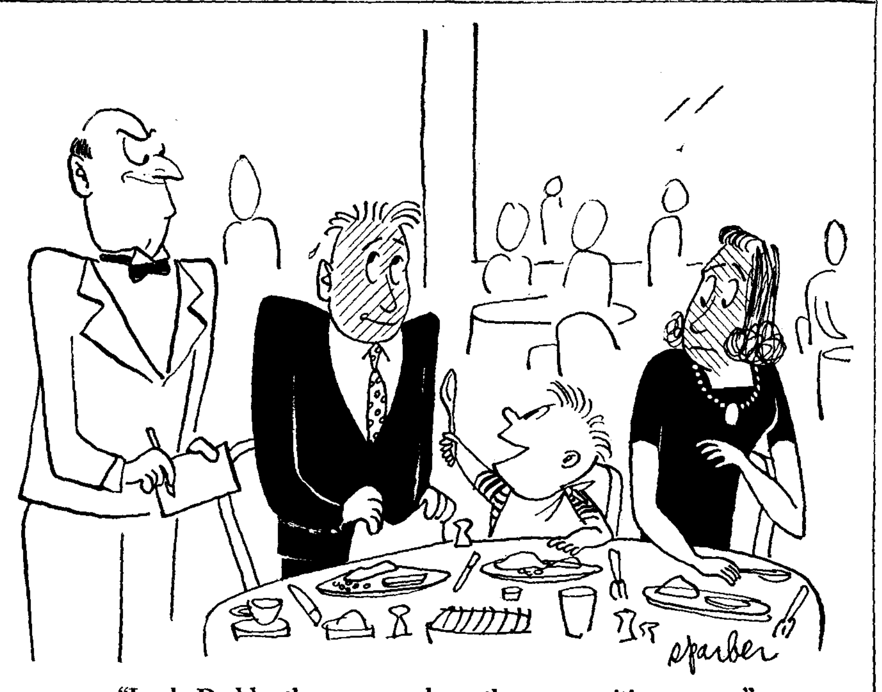
"Nay, Pietro *mio*," he said. "It was well thought of, and no more than thy deserts. Thy knightly sword and steed and armor shall be at my expense, and right cheerfully given."

"My Lord," said I, "the monk is here. I saw him stand grinning."

He shrugged as if it were of no moment. "The spies of my kinsman the Pope are everywhere," he said lightly.

I was grateful for the shelter of my tent, and for wine and food, because fighting is hungry business; and then I sat me down to write my mother a letter about it, hoping that in some way it could

**TIMMY** **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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be sent to her. I was in the midst of it when a voice called to me.

"Sir Peter, art alone?"

"Aye," I answered. "Come in."

Through the entrance waddled the monk, most unctuous and friendly, and he rubbed together his fat hands and eyed the bottle of wine thirstily.

"Hast risen in the world, my friend," he said.

"I did not want it," I said shortly.

"There be times," he said, "when such gauds and gewgaws come in right handily. As for me I would like well to attract the favor of the King so he would make a bishop or an abbot of me."

"What dost want of me?" I asked. "I trust thee not."

THE monk said cheerfully, "And rightly, for I am a sinful, treacherous man. It is my trade. I have an indulgence for it from the highest source. But I can be most honest when there is a profit to be derived from it."

"I doubt," I said, "if I could ever derive profit from thee."

"You can derive this much profit," he said. "My Lord Piero Riario hath come to this encampment in the train of a cardinal. He doth hate thee poisonously, and means to do thee an ill turn."

"Thy news is good," I said. "I would like well to meet him."

"Thy ribs are more like to meet his dagger," said the monk. "Not that he is not capable of swordsmanship, but his bent is toward stabbing in the back."

"You came not here to tell me this?"

"Thou art a new knight," he said. "I would be a new abbot. Were I to lay hands upon a maid of whom thou dost wot, I could have it for the asking. She is a most troublesome wench, and cunning, with a strange spite against all Medici, and chiefly against His Holiness. She is a very miracle of elusiveness, and a marplot."

"Dost hope I will betray her to thee?"

"Nay. Thou art tainted with the disease called chivalry. Also thou art a most ingrained honest lout, for all thou art a knight. And thy simplicity and candor is like a child, not yet old enough to appreciate the benefits of duplicity." He paused and eyed me shrewdly. "Wealth," he said, "is a most lovable attribute."

"I do not covet it," I told him.

"With wealth," he said, "thy knighthood might grow into a barony, or even an earldom. It might help thee to wed above thy station."

"I have no desire to wed."

"In which thou art wise," he said, "but in the stating of which thou art a most arrant liar. Now, Sir Peter, if I could show thee the way to wealth and to the marriage bed, and even to getting thy bride out of Italy with a whole skin for thee to caress, what wouldst thou say?"

"I would say," I answered, "that I would not trust thee if thou camest with a letter from the Angel Michael recommending thy honesty. What knavery is in thy mind?"

"A most profitable knavery," he said, "which would enrich thee, and enable me to lay aside this uncouth robe and become a layman, with the freedom of one not bound to virtue by churchly vows."

"At least," said I, "thou art an honest rogue, in that you admit freely your roguery."

"Look you," he said, "money is needed to debauch and to hold and to rule a city. The Medici are not so rich as in Lorenzo's day though they be far from poor. But to bribe the whole citizenry of a city requires a bottomless purse."

"What is that to me?"

"I am the Pope's hunting dog," said the monk. "What I said might be considerable to thy Lord Giovanni. Now look you: Not the least of my missions," he said with some vanity, "hath to do with treasure. And treasure is vital to the Pope's plots."

"What treasure is this?" I asked.

"A most adroitly hidden treasure," he said. "Enough to ransom a king or hold in submission a turbulent city. Hast heard of the jewels of the Degli Albizzi?"

"I have heard of them," said I.

"Now, now!" he exclaimed. "An Englishman and a foreigner—and thou hast this knowledge. From whose lips?"

"From the lips of gossip and rumor," I told him.

"As cautious an answer as a man can give," he said. "It has been my task to ferret out this treasure, this casket of jewels spirited out of the Degli Albizzi palace when its owner was murdered, and it was sacked by the mob."

"What has all this to do with me?"

"It is because I have a superstition about thee," the monk said. "That, primus, thou hast the luck of the devil. That, secundus, thou hast certain information, useful in the search." He held up his hand to halt me when I would have spoken. "Oh, without question you know not what knowledge thou hast. And, lastly, if thou wilt join heartily in the hunt it will end in success."

I was amused by his knavery. "And should we find it?"

"We will divide it honestly and fairly, and each shall go his way," he said.

"Which would involve some slight betrayal of thy employers," I said.

"Treasure," he said soberly, "belongs to him who finds it." He grinned. "And I would resign from my present employment to enter the employment of myself. A man has the right to change masters. Thy Lord Giovanni hath but now given an example of it."

"Not," said I, "involving theft."

"A profitable theft," he said, "adds more to a man's possessions than an unprofitable good deed. Shall we form a partnership, Sir Peter? Its terms to be observed strictly. I, on my part, to give over the hunt for this maid; and, if thou canst win her consent, to help thee to get her safely to England. Thou, of the second part, to aid in the search, and to divide with me the treasure when found. Are we in concord?"

"Thou dost propose to cheat the Pope, and to cheat the Medici, and to cheat Passerini and Ippolito. In the end thou wouldst also bilk myself."

"May I drown unshriven in a butt of wine if I be not true to mine agreements with thee," he said solemnly. "Give me thy hand on the bargain."

"Thou," said I, "art a monk and a servant of Holy Church, and as such are inviolate. So I do not kick thee soundly on thy overfed backsides. I have listened until my ears are poisoned with thy villainy. Now get thee hence before I forget the reverence due thine office, or I be converted to the teachings of Martin Luther and the toe of my foot turn heretic. My patience is long, but it comes to an end."

He got to his feet, sighing. He grinned at me amiably, and not with either rancor or disappointment.

"Be not abrupt of decision," he said. "Sleep upon it. And when thou dost see thy maid again, give to her my best wishes and blessings."

Then, before I could get to my feet and reach for his collar, he slipped from the tent and vanished into the night.

KING FRANCIS made war merrily. My Lord enjoyed the magnificence of the encampment, and its luxuries and light living when his military duties gave him time for it—because My Lord was young and lusty and as irresponsible in his private living as he was exact and efficient in warfare. The King loved pageantry and minstrelsy and the laughter of lovely ladies, and there was no lack of these commodities there under the walls of Pavia.

The Seigneur de Bonnivet, no great soldier but an able panderer to the King's appetite for pleasure and loved by His

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Majesty, saw to it that there was merrymaking enough at headquarters—while the soldiers starved in their dugouts.

The difference between this young King of France, and my master the Lord Giovanni was this: that though both delighted in revelry and in beautiful women and the voices of minstrels, and though each loved warfare for the glamor he saw in it, my master would leave a woman for a skirmish, and rush from a banquet to a battle eagerly. The King hated the drudgery and discipline, and yawned over the labors of planning a war.

Now I, being but a knight, and a newly made one at that, was not admitted to these revels, except those that were in the nature of pageants and were open for all to see. And so it befell that on a day when the sun shone brightly to blunt the edge of the bitter cold, I stood with Christoforo and watched a cavalcade of our betters ride by, scarce one of them under the station of a duke or at least a marquis, and each accompanied by a lady so robed and bedizened, so young and shapely, so beautiful of face that each might have been a queen. There was His Majesty and Bonnivet and My Lord Giovanni. There was the Cardinal Salviati, his brother-in-law and Aretino, greatest wit of the age. Great names with great lineages trailing behind them like plumes, rode past us—more than a score of them—so that we were bedazzled by so much noble birth. And then, toward the rear, I saw the handsome face of Piero Riario, and knew that my enemy was indeed in camp as the monk had told me.

Christoforo jogged my ribs rudely, for he had not yet grown used to my new dignity as a knight.

"Art blinded by overmuch flaunting color?" he asked. "Is the sun in your eyes? Art akin to the bat that is sightless by daylight?"

"I see Riario," I said grimly.

"Nay," he said impudently. "The Sieur de Bonnivet hath found himself a new light-o'-love. Aye, and My Lord Giovanni is drawn to the flame of her candle. See how he doth urge his horse to her side!" He nudged me again, careless of my knightly dignity. "Now where—oh, where?—have I seen that nosegay of loveliness before?"

MY EYES followed his pointing finger and a coldness not of the air settled tightly about my heart; I heard the sudden gritting of my own teeth. For there, riding with splendid ease, erect, laughing, desirable beyond words, was Betsy! There she rode, carefree, wonderfully gay, between the two men, of all the men in the world, the most dangerous to the virtue of a woman. There she rode in that company of gallants and light women as if she were the queen of them, and loved it. And, alas, as if it were her natural place and her accustomed employment. Never did I love her so poignantly, nor hate her so bitterly. And never did the world seem to me so black and evil as it did in that moment.

Christoforo was grinning slantwise. "If the sheets be silken and the bedfellow a duke she is a courtesan and a great lady. Good friend, in the affair of the inn we did overmuch fighting to preserve a thing that was lost already."

Rage tore at me as it seldom had done before, and I had him by the throat and was shaking him so that his teeth rattled and his eyes bulged. But then I set him again upon his feet and loosed him and was ashamed, for he had but uttered aloud the thoughts that had been mine own. Christoforo rubbed his neck and was nigh to tossing up his breakfast before he could speak.

"So that is the way of it!" he said without resentment. Then, philosophically: "Well, Messer Pietro, it is better to come by the knowledge beforehand than to come home from a journey and find a better man's head upon thy pillow."

I walked away from him because I could not bear to hear Betsy spoken of in this manner; yet I had not wherewith to defend her, for her conduct, or so it seemed to me, was flagrant and notorious. I wished mightily that this was a day for fighting instead of carousing, so that I might turn my rage against Spaniards or German *Lanzenknechts*. But there was naught to do save let the matter smolder inside me. So I sat sullen in my tent, shivering in the cold. Nor did I come out of it again, even for food, until the next morning, when My Lord sent for me to come to him.

He was holding in his hand a small casket, cunningly carved, and he smiled at me boyishly as I entered.

"My Pietro," he said, "I have an embassy for thee. Not that thou art a model of diplomacy, or a fit messenger of love. But thou hast a gift of languages, and the lady speaks only with the tongue of France."

"I know more of war and woolens than of women, My Lord."

"Nevertheless thou wilt carry this to her and place it in her hands and in words more graceful than I can form them—for thou art a scholar—describe to her the unworthiness of the gift, but that it is given out of my devotion; for her beauty hath smitten me. I pray thee acquit thyself eloquently."

"She speaks no Italian?" I asked hopefully.

"No word of it," he replied. He opened the box and displayed to me a gold button with a gleaming jewel in it. "The handiwork," he said, "of Benvenuto Cellini. Will it please her?"

"It would pleasure an empress," I said, startled by the prodigality of the gift. "Where, My Lord, and to whom, shall I bear it?"

"The Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboise," he said, and informed me with exactness where she was to be found. "Remember," he said, laughing aloud, "thou art not charging a bastion, but wooing a lady as my representative and proxy." He placed the casket in my fingers and bade me fetch back a hopeful answer.

It lifted the heaviness somewhat from my heart to hear that the woman was French and not Italian, and so I went about the errand, albeit reluctantly, with good courage.

I found the place and was asked my errand by a servingman.

"I come," said I, "with a message to the Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboise from my lord and master Giovanni de' Medici, General of the Black Bands."

He went away, but returned presently to usher me into a low room, well heated by the logs in the fireplace, and there I stood awkwardly waiting to see what I should see.

BEFORE waiting became burdensome, a hanging concealing a door was thrust aside and the object of My Lord's infatuation stepped into the room. I think I uttered some strangled sound and all but dropped the casket upon the floor, for it was the girl Betsy who looked up into my eyes!

"I came," I said hoarsely, "upon an errand to the Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboise."

"As good a name as any," she said. "I find it suitable to the day."

"Betsy!" I exclaimed.

"What brings you hither?" she asked.

I was bitter. "I come awooing for My Lord Giovanni," I said, "who, it seems, would buy thee away from the Sieur de Bonnivet. I have come to treat for the transfer of thy affections, and bring a jewel of value to bind the bargain."

A flush, commencing at her shoulders, crept upward until it suffused her face. Her lips compressed and there was something dark and deep and tragic in her eyes that I could not understand, but which went to my heart even then.

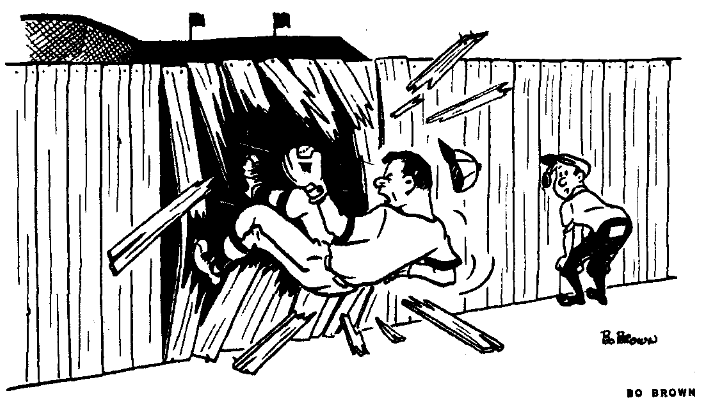
"Am I at fault that men should covet me?" she asked.

"Beauty," I answered, "cometh from God or Satan. It is no sin to be desired. The evil lies in surrendering to the desire. I blame no man for loving thee, Betsy, for I be sore stricken with that ailment myself."

"If I loved a woman," she said, "I would not go to her in behalf of another."

"I did not know," I said. "My Lord told me thou wert a girl of France, speaking only the French tongue."

Her eyes, which had been so strangely dark and stricken, now flashed with anger. "If thy Lord desire to buy me from the Sieur de Bonnivet, why doth he not make the bargain with that gentleman?



BO BROWN

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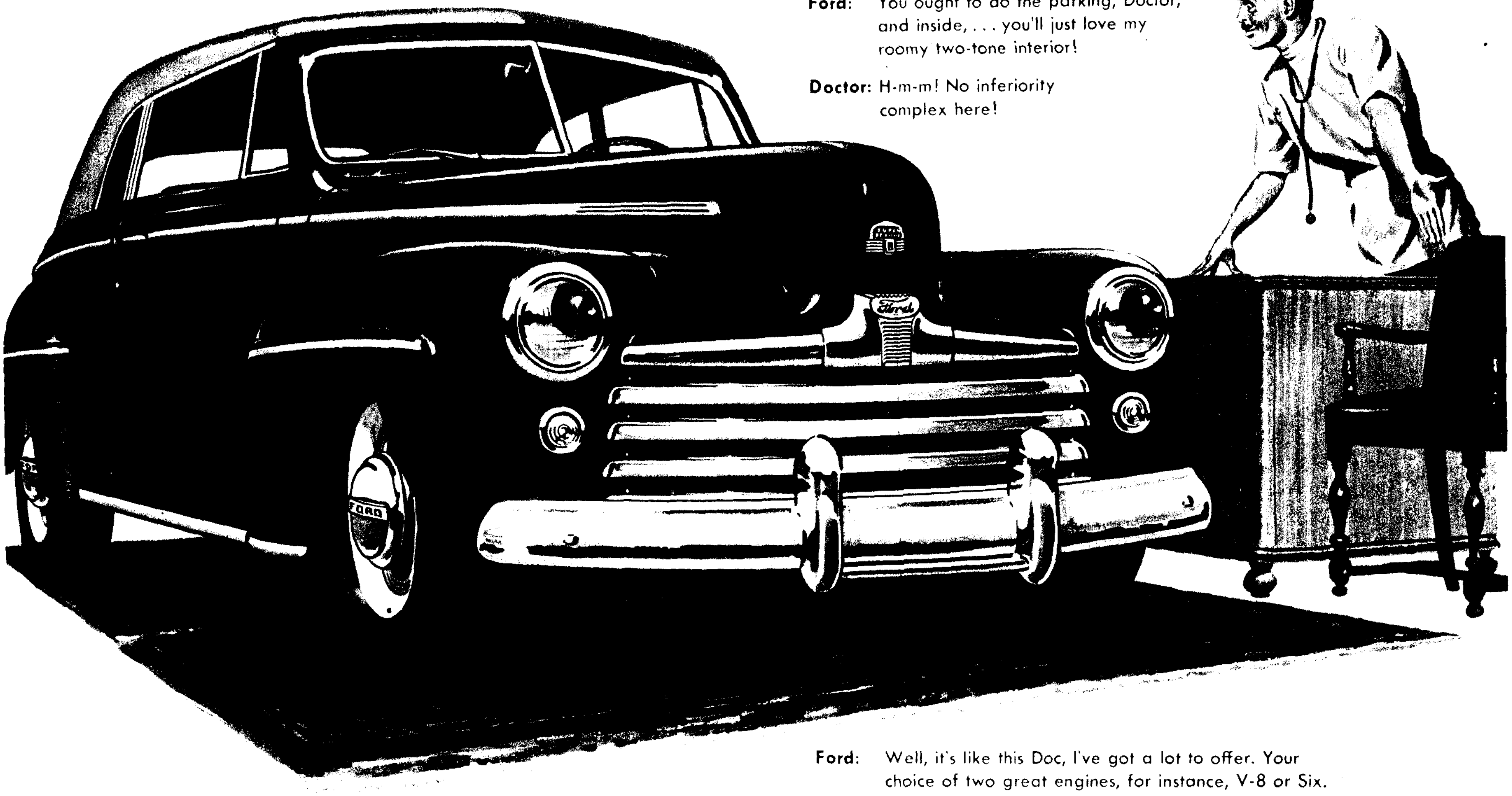
# Ford's out Front with a High I.Q.



**Scene: Doctor's Office**

**Doctor:** Park right here, if you don't mind.

**Ford:** You ought to do the parking, Doctor, and inside, . . . you'll just love my roomy two-tone interior!

**Doctor:** H-m-m! No inferiority complex here!

**Ford:** Well, it's like this Doc, I've got a lot to offer. Your choice of two great engines, for instance, V-8 or Six.

**Doctor:** I get it—a dual personality!

**Ford:** No no. Just dual carburetion, dual *down-draft* carburetion, sir! You pick the engine you want.

**Doctor:** How are your reflexes?

**Ford:** Step on my "king-sized" brakes and find out—they're about the smoothest, quickest reflexes you ever saw!

**Doctor:** So I've heard!

**Ford:** And speaking of reflexes I've got "Rest Ride" springs, too—they reflex so nicely there's not a bump in your life.

**Doctor:** You're not bad looking either.

**Ford:** I get around—and oh, Doctor, did you notice my complexion? Baked-enamel finish, you know. Won't come off in the rain or anything. And my body! It's a "Life Guard" body with an all-steel physique!

**Doctor:** Well, you strike me as being a precocious extravert and *that's* good!

**Ford:** Thanks Doc, hop in sometime. There may be a Ford in your suture, I mean future!

**Doctor:** Okay! You've got me all sewed up!

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Sturdiness for sports wear, smartness for dress-up occasions, and Westclox dependability—that's what you get in a Westclox watch! Handsome styles for wrists and pockets, Westclox watches are members of the famous family of Westclox timekeepers that includes clocks for every room; electric and springwound alarm models, electric time clocks, kitchen clocks. Illustrated above: Pocket Ben, more handsome than ever with his new silvered dial and thin graceful case. LaSalle wrist watch, richly designed with chrome plated front; stainless steel back, curved to fit the wrist.

**POCKET BEN** also comes with luminous dial for "24 hour duty"

**SCOTTY** pocket watch has the sturdy Westclox "heart" that makes for reliability

**LA SALLE** is available with luminous dial that's legible day and night

WESTCLOX Watches

If I be for sale why doth he not chaffer with my owner? I am, *it would seem,* but a commodity. Doth a bale of thy woolen cloth decide who shall be its purchaser?"

"I would," I said, "that thou wert so below me in station—a scullery maid—that I might lift thee up and better thy condition. To the end that thou shouldst be grateful to me, perhaps, and come to love me truly and honestly, and be content to be a merchant's wife."

"To be snug and happy," she said softly, and for a moment she seemed to be unaware of my presence and lost in her own thoughts. "To be content and purring with comfort like a cat before a warm fire! To love gently and to hate not at all! To know no obligation save to cook a hearty meal and obey thy husband! That would be sweet, Peter Carew, and wonderful with dull and unexciting happiness. I would choose that if the right of choice had been given me."

I HAD never seen her so before this moment—soft and tender and yearning. But the second passed and she lifted her head upon a proud neck, and was a great lady scorning what any might think of her and the road she chose to travel.

"Proceed with thy embassy," she said.

I held out the casket toward her, and her manner changed once more so that she was kind and sorry for me and gentle.

"Nay," she said. "This is an evil thing that has befallen thee by chance, and I will not have thee go forward with it. Toward me, Peter Carew, thou hast from the beginning been most kind and gentle and courteous, and I would not hurt thee further. I have used thee because it was necessary; and because of me thou hast come to grief. Return yon casket to thy Lord Giovanni and tell him that my mood is not for change. And for thy own private ear, I would as soon give myself to a hyena of the desert as to any man who bears the name of Medici."

I would have gone then, hastily, because I could bear no more of it; but I bethought myself to warn her.

"The monk is here seeking thee," I said; "and Count Piero Riario."

"I have seen the count," she said.

"Because the monk is here," I said, "I would not have sought thee out, no matter how keenly I desired to see thee. Because he doth connect us two in his devious mind, and through me he might *identify thee.* I am slow of thought, and he is too much for me. He came to my tent and offered to share a treasure with me if I would help him to find it. There was some evil purpose in that offer, but what it is I could not guess."

"What treasure is this?" she asked.

"There was a family in Florence," I said, "murdered one and all by the Medici. Or so it is said. This family owned a great treasure of precious jewels. But they were spirited away so that they never have been found. The monk offered to betray his master, the Pope, if I would aid him to search for it. Why he deemed I could be of help I know not."

"The name of this murdered family?" she asked.

"According to his telling," I said, "it was Degli Albizzi."

She stood very still and there was no expression upon her face. "This monk," she said through stiff lips, "is a peril to thee and me."

"I have told thee," I said. "Perhaps thy mind will be a match for his. Now, fare thee well, Betsy." I used that name because it pleasured me—because of what it meant to me. "Though it will be hard to bear, I pray I may never see thee again."

She peered at me and stretched out a little, lovely hand, and drew it back again without touching me. "There be people," she said in a small voice, "men and women, who be tied together by fate. Such ones as these, no matter how they may desire it should be otherwise, nor strive against it, cannot be kept apart until their destiny is fulfilled. So I do not know, Peter Carew. I have a strange, superstitious feeling, that thou and I shall meet again and again and again—and yet again. For what, I do not know."

"If," said I gently, "it be for thy happiness, I am full willing."

And then I would have gone, but she stayed me. "Thou art sympathetic to it," she said. "The pictures come for thee as I have known them to come for no other."

These strange words I did not understand, but they gave me an oddish feeling of premonition. "What pictures come for me?" I asked.

"In the crystal ball," she said. "Come with me. We shall see."

"I want no traffic with magic," I protested, for I did not like it at all.

"Nevertheless thou shall look into the crystal," she said imperiously.

She led me out of the room into another and it was a dim room and shadowed. From a cabinet she took a polished ball of crystal and set it upon a low table and sat down before it, requiring me to sit on the other side.

"Now," she said in soft, soothing voice, "clear thy mind of vexing thought and peer into the ball."

There was a chill at the nape of my neck, and my hair seemed to rise below my ears, but I obeyed her, and a strange feeling of quietness came upon me as I peered, and of warm comfort and drowsiness. The room seemed no longer there, and nothing existed upon earth but the round, glowing globe of glass between my hands. And then a spot of darkness appeared in its center and spread so that it became a cloud, and the cloud separated into portions and became a scene. It was a castle atop a low hill, and there were walls about it, and a ditch and a bridge, and cannon belched fire from the battlements, and I saw the steel caps of the defenders. But those who attacked wore neither steel caps nor armor, and were dreadful, bearded fellows with matted hair and in rags and tatters; and their faces were savage and full of hatred. Then, behind a great rock I saw standing a man in armor, and his armor was black as is the armor of captains of the Black Bands. And, strangely, instead of a lance, he held in his hands a long yew bow and over his shoulder was a quiver of arrows.

He turned toward me to speak to his uncouth followers, and his face was familiar to me, but for a minute I did not recognize it, which was not strange—for a man may be forgiven for not recognizing his own head on other shoulders. But then I knew myself.

THEN the picture rearranged itself. Smoke and flames engulfed the castle, and I stood beside the great doors while a score of tatterdemalions lifted the trunk of a tree and rushed upon the doors with it to batter them down. Then there was darkness and I was in a smoke-filled chamber and there lay one at my feet, white and bleeding, and I lifted her in my arms, and it seemed to me that she was dead, and despair came upon me. So I kissed her cold lips and laid her down upon a bed and knelt beside her in an agony of grief.

That was all. The picture became a cloud and the cloud became a spot and the spot vanished so that the crystal ball gleamed untarnished before me.

"Did the pictures come?" Betsy asked.

"They came," said I, determined not to tell her what I had seen.

"Was death in the ball?" she asked.

"Death for many," I said.

"For thou and for me?" she asked.

"I do not know," I said, "but this I do know: that we shall meet again."

I got to my feet, and my bones were water and I was afraid, for it is a fearsome thing to look through a magic window into the future, and to see things happen that have not yet come to pass.

"So," said Betsy, speaking slowly and gravely, "it is adieu and not farewell."

Then I went away, and the daylight in the street dazzled my eyes. But I was bedazzled enough without that, and fearful of the future, and grievously unhappy.

I stood for a moment there before the lodging of Betsy and thought upon My Lord, balancing in my mind his noble qualities, his genius for war, his courage and his lovableness against that other side of him which was rash and intemperate and amatory, and I could not understand his complexity. That he truly loved his sweet wife, I knew, and that he valued her loyalty and all the sacrifices she made in his behalf. Wherefore, knowing this, I could not conceive how he could be so diligent in the pursuit of other beauty. Perhaps that sort of conduct is somehow natural and correct to noblemen, of higher station than I, but it doth seem to my simplicity that an obligation rests upon the high ones to be jealous of their honor for the lesson it would teach to commonfolk who have no honor to worry about, but only honesty. I supposed that I, now being a knight, must bother my head about honor, when heretofore I had only to see to it that I dealt fairly and behaved decently as a respectable merchant should.

As I stood unhappily, a horseman galloped toward me as if in haste, his mount's hoofs crashing the frozen crust that covered the road. He snatched his horse to a sliding halt with cruel rein as no man who respected horseflesh should do, and I looked up, startled, into the thin, handsome, mustachioed face of the Count Piero Riario. He was as surprised to see me as I to see him, and his hand went to the jeweled dagger at his belt.

"It is the English clown," he said scornfully.

"Nay," I answered, "never a clown. Once an honest merchant, but now a knight and raised to gentle estate. I have had it but a little while, but I have used it better than thou who wert born to it."

"But for the King's edict against brawling in the camp," he said, "I would teach thee better manners."

I smiled up at him because when I am hot with rage something compels me to smile. I know not why. "Thou wouldst require," said I, "another four inches to thy stature and somewhat to the breadth of thy shoulders before thou couldst increase my education," I said. And added for good measure, "Thou popinjay who chases little girls up trees with dogs."

He made as if he would ride me down, but I grasped the reins of his horse and twisted it sidewise and held it quiet. Now if any man had done so to me I would have argued the matter with him, but My Lord Piero did not even have at me with his dagger. He merely cursed me skillfully. But for all that, I knew he was not afraid of me. I could see it in his narrow eyes that crowded his nose too closely. Whatever guilts rested upon his soul the guilt of cowardice was not one of them.

"Today I may not pleasure myself by spitting thy gizzard," he said. "But be not impatient."

HE THREW his silken leg over the saddle and alighted, and even turned his back to me, which, I think, he would not have done to one of his own countrymen in like circumstances. He walked past me with no other word toward Betsy's door, but there he turned, his face puckered with curiosity.

"What dost thou here?" he demanded. He sneered at me. "To woo one of her serving maids, no doubt."

"Aye," said I, thinking back to our English farm. "A dairy maid. Hast thou selected one from the scullery?"

I do not know why that should have pricked his pride, but so it did. "I come," he said arrogantly, "to pay my respects to the lovely Demoiselle d'Amboise."

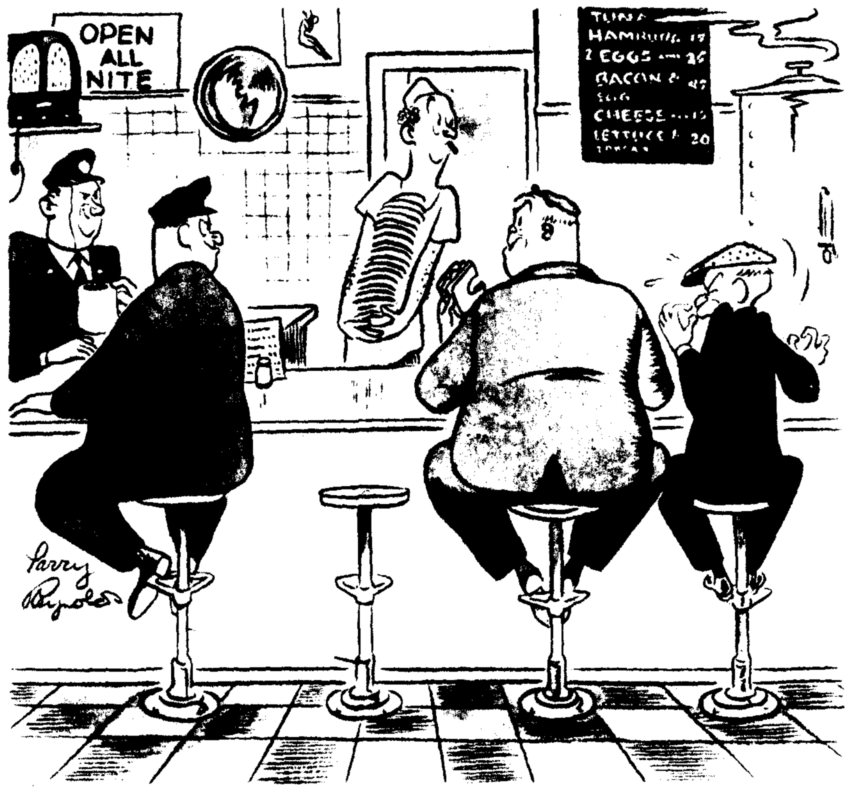
"Her household is complete," I said. "She hath no need of a servant to clean her shoes." Which was doing nobly for one so slow of wits as myself, and I was proud of it. "Or," I asked, "dost venture to compete with thy betters for the lady's favor?"

"The Riarios know no betters." He looked at me, being very still, and then he shrugged his shoulders. "Upon one hand," he said, "thou hast enough fingers to count the dawns that thou shalt see."

Whereupon he faced the door and beat upon it with his gloved knuckles; and I strode away to make report to My Lord.

So I strode along, pitying myself as the most miserable of men, when a voice spoke sleekly in my ear and I became aware of the obese, slyly smiling monk. "Was the lady compliant?" he asked,

**BUTCH** **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Is that right, Clancy? Did the victim really describe one of the burglars as being 'tall an' rather handsome'? Gosh!"

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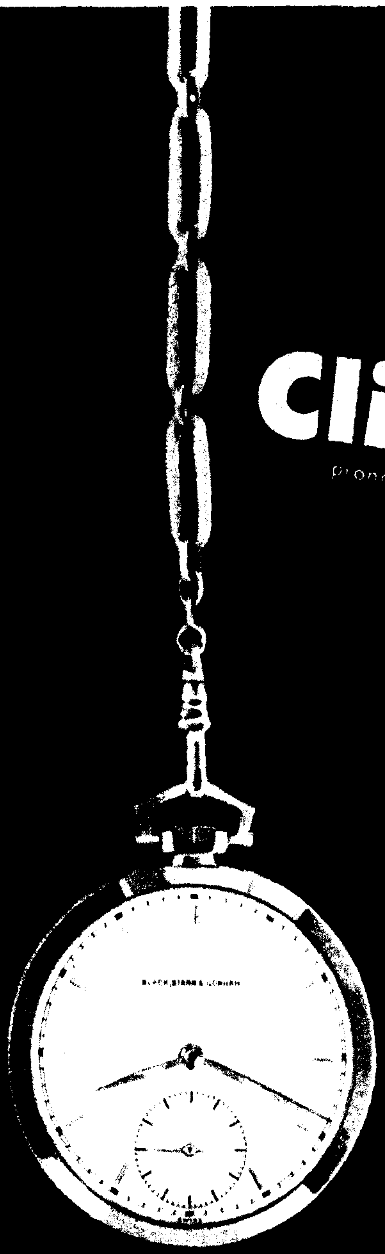

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and leered at me. "A most fair lady indeed, and desirable. It is such as she who are a dire peril to men's souls. Aye. Even I, were I to gaze too long upon her, would feel this brown habit of mine transmute itself into gaudy silk, and the paternosters that should fall from my lips turned into amorous rhymes."

My instinct warned me to caution. The man had been sniffing at my footprints, hoping they would lead him to his goal, and hence any woman who spoke to me or received me would be suspect.

"A proud and haughty lady," said I. "I hope My Lord sends me on no more errands to such as she."

"Is it so? An embassy for my Lord Giovanni, is it? Or could it be otherwise and thou dost tell me this for a tale?" He winked at me and smirked and his great belly undulated under his robe. "The Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboise, eh? My gallant, I neither believe thee nor disbelieve thee." He tittered lewdly. "Thou didst encounter Riario at her door."

"Thy eyes are sharp," I said.

"WHY, otherwise, did I follow thee this day to see where thou wert going?" he asked. "The Count Piero Riario is like to make a fool of himself. Women are a sweet commodity. I give thee sage advice, my son. Permit them to love thee, but be chary of giving love in return. Eat the apple, but toss away the core. Now this Riario, to whom I am under some obligation, behaves like a mewling apprentice. He hath quite lost his head over this woman. She hath cast a spell over him. Now, if what appears on the surface be true—that she is Bonnivet's mistress, and that Giovanni de' Medici attempts to take her away from him, then Riario is apt to be ground betwixt two millstones." He waggled his head, and his mood changed. "You forget not my offer."

"The jewels of the Degli Albizzi?" I asked.

"Those and none others," he answered. "My young friend, in that matter I am false to the Pope, which is a great sin. It needs only that thou be false to a woman, which is a peccadillo for which I will get thee absolution."

"To what woman must I be false?" I asked.

"That," he said, "is a fool's question."

"What hath this maid to do with the Albizzi or their treasure?" I asked.

"I am not certain," he said thoughtfully. "But my nose prickles. Her behavior doth make a pattern. And that pattern fits a person. But the marvel of it is, my son, that the records insist that no such person exists. Am I clear?" Again he leered at me.

"You are," I said, "a tortuous and treacherous rascal."

"That," he said, "is not the point under discussion. Now, if there be the profit in it for me that I guess, I will save thee and I will save her, and get both safe out of Italy. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain," said I, "implies honesty on both sides."

"I saw the Count Piero hold up the five fingers of his hand at you," he said. "A shrewd guess at the meaning of that would be that he gives thee five days to live. I will ponder upon it. It may be to my advantage to keep thee alive."

"I am somewhat skilled at keeping myself alive," I said.

"There is news and gossip that might fit into the ear of the Lord Giovanni," he said musingly. "A part will become known; the rest will appear only when it comes to pass. First, the Pope hath made secret treaty of alliance with Venice—which is to everybody's disadvantage, including his own. Secondly, His Holiness means to pass over young Ippolito de' Medici, and in the end give him a cardinal's hat instead of the rule of Florence."

"To put whom in his place?" I asked, for here indeed was news.

"The dusky-cheeked Alessandro," said the monk sourly. "Now your Florentines might, under some duress, have submitted to Ippolito. But with Alessandro will come trouble. They will not tolerate him, for he hath none of the graces of the family and is a dull and brutish creature. Yet Clement loves him." He shrugged his shoulders. "The day approaches on which thy master will have but to hold out his hand and the dukedom of Florence and all Tuscany will drop ripely into his palm."

"Why do you tell me this?" I asked.

"Because," he said slyly, "the friendship of a Duke of Tuscany will not be an ill thing for a man to possess. Most especially one of the force and strength of My Lord Giovanni. He hath the military genius for it. But the scheming brain to help him worm his way through the politics of it, he lacketh."

"And such a brain," I said in wonder at the reach of his ambition, "houses inside thy skull?"

"It would serve the purpose," he answered.

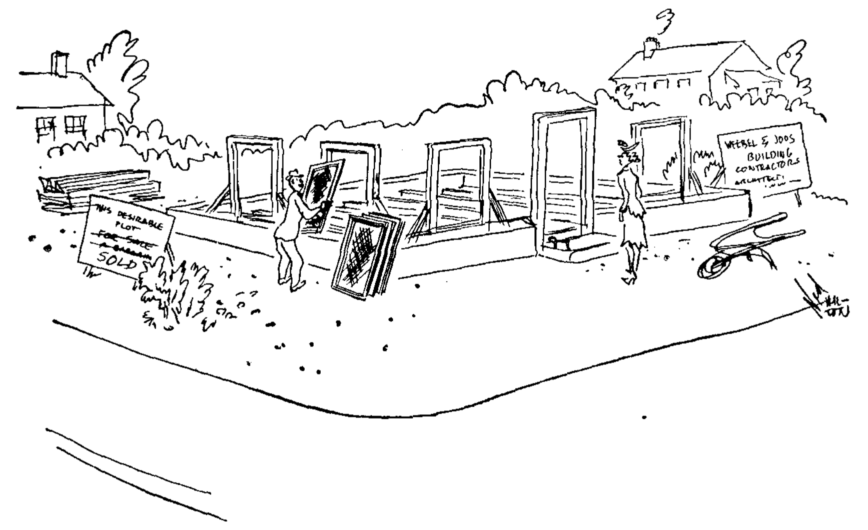
"You aim high," I told him.

"My son," he said, "I aim high, and I aim low and I aim in the middle ground. A man who shoots at many targets is sure to hit one of them in the gold."

"I shall warn my master against thee," I said, for I was still not far from boyhood and could not yet deal leniently with the weaknesses of mankind. "I shall say to him that of all living men thou art least to be trusted and most treacherous. Be on thy way," I said harshly. "Thou hast a most foul odor."

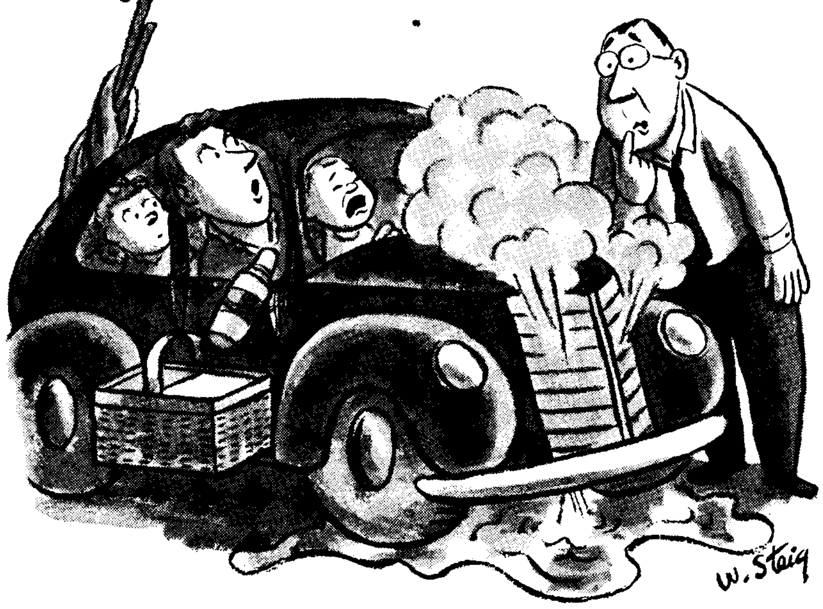
"Words!" he said. "Young and ignorant words! In spite of them I would be thy friend."

He turned then, and gathered his robe up from his great ankles and waddled away—a gross, fat man who thought to



COLLIER'S "For once I'm getting the screens up in time" NED HILTON

Radiator rusted—Vacation busted



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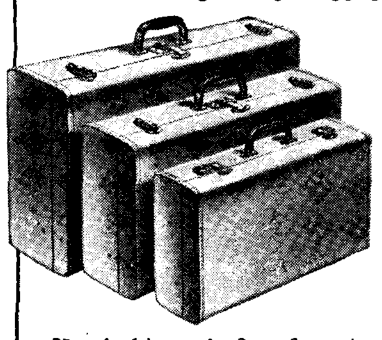

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conquer a star by bombarding it with mud.

So I came to My Lord Giovanni and stood before him awkwardly with his spurned gift in my hands. He looked at it, and hot fire lighted in his black eyes.

"What is that?" he demanded, though he knew well what it was.

"The lady," said I, "rejected thy gift."

"And myself with it," he said through his teeth.

"She bade me say to thee, My Lord," I told him, "that she was not in the mood for change."

"Doth she so! Doth she dare! By St. Hector and St. Ajax and St. Hercules! The wench shall learn knowledge. I'll have her and enjoy her and toss her away like a drained goblet. I'll snatch her from Bonnivet by force. I'll take her were she mistress to the King himself."

IT HAD been a bitter day and my endurance was outworn. "My Lord," said I, "I do love thee, and thou art most dear to me of all men. But this thing shall not be. If thou dost so much as touch her with thy finger without her consent and desire I will kill thee if I have to hack my way to thee through the total of the Black Bands."

He sprang to his feet, splendid and fearsome in his rage at me, and drew his dagger half from its sheath.

"Nay, My Lord," I said gently. "Let it not come to this betwixt us. Even though I love thee, if thou dost come at me to strike me, I will handle thee roughly."

He halted, not from fear but from surprise—and something else than surprise. And then he did and said what was ever characteristic of him, and of his great heart and his heroic mold.

"You dare to stand up to me!" he said harshly. And then: "By St. Achilles, thou hast right rare courage! Thou art indeed a man! And I do love and respect thee, Pietro. First, because thou art not afraid; and, secondly, because thou hast stopped a most foolish thing which I would have done in my anger. From this day thou art a captain in the Bands." He snatched the casket from my hands and took from it the begemmed Cellini button, and he pinned it upon my shoulder. "Thou art worthier to wear it than this woman. It is a token of my increased love for thee."

It is always thus that he was, as I recall him: wild, tempestuous, reckless, generous, true in friendship, and incalculable in his actions. But for all his sweetness toward me, he smoldered with resentment and the shame of rejection. And I feared what he might do to quench the fire.

He looked at me with puckered brow. "There is more here than is written on the page," he said slowly. "What is this lady to thee, Pietro, that thou dost stand her shield and buckler?" His fine brows lifted. "Is it she? Is it the maid of Fano? The serving lass of Piccolo Cavallo? Is it she, my Pietro, in a new and lovelier guise?"

"My Lord," said I, for I could not answer otherwise, "it is she. But if the secret becomes known, her peril will be deadly. That monk is here, sniffing."

He nodded. "Her secret is my secret," he said. "Have no fear."

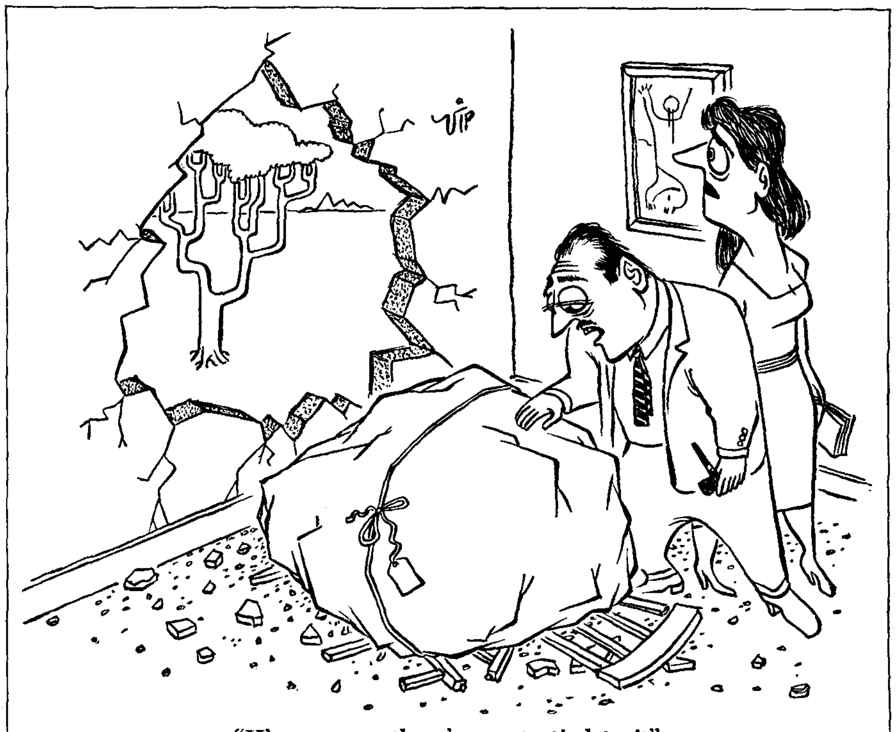
Nevertheless I had fear, not that he would betray her, but because I could see that she was enhanced in his eyes by the mystery that veiled her. And he had given no promise that he would halt his pursuit of her, which, in fact, he could not have done if he wished, for that was his nature. . . .

General de Levra, who defended Pavia, was a stubborn man. He barred the road to Francis, and his detestable artillery thundered by day and by night. Pescara, that grim soldier of the Emperor, threatened our besieging army from the rear. My master did not like the look of it, and counseled withdrawal. But Francis was too proud for that, for he had taken a great oath to have Pavia or die in the attempt.

So we sat there and froze and skirmished, and the army made up of men of many tongues lost what discipline it possessed in the beginning. Therefore, daily, more labor and fighting and responsibility rested upon My Lord and the Black Bands. Chivalry and love of glory are all very well, and King Francis had more than his share of them, but they are more desirable attributes in a knight-errant than in a King and the leader of a great army. It was all disturbing to me, I who am a practical man at heart and fond of businesslike ways of doing things.

But what the King and his rash advisers such as Bonnivet decided upon was none of my affair, except that I might die of it. There were things that touched me more closely and filled my mind with worries.

I lay wrapped against the cold of the night in such coverings as I had been able to amass or that Christoforo, most solicitous for my comfort, had been clever knave enough to steal for me. Christoforo snored in his corner. I was wakeful. The hour was well past midnight, and at such a time the ears are unnaturally sharp. So it was that I heard soft, slithering movements outside which paused, and then a whisper that was more like the squeak of a rat came to me.



COLLIER'S "H'mmm . . . there's a note tied to it" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Englishman!" it said. "Art awake?"

"Who speaks?" I asked.

"One who would have speech with thee."

"What one?" I demanded, turning and reaching out my hand for my sword which was close by me in case of need.

"Giovanpietro," came the squeak through the darkness.

"John-Peter!" I exclaimed. "Come in before thou art seen by spying eyes."

The cloth of the tent rustled, and I sat suddenly erect, weapon in hand, lest there should be some deceit. And I heard Christoforo stirring in his swaddlings. "I am awake," he said.

"A light," I ordered.

In a moment there was flicker enough to let me see the misshapen figure of Betsy's homunculus, teetering upon bandy legs and hissing like an angry cat.

"What dost thou here?" I demanded of him. "Wouldst lead the monk to her? Art such a fool as to think that such as thou can pass unnoticed?"

"He hath gone to Binasco upon an errand," John-Peter snarled, "and for all thy bigness I am, inch for inch, a better man than thou. Especially between the ears."

"You come from Betsy?" I asked.

"Nay. I dare not approach her. She doth trust thee. Why it should be so, witless as thou art, I know not. Hast ever sought a madman, Englishman? One whose brains are addled, and who doth wander the land like a wild beast, knowing not where he goes nor why?"

"Why should I?"

"For years I have searched. In places where the smells would curdle thy nose. In thieves' kens and reeking cellars—for none may guess where a madman may take to earth."

"Why is this bedlamite valuable to thee?" I asked. "And what have I to do with it?"

"His madness is not of God," said John-Peter, "but of human devils who tore at his flesh and stretched his bones upon the rack and put him to the question until his brain burst like a bubble. For he was once a true man and stubborn."

"This mad man hath a secret?"

"Encased in the shell of his madness," John-Peter said. "If, indeed, this one that I have found be he." His voice became the squeak of a bat. "And I will have it out of him an I must have the devil's aid to do it."

"Why tell this tale to me?" I asked.

"Because I must not be seen. Because he must be taken to my lady. Because he must be fed and sheltered and made trustful and at ease until I and she can delve amidst the ruins of his mind."

"Where is this man?" I asked.

John-Peter leered at me. "I have him. I have led him like a beast to pasture. I have him without, soundly tied by his foot to a tree. With your permission, or if need be without it, I will drag him in for thee to see."

He shuffled, bandy-legged, out of the tent, and disappeared. Christoforo muttered prayers because he was a superstitious man, who liked not madness.

JOHN-PETER came in once more, dragging after him by a cord a thing that once may have been a man, though there was good reason to doubt it. For neither arm nor leg was straight and sound and shapely, but like the gnarled limbs of some stunted and distorted tree. His neck was awry, and one foot dragged in a dreadful way, and his back was out of line. He seemed rather a horrid gnome out of some dark pit than a human man. His hair was white and matted, and his beard was black, which was a strange thing. And his eyes gleamed with unnatural fire like the eyes of a frightened

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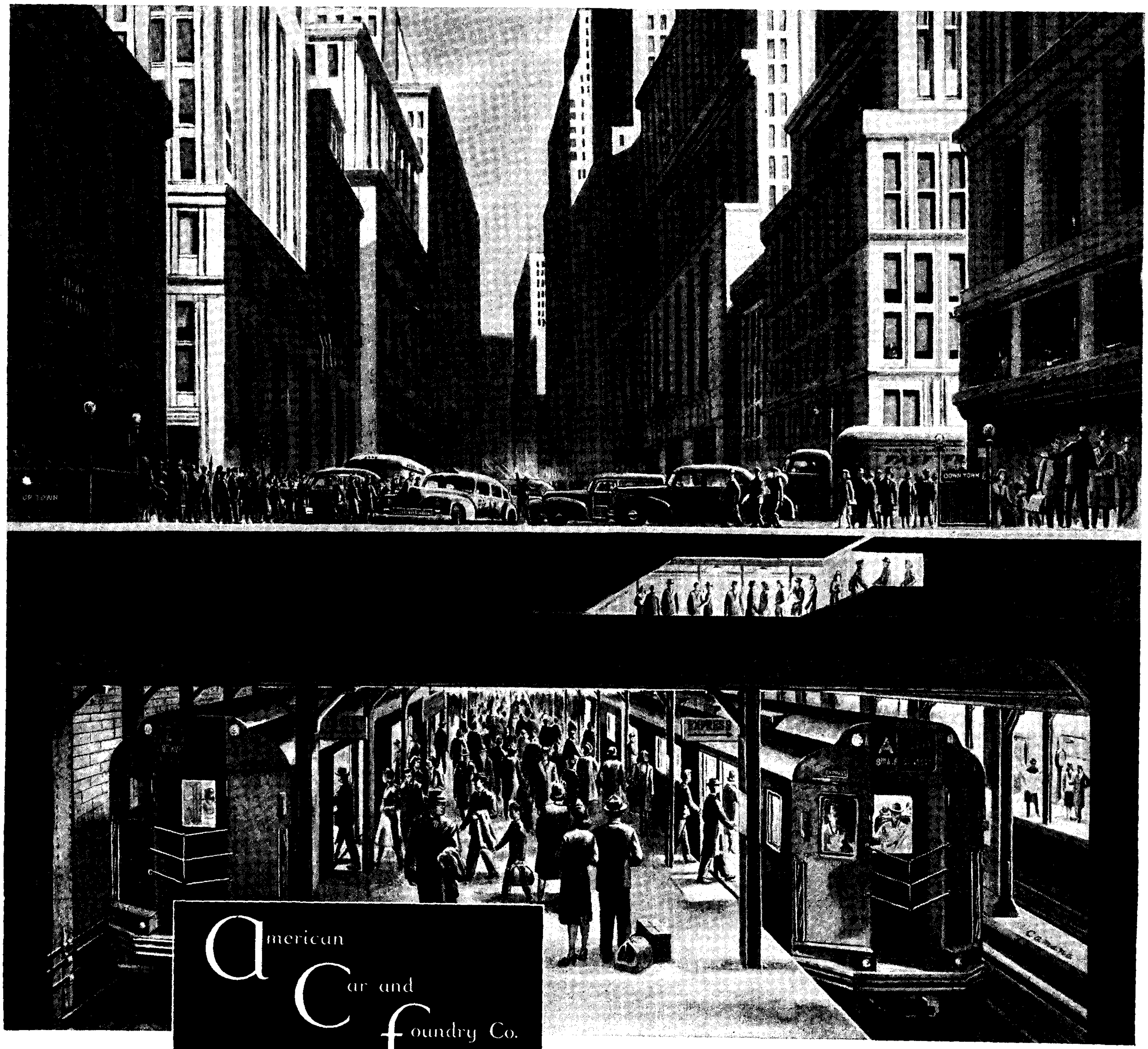

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cat at night. When John-Peter loosed him he cowered at my feet and gibbered. I knew not whether to pity him or fear him.

"Who is this poor mortal?" I asked.

"If he be, indeed, the man I have searched for," John-Peter said, "his head was once crammed with learning. For which I do not care. He may keep his knowledge pent up inside his madness if he will but give up one little fact."

The madman cringed and gibbered in his terror of us so that I melted toward him and felt compassion for one so miserable; and at the same time I wondered that any could be so cruel as to do to him what had been done. I bent over him, and he cried out and groveled, but I touched him gently, albeit reluctantly, and said to soothe his fears, "We be friends, meaning thee no harm, but only kindness. See. Thou art like to freeze. Christoforo, pour a cup of wine to warm his bones."

HE LOOKED up at me like a beaten dog who finds unexpected kindness and snatched with his claws at my hand and pressed it to his lips—still scarcely believing we meant him no ill. But he gulped the wine, and it drove out the chill, and he smiled like a child. For the first time he spoke, very halting at first, but his voice strengthened and the tone of it was like the ringing of a sweet bell. It was not his own words that came from his lips, but lines from the great Dante which he rolled out sonorously. And when he was done he looked up at me shyly for approval like some child who has well recited his lesson.

"It is he!" John-Peter said in his bat's squeak. "It is he. There is none other who could speak in that voice of a seraph, nor roll out words of poetry so nobly." In his eagerness he grasped the man's shoulder roughly so that the poor fellow cried out again and relapsed into mute terror. "Tell me!" John-Peter said urgently. "Answer me! Answer me the question I have put to thee a hundred times."

"That is an ill manner of doing," I said. "If thou wouldst question him, thou must first gain his love and confidence. Who is this one, and what does he know that is of such moment to thee?"

John-Peter scowled at me and hissed like a cat. "I will tear it out of him with my nails," he said in a fury.

"Christoforo," I said, "give him bread and meat."

The creature clawed at the food and would have gnawed it like a wolf, but of a sudden there came brief light of reason into his eyes and he stood and bowed in what would have been a courtly way had it not been for his misshapen body and his filthy rags.

"I give thee thanks, sweet sir," he said in his silver voice, "and right gladly do I partake of thy hospitality." And then he cited lines from the poet Abélard which amplified his gratitude. "I do not know thee nor thy face," he said gravely, "but thou will find warm welcome in my patron's house. Aye, and good conversation and discussion to feed the hunger of thy mind." But then he became bewildered, and touched his sorry garments and shook his head in sorrow. "Nay," he said. "I do give invitation without warrant. I forget. Some fatal thing hath befallen that escapes my memory." Again he fingered his rags. "These be not fitting clothes, nor such as I am accustomed to wear." He looked at me piteously. "What evil hath fallen upon me, Messire? Where is my patron? Where am I? I have wandered long in some vast wilderness. Canst guide me to the palace of my patron, Messire? He will reward thee richly, for he sets great store by me."

"If thou wilt give me the name of thy patron," I said, "I will guide thee to him."

But his mind wandered away and he would name no names, but only spoke in a confused and terrified way of some slaughter and the sacking of a palace, and then of dungeons—and shrilly of torture and agony, begging his torturers most heart-rendingly to cease from their business and leave him to die. "I know nothing," he cried. "Torture cannot wrest it from me. I know not where the child is hid. I know nothing. The mob hath stolen them. Ask questions of the mob, my masters, not of me." And so on until his words were mere gibberish.

"Niccolo Gozzoli," John-Peter cried urgently, "compose thy mind. Be sane. Reach into thy memory. Thou art Niccolo Gozzoli."

At sound of that name the unfortunate man cocked his head and listened. "Aye, Niccolo Gozzoli. There was such a man. I knew him well. A handsome man and learned." Then he cried out again in terror. "I will tell thee nothing. Though thou dost flay the skin from off my body; though thou dost wrack me and burn me and break my bones to splinters I will tell thee nothing." And then he was again wholly a thing of rags and madness, with no light of reason in him, but only mutterings and mouthings.

John-Peter would have questioned him more, but it was useless. "The dim light," I said, "hath flickered out. Here is a matter requiring patience and much gentleness. It is not for a day nor an hour. What we saw and heard was but a flash, and darkness hath fallen again. Could we but bestow him where he would be safe and in comfort, eating and drinking and basking in the sun, these flashes of reason might come to glow with steadier light, and in the end, John-Peter, thou mightst learn what you desire. But not by prying and prodding and questioning. The problem is thine. What wilt do with the man? He cannot remain here. If he be so important to thee, find a clement spot for him."

"I brought him to thee, Ser Pietro," John-Peter said, "because I durst not take him to my mistress. It would be to betray her. I may not go near her." He scowled at me ferociously. "I like thee not, Ser Englishman, but thou art bound to her as I am bound to her. So I must needs use thee as she hath used thee. Therefore the task is thine. Carry this madman at once and secretly to My Lady. Name his name to her, and she will take him under her charge."

"At this hour of the night?" I said. "An I go battering upon a lady's door betwixt midnight and morning I am more like to have a knife in my ribs than a welcome."

"It is thy risk," he said, "which thou must take."

In the end I was persuaded, though I liked it not, nor have I ever liked mysteries to vex my brain. I like things to be clear and understandable, like a well-kept set of ledgers where everything is set down in order and without error. But if this unfortunate man was some important part of Betsy's mystery, then I saw that I must take him to her whether I wanted to or not. Because there are things no man may avoid if they come in the line of business or duty. Beside all which, it might let me see her again, though even briefly, and earn some crumb of her gratitude.

JOHN-PETER scrambled away on his short, bandy legs, and I aroused this Niccolo Gozzoli from his stupor, and, with him betwixt us, Christoforo and I set out through the waning night toward Betsy's lodgings.

The camp was in darkness now, and the great army asleep save for a drunken voice raised now and again in ribald song. We made our way in silence, half dragging, half carrying the madman who seemed to care not what we did with him or where we led him. Even the voice of De Levra's cannon was silent, and cold stars shivered in a heaven that seemed a sheet of ice. Our feet crunched the frozen crust as we trudged. It was an eerie and uncanny sight—this vast army of men who slept so sound but to arise and fight and die on the morrow.

Christoforo trudged along, clucking to himself like some disapproving hen, and muttering curses upon any who haled men from their comfortable beds to go upon crack-brained errands in the frigid night.

As for me, I thought upon the strangeness of my lot, which had turned me from a peaceful merchant's son into a knight and a captain of the Black Bands. I considered the perversity of things and how I was doing what I was not meant to do, all by accident; and of how I yearned for a girl who would not be welcomed by my mother, and of how I was friend to the greatest soldier of the age—and all because this maid had chosen to use me as a cat's-paw in her schemings. Here I was, like to come to my death in this foreign land in a war in which I had no concern.

But for all that, I found that I was in some strange way glad of it, and taking pleasure in it—even in this strange errand, and the mystery of it. The upshot of the thinking was that I perceived that no man grows acquainted with himself so long as he travels along an accustomed road in safety and dull comfort, but only commences to find out what he is made of when he is jerked violently from all that is calm and familiar and pitched into the midst of unfamiliar happenings and alien persons.

Of a sudden Christoforo reached across Niccolo Gozzoli and gripped my arm.

"Others are afoot, Pietro," he said softly.

We halted and crouched in a black shadow to make certain nothing threatened before we proceeded, and it was as well, because six men came out of the darkness, one riding a horse and leading another horse behind him. And they wore long cloaks, and as they came abreast of us I saw that their faces were covered with black. Now men do not mask themselves if they are upon an honest errand. But, as Christoforo said, we had our own fish to fry; and so we let them go on their way, which was also our way, until they were well ahead of us.

Then we followed, not to meddle with them, but because it happened to be the way we must go ourselves.

Presently they passed out of earshot, for we were forced to move slowly by Niccolo Gozzoli's dragging steps.

"It were well we went cautiously, also," Christoforo said, "and I am glad we fastened on our swords. Men who go masked are like to resent intruders."

"We will be at pains not to vex them," I said shortly.

"Aye, Pietro, but didst note the dappled horse?"

"Nay," I said. "What of it?"

"The Count Piero Riario rides such a nag," he said.

I shrugged, for whatever these men were doing, it did not concern me. "His face fits a mask as well or better than any," I said.

We continued on our way, only increasing our care to move soundlessly, until we were close to our destination. There was now no sound of movement ahead of us, and Betsy's lodgings were visible. Nevertheless we halted to make certain that none observed us. It is well we did, for men moved there in the night, appearing as if by magic, and they clustered about Betsy's door and I could hear clear through the still night the batter of knuckles upon its panel. Then a voice spoke roughly.

"Open!" it said. "Open up or we burst in the door."

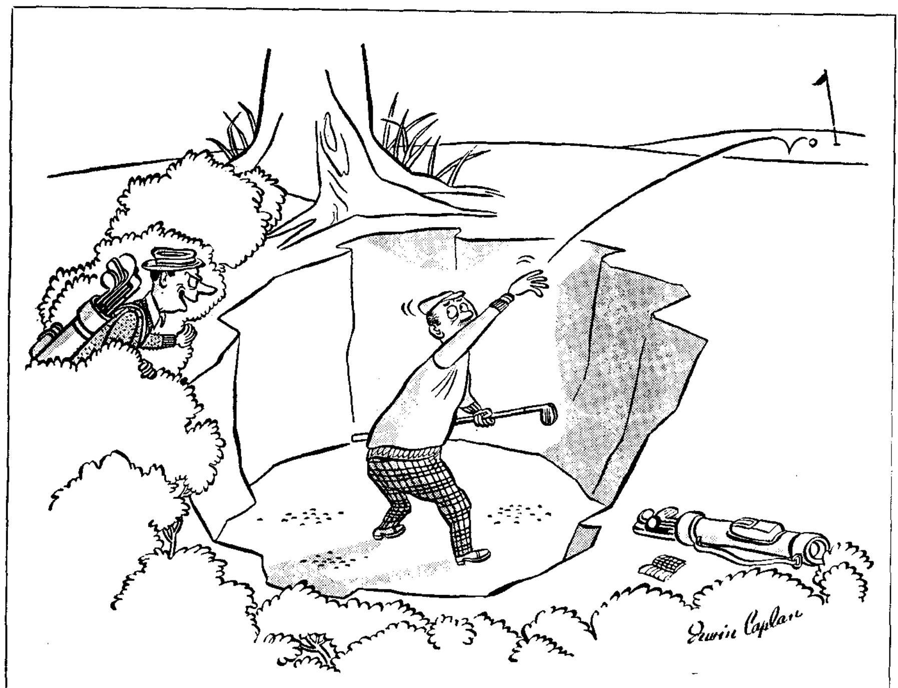
THEN it seemed that a voice within asked who demanded entrance, and the voice of the leader of the six men answered: "It is Giovanni de' Medici. Open up or it will be the worse for all inside."

Never have I felt so hot a surge of rage. Never before, and I hope never again, will love so instantly be turned into hatred. Giovanni de' Medici. My friend and My Lord! Traitor to me and to my friendship. Come in the night forcibly to seize what he could not win! Knowing well how things stood with me, who had saved his life more than once, he was here masked to snatch from her bed and carry away for his pleasure this maid whom I so unwillingly loved!

It seemed to me that the night was suddenly tinted with red, and I believed that I bellowed with rage, and loosed my hold upon Niccolo Gozzoli, and snatched out my blade. There were six, but in my rage I would have charged against them had there been fifty.

I shouted as I ran, calling My Lord such names as came to my mind. False friend! Traitorous master! Treacherous hound of a Medici! These and many more I shouted. And then I was upon them and they scattered before my sword. And then, my back against Betsy's door, and Christoforo at my side, I was fighting for my life and for Betsy and for my revenge against My Lord, fighting as I had never fought before.

*(To be continued next week)*



"Nice throw, Higgins. I think you got him out at third"

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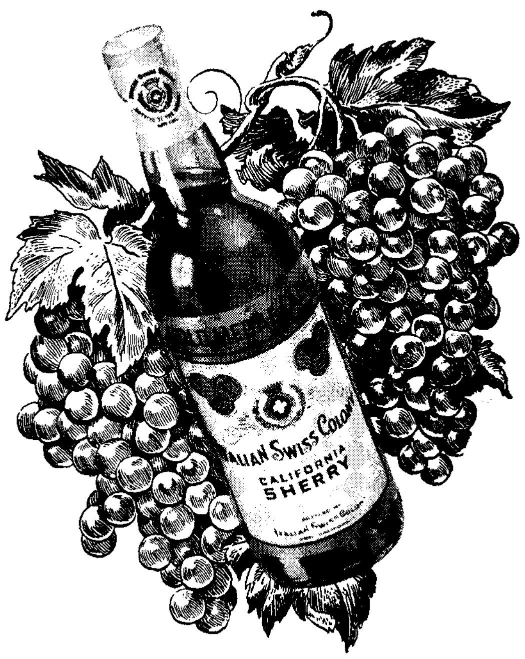

# *Corking good wine!*

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Tonight, for real delight, take home one of the superb dinner wines from the Colony—say, for example, a ruby-red California Burgundy or a golden California Sauterne. Take, too, an outstanding Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine, such as California Sherry or Port. Open it—look at its brilliance—catch its bouquet—savor its flavor. You'll agree it's "corking good wine!"

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# PLASTIC AGE

Continued from page 23

builders in Detroit is now turning out plastic laminated interior panels for a few de luxe cars, drawing on their experience gained in molding ammunition boxes during the war. Taxicabs are using more and more laminated panels. It's a sound idea, the one Henry Ford was putting to the test with his fire ax, and we're bound to see more of it.

In the meantime we are getting laminated plastic ice buckets, that also prove the insulation value of the material, and boats which can stand considerable rock bumping, and are light enough for easy portage. Laminated luggage is a natural—light, tough, and easy to keep clean, inside and out. An excited president of one plastics company has even taken to jumping up and down on test pieces of plastic luggage, to prove it can take it.

For the most part, however, plastics people wish you would pay more attention to the marvels they have already performed instead of pressing them about the ones that are in the making. There are plenty of them around you, in your own house.

### Adding to Telephone Comfort

Your telephone, of course, has been plastic for a long time, meaning it is light in weight, nonchipping, warm and pleasant to the touch. Incidentally, the dial system on which more and more phones operate depends, they tell us, on plastics at twenty-six strategic points. Once orders for new phones are caught up, telephone companies will relax and let you order your phone in any of half a dozen colors, a Hollywood touch to match your room. The color goes all through, so there's no danger of its coming off like paint or enamel. You won't have to have the bell box bumping out on the wall, either. Plastics being so light, they've worked it out so that everything is incorporated in the base of the instrument itself.

One of the greatest properties of some plastics is electrical insulation, making them a boon to all your electrical equipment and wiring. The molded hard rubber we had before had its limitations of strength, and of the voltages it could control. In fact, before radar and television were possible it was necessary to develop even superplastic insulators that could take the high frequencies involved.

There are rigid insulating plastics, like those used for all your switches and plugs, and there are flexible insulations to cover the cords. These vinyl resin coatings are approved by the National Fire Underwriters' Laboratory. In fact, during the war their use was specified by the Navy to cover all the many cables that lace through a ship, since a vinyl covering does not support combustion whereas the rubber coating formerly used acts like a fuse, carrying fire wherever the cables go.

The Navy requirements for vinyl coating stepped up production so that we now have ample output to take care of our insulation needs and to provide plenty of shower curtains, handbags and floor-covering ingredients besides.

These floor coverings look like linoleum or rubber tile. They are resilient, acid-resistant, colorful, hard to scuff, and they are part of the plastics campaign to make housekeeping easier. You have probably read about rooms you can practically hose down, with a plastic hose at that. But though this is a slight exaggeration, there are windows and lamp shades, curtains, upholstery and slip-cover materials, wall coverings and tablecloths that you can wipe clean with a damp cloth.

They have come a long way in appearance from the old oilcloth days, allowing you to see the weave of the fabric in spite of the impregnation or thin coating of plastic. Lovers of leather, too, can have a good-looking, leatherlike covering that is pliable and durable. It comes in fine colors, and in unbroken lengths such as no animal could provide.

The things we have today, anyway, are only a beginning of the possibilities. We'll see more and more plastics as beautiful as they are practical. Plastic webbing and woven bands of plasticized glass cloth for outdoor furniture are indications. So is some of the lamp-shade material we've seen; some of it paper, treated with plastic resin to be firm for a drum shade or soft for a pleated one. Some of it is glass fibers laminated with plastic, and all of it of a dull finish that is beautiful as well as washable, that diffuses the light and won't turn brown from the heat of the lamp.

Plastic tiles that are cheaper and lighter in weight than ceramic ones, a little more costly but more durable than enameled metal ones, are now being made for bathrooms and kitchens. These are direct copies of the tiles they aim to replace.

Things we can see and feel are bound to intrigue us the most: the plastic clothesline that won't sag, weather or stain our clothes, the colorful plastic clothespins that can't stain either; the plastic flowerpots that certainly don't break like clay ones, or grow moldy; the more durable phonograph records, and the phonograph needle with the flexible, nylon knee; the plastic screening that doesn't suffer from the weather, and can spring back into place after the baby has poked a pencil through it.

All these and countless more are intriguing ideas, and real, too. We even yearn for plastic pipes in our houses, though the manufacturers of plastic piping are the first to tell us that, while it is becoming indispensable in industry because it is flexible and can carry corrosive materials, it still isn't the answer in our houses. One reason: Being thermoplastic (i. e., malleable with heat and pressure), it is likely to change shape more than we want with hot water going through it under pressure.

But what intrigues people in the industry much more are the behind-the-scenes jobs that plastics do. Take glue. Where, they want to know, would plywood be without synthetic resin glues? The first plywood we knew was stuck together with an animal glue that was fine so long as it didn't get wet, or nosed out by insects which liked the good animal taste of the stuff.

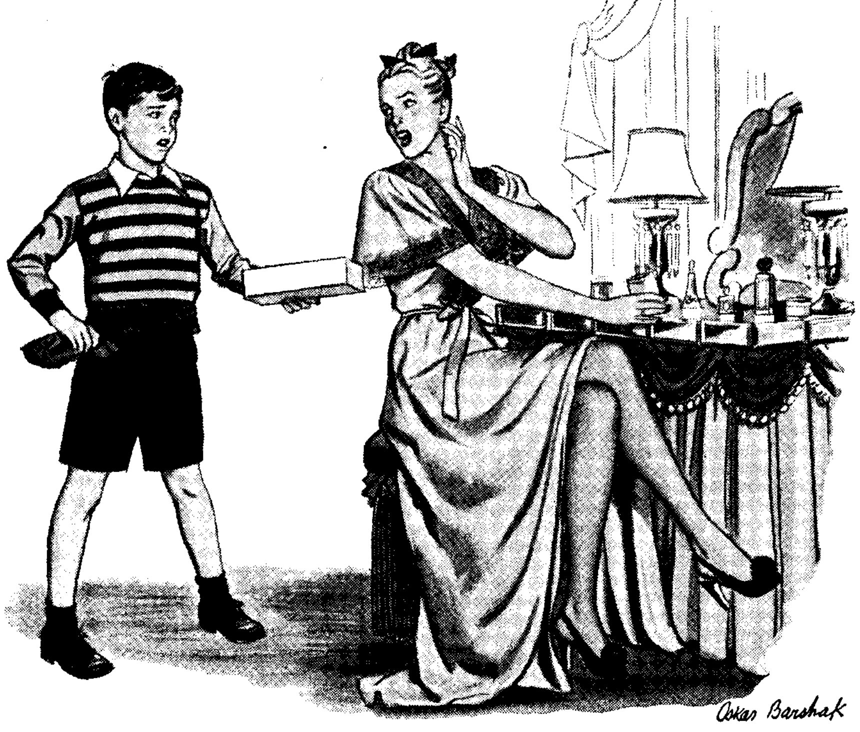
### Properties of Resin Glues

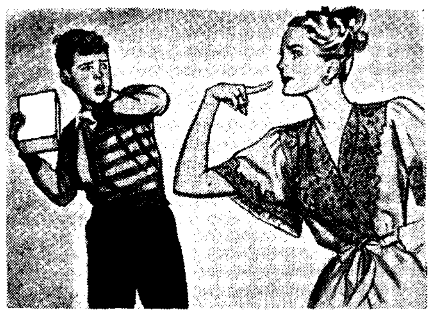
Now along come resin glues that insects don't like, and that stay stuck through all weathers. This allows houses, inside and out, to be made of plywood, not to mention all sorts of other outdoor uses, even to boats. It also allows the stressed-skin construction of modern building, a system of gluing panels to a framework that gives a stronger wall, per unit of weight, than conventional hammer-and-nail, piece-by-piece construction—a big help to prefabrication.

There is still plywood made with natural glues, which are cheaper, for interior use. But the booming of the plywood industry dates from the use of synthetic resin glues, and the makers of the glues modestly take all the credit. While the public may get starry-eyed over the idea of an all-plastics building shining in the sun, they point even more happily to a piece of plywood measuring ten feet by thirty, and call it plastics' literally biggest contribution to building, and a much more practicable one.

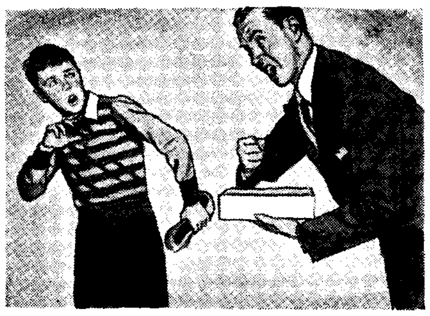
People in the plastics industry see

"*But I didn't say tissues . . .*
I said KLEENEX!"

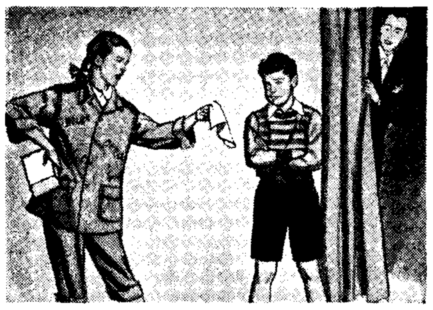




**It's not the same thing at all**—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



**Your Mother's right—for once!** Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!

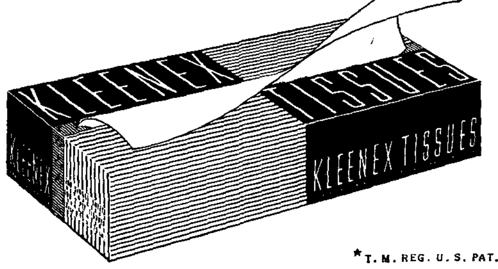


**I've got my NOSE to think of!** blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!

**I'll learn you!** winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your *eyes* tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know . . . *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



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McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

nothing wrong with conventional materials. They think steel, concrete and such are fine, though they admit a slight admixture of plastic might help them along for certain uses. They're working on that now.

At one big chemical company we saw a small and valuable rod of metal mixed with plastic that could resist fire and chemicals, even boiling hydrochloric acid and even fluorine, which attacks glass. It is used now for gaskets and washers and chemical tubings, and certainly at the price, $15 a pound, it isn't going to get into very common use. But the price was $40 a pound just a year ago, and you never know what may develop from such beginnings.

In the same place we saw a foamy core of plastic, lighter in weight than cork, bonded between two thin sheets of metal. Intense heat on one side of this sandwich, they told us, makes the other side only slightly warm. The core also insulates against sound. Its first use will be in fire doors in airplanes, and it may never reach your house. Or it might. It's expensive. But the new plant that is to make the main ingredient for it, which is cellular cellulose acetate, in case you want to know, was enlarged five times before the roof was put on, and mass production has already brought other plastic materials within easy reach.

Plastics are already being used in other ways for heat insulation. The enameled, prefabricated houses being manufactured by boatbuilder Andrew Higgins have a concrete core insulation that depends on an admixture of plastic resin to make it fizz up when poured, filling all the wall space with light, foamy stuff that does a heat and sound insulating job. Plastic resin sprayed on fibrous glass mats makes them stay put permanently for house and refrigerator insulation.

It's these countless ways of making other materials (from paper and cloth to wood and steel) do a new or a more versatile job, that offer the biggest and perhaps the most dramatic field for plastics.

### Possibilities in Home-Building

Just the lightness in weight, with strength, that plastics can accomplish could revolutionize building codes—once all the possibilities are accepted. It's even possible, one man told us, to fabricate strong partitions out of paper laminated with plastic resins. Lighter furniture is already here, made of plywood that can not only be bonded with synthetic resins but curved under heat and pressure at the same time, forming chairs and tables all of a piece, that are light yet strong.

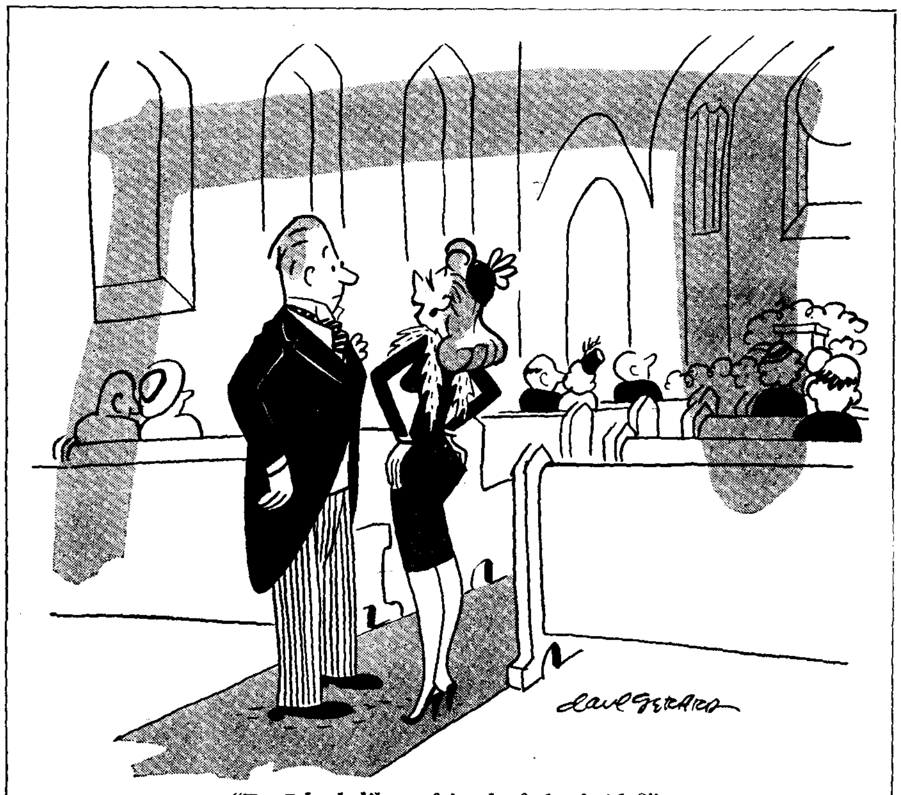
But we won't go overboard in a hurry with the davenports and the grand pianos you've read about, that you can hoist with your little finger. Even if they're desirable in every way, which hasn't been proved, we have to get used to these ideas a few at a time. There's a new test model refrigerator, for example, with an interior capacity equal to that of the mammoth in your kitchen. It's so small, however, it takes up much less room and is so light you can easily push it around; thanks, as you have guessed, to strategic use of plastics, especially in minimizing the thickness of insulation necessary.

We have been using words like plastic and resin here without trying to define them, because even people in the business have arguments about just what they mean. If you want to go into that, and get bogged down in chemistry besides, you can go and take a course. There is an imposing list of universities that now give courses in plastics.

There are a dozen trade publications devoted to the subject, and three national organizations working to develop standards and to spread sound information. One of them launched last spring a widespread movement for informative labeling, to steer us through the maze of plastic items and advise us on their care. Then, for one thing, we'll know most plastic dishes can't stand high temperatures. (One company, just to confuse matters, has recently announced a colorful plastic that can withstand boiling water. Heretofore only so-called thermoset plastics, which don't come in the giddy colors we like in the kitchen, could withstand such heat.) And we'll stop, they hope, scrubbing any plastic things with scouring powder. They need the same care we give our glass and china, even though they're not so breakable.

Another national organization is sponsoring a project at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to develop methods for testing plastic performance, just as we have methods for testing metals. The use of metals grew so gradually that standards evolved naturally, but plastics have become so big so fast that one of their severest growing pains is establishing exactly what each can and cannot do.

Admittedly there have been plenty of misuses of plastics. Some of them are natural mistakes in a new and complicated field. Many of them are due to ignorance on the part of manufacturers, who think plastic is plastic. They don't bother to check with the makers of the plastic materials they use, though each of these big chemical companies has a board of experts ready and eager to give advice, even to advising against the use of any plastic at all in many cases.



COLLIER'S "Do I look like a friend of the bride?" DAVE GERARD

What about soybeans and the coal? Well, Henry Ford, who started it, gave up on the soybean idea. Coffee beans and pine knots have been tried, too, and abandoned. Coal is a source for some plastics, but so far back. It's coal tar, a by-product from burning coal, that contains benzol which, when extracted and combined with some other things, becomes phenol, which eventually turns up in the handle of your iron. See how that is? Cotton, wood pulp and other natural things are also plastic sources. But the witchery the chemist performs turns them first into something unearthly, that gives you the creeps. You feel, when you go into a chemical plant where plastics are made, that maybe man has something quite unruly by the tail.

Take one of the simplest and oldest plastics made, which is celluloid, though called by other and fancier names today. It's essentially a blend of guncotton, camphor (man-made) and alcohol. Brew these together, and you get an inert mass of stuff that looks as much like a great hunk of suet or raw fish as anything. It's tough and rubbery, and smells to the high factory ceiling of camphor. A workman attacks a blob of this with a knife, carving off hunks that he feeds into the maw of a machine that, with heat and pressure, puts it through a strainer and two layers of fine linen.

The stuff that oozes in spaghetti formation out the bottom of the machine, on another floor, is carted off to more mammoth machines where it is tossed between rollers that treat it like dough.

At one stage, especially if the plastic is going to end up with the mottling of tortoise shell, it looks almost appetizing, lying diagonally in a container in long brown strips mixed with strips that resemble candied orange peel. But then the machines take over again, pressing this collection into one solid, mottled hunk, knifing it off in layers, etc., etc.

Even in a small factory, where familiar, friendly gadgets like red and yellow plastic cups pop out of the machine, you'd feel overwhelmed at the mechanics if you didn't have to laugh at their Rube Goldberg aspects, with colorful granules going into a hopper at one end of a giant machine and, a minute later, cups popping out at the other.

It's a relief to realize, after going through a few factories, that man is still in charge. He's the brains of the chemist, and the creator of the machines. He's the skill of the workman, and of the man who designs the mold so it can do a precise job well. He's the designer of all the plastic articles, which can be efficient and beautiful if he's smart.

He even works in the same familiar places, from big factories to back-yard setups. In an old town like Leominster, Massachusetts, which has the biggest concentration of plastics industries of any town in the country, they're still making combs and knitting needles in the same rambling wooden buildings where such things were made a hundred years ago. It's just that, instead of using animal horn and ivory, they're using plastic today.

It's nice to know, too, that the tradition of the celluloid collar carries on, though now in the form of the white fronts of nuns' habits. They look as fresh and crisp as though they still depended on starch instead of plastic. But the upkeep is nothing like it.

It looks as though plastics had found their place. Only it's a thousand places, with more coming up every day.

THE END

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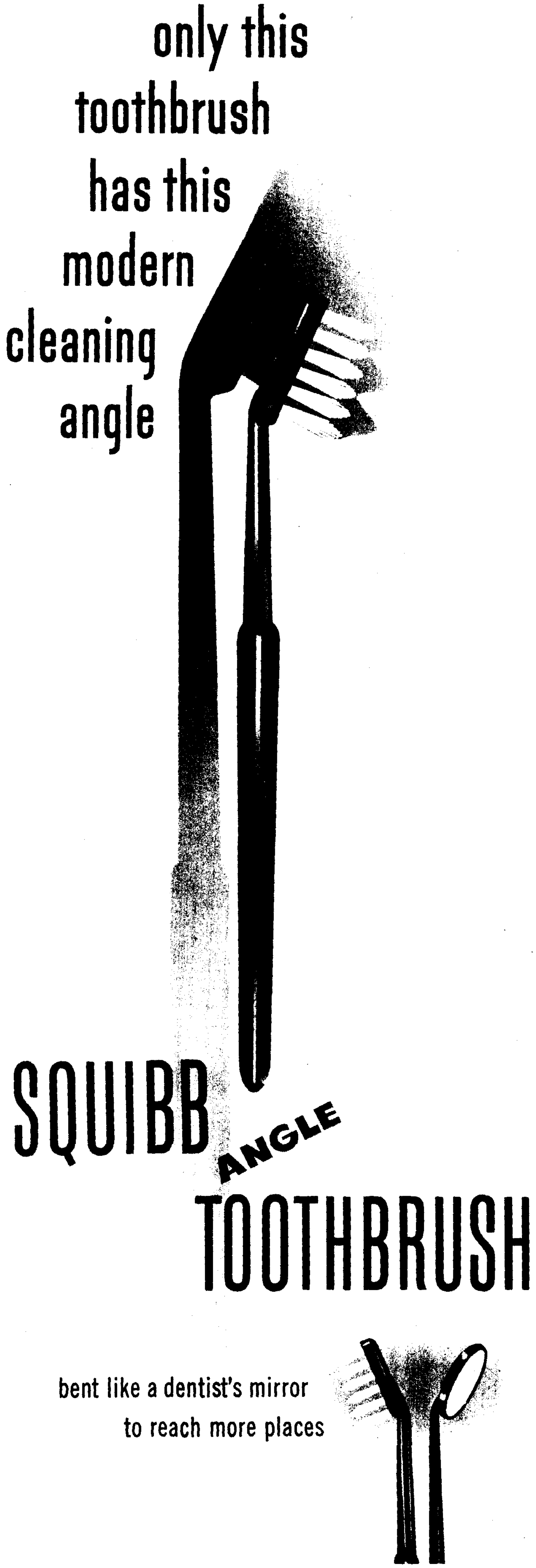


# WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 28

stories about there being no need for a ballot."

"That's perfectly silly," I answered. "There has to be a ballot. Any effort to prevent a ballot or a roll call will be the one thing that's needed to wreck the Democratic party in November. It's just too ridiculous to dicuss."

"Of course, of course," he said slowly and, I thought, somewhat regretfully. "I agree with you on the situation, but the papers are talking."

"Once again, I want to say to you that I will do everything possible to conduct a dignified convention. Some people are trying to bully the situation and roll over everyone, and if that happens it will be just too bad . . ."

"Good," he cut me short. "Good."

I left for the convention.

I raised my gavel, almost at the stroke of noon, and the convention was launched into history.

After my opening address, which was well received, the stadium organ was to have played When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, by way of a musical tribute, but the power mysteriously failed. Well-wishers of mine later taxed Mayor Kelly of Chicago with deliberately arranging the failure, an allegation which he denied.

The fireworks started Tuesday. That night the permanent chairman, Senator Alben W. Barkley, was to speak. There was no indication that the address would offer anything unusual until the President told his White House press conference, in response to a probing question on politics, that Barkley would read the convention a message from the White House. Within two hours Jimmy Byrnes called me with the news. His voice was charged with suppressed excitement.

"The President has released his delegates," he said.

"Finally?" I asked.

"He has authorized Barkley to tell the convention he has no desire to run again and never had."

"Oh," I said as noncommittally as I might. "That's a brick of another color, as me father used to say."

Byrnes hung up, somewhat annoyed by my unenthusiastic reaction, I think. Soon after, Herbert Bayard Swope was on the phone with an entirely different version of the coming statement. His story was that the delegates had *not* been released.

A little later Frances Perkins marched in to see me. She asked my opinion of the President's statement.

"Frances, to tell you the truth, I'm not familiar with it," I replied.

"Jim," she said at length, "has the President talked to you about it?"

"No," was my emphatic reply.

"It sounds incredible," she said half to herself. Tears welled in her eyes as she went purposefully through the door.

About twenty minutes after eight, as I was preparing to head for the stadium, the White House called.

"Jim, I've been trying to get you all afternoon," the President began heartily. "I haven't been able to catch up to you. What are you up to out there?"

"Oh, I'm a pretty busy fellow," I responded somewhat perfunctorily, I'm afraid. Just for the record I made a check later and found that there had been no White House call during the afternoon.

"Jim, I wanted to tell you that Alben has that statement we talked about. Decided that it would be best to release it after the permanent organization was set up. It's best to do it that way."

He did not read the statement. I did not know what it was until I got to the convention hall.

### Mystery of a Phone Call Solved

At the hall I ran into Miss Perkins. As we were being swept along the aisle below the platform, she smiled at me.

"Did you get a call from the White House?" she asked archly.

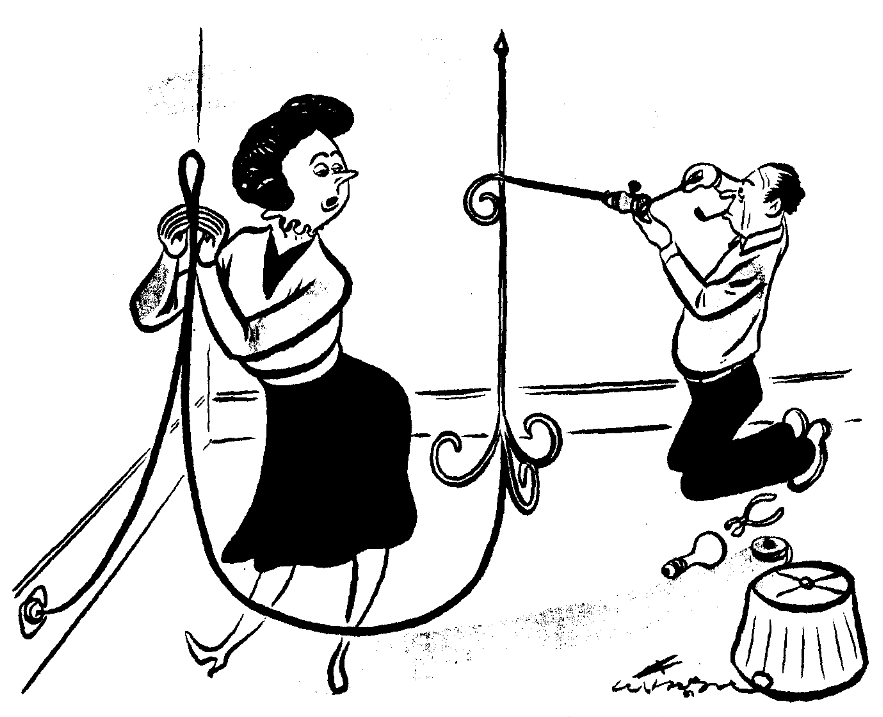
"Yes," I acknowledged. "And I could make a good guess as to who was responsible for it."

"You'd be right," she said as we separated at the head of the stairs.

I confidently expected that the statement would be the signal for a demonstration. I was surprised, therefore, when one broke out at Barkley's first mention of the President's name.

In no time, banners were dancing down the aisles. Here and there, there was a tussle over a state banner. I saw Senator Tydings standing with outthrust chin, grimly hanging on to Maryland's standard and stoutly resisting every attempt to wrest it from him. The Garner delegation hung on to one Texas banner. In the Massachusetts delegation one was held by my crowd.

Barkley began pounding for order early in the demonstration, so I realized



COLLIER'S "Okay, dear, I've stopped the electricity" FRITZ WILKINSON

# *Who is the No. 1 man in your life?*

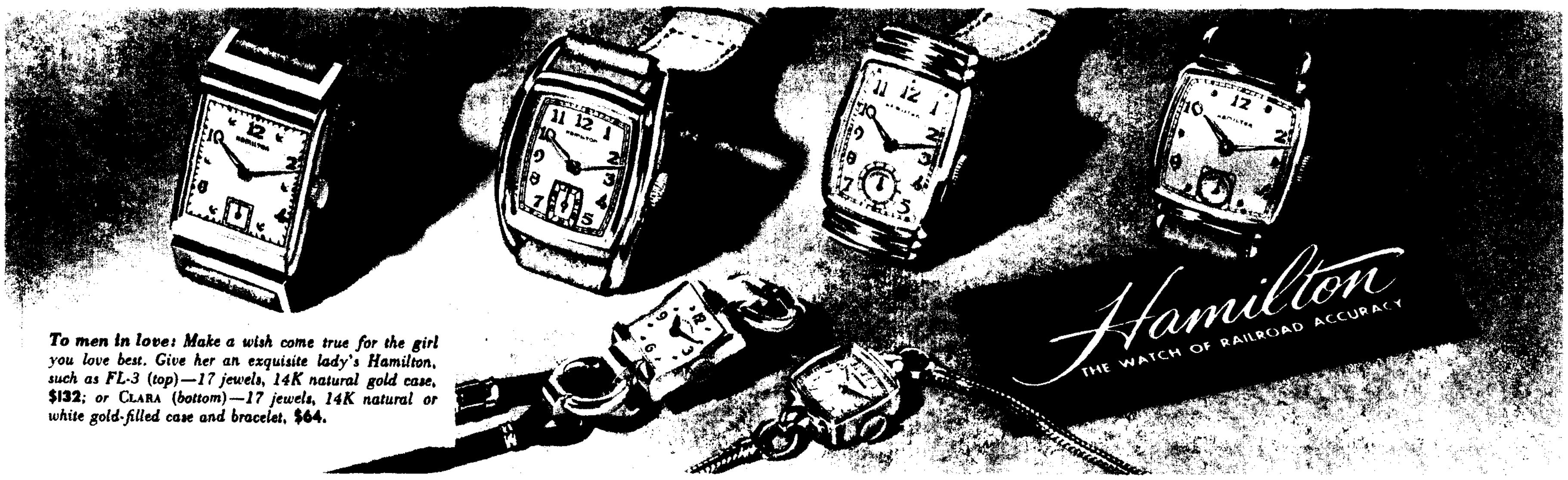
(WHOEVER HE IS, YOU'LL BE HIS NO. 1 GIRL IF YOU GIVE HIM THE GIFT HE'S ALWAYS WANTED—A FINE HAMILTON WATCH)

**HUSBAND.** Remember the day you married the master of the house? He'll love you even more on your anniversary if you remember him with a Hamilton. Below is the WESLEY, 19 jewels, 14K natural gold case, with Hamilton's finest *Medallion* movement . . . **$180.**

**BROTHER.** Is he getting married soon? For generations the most prized of all wedding gifts has been a handsome, faithfully accurate Hamilton—the fine American watch—such as the good-looking DODSON, shown below. 17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case . . . **$52.25.**

**DAD.** How old will he be on his next birthday? Whatever his age, he'll be as excited as a small boy when you fasten that distinguished-looking, dependable Hamilton on his wrist. The EMERSON (shown below) has 17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case . . . **$55.**

**SON.** There's no boy quite like him of course. So when he graduates, on his birthday, or for Christmas, why not give him the gift he'll wear proudly for a lifetime—a fine Hamilton? The 19 jeweled, 14K natural gold-filled NORMAN, below, is a suggestion. Price . . . **$66.**



***To men in love:** Make a wish come true for the girl you love best. Give her an exquisite lady's Hamilton, such as FL-3 (top)—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case,* **$132**; *or* CLARA *(bottom)—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case and bracelet,* **$64.**

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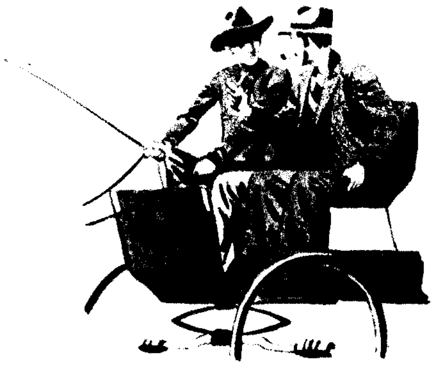

*People are saying —*

# "You *get* more – *save* more – when you buy Chevrolet !"

**Yes, you get more beauty, comfort and all-round performance with economy in this new Chevrolet than in any other car in its field . . . and you also save money on purchase price, operation and upkeep . . . for Chevrolet alone gives BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!**

Whenever and wherever people talk motor cars—and almost everybody's doing it these days—you'll find the tide of favor running more and more strongly toward this *bigger-looking, better-looking* new Chevrolet for 1947.

That is true because men and women are convinced that this car gives *BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST*—takes extra-good care of their desires as well as their dollars . . . and your own tests will tell you they're right.

Look at the new Chevrolet and you'll see it's the only car in its field with the luxurious *Big-Car beauty* of a Body by Fisher. Drive it and you'll know it's the only car in its field giving the *Big-Car performance and dependability* of the famous Valve-in-Head Thrift-Master Engine. Ride in it and you'll realize it's the only car in its field combining the *Big-Car comfort and safety* of the Unitized Knee-Action Ride and Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes.

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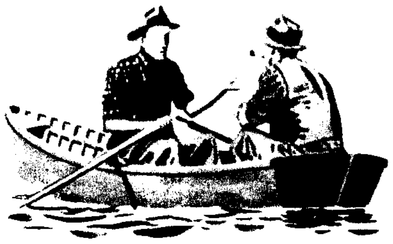
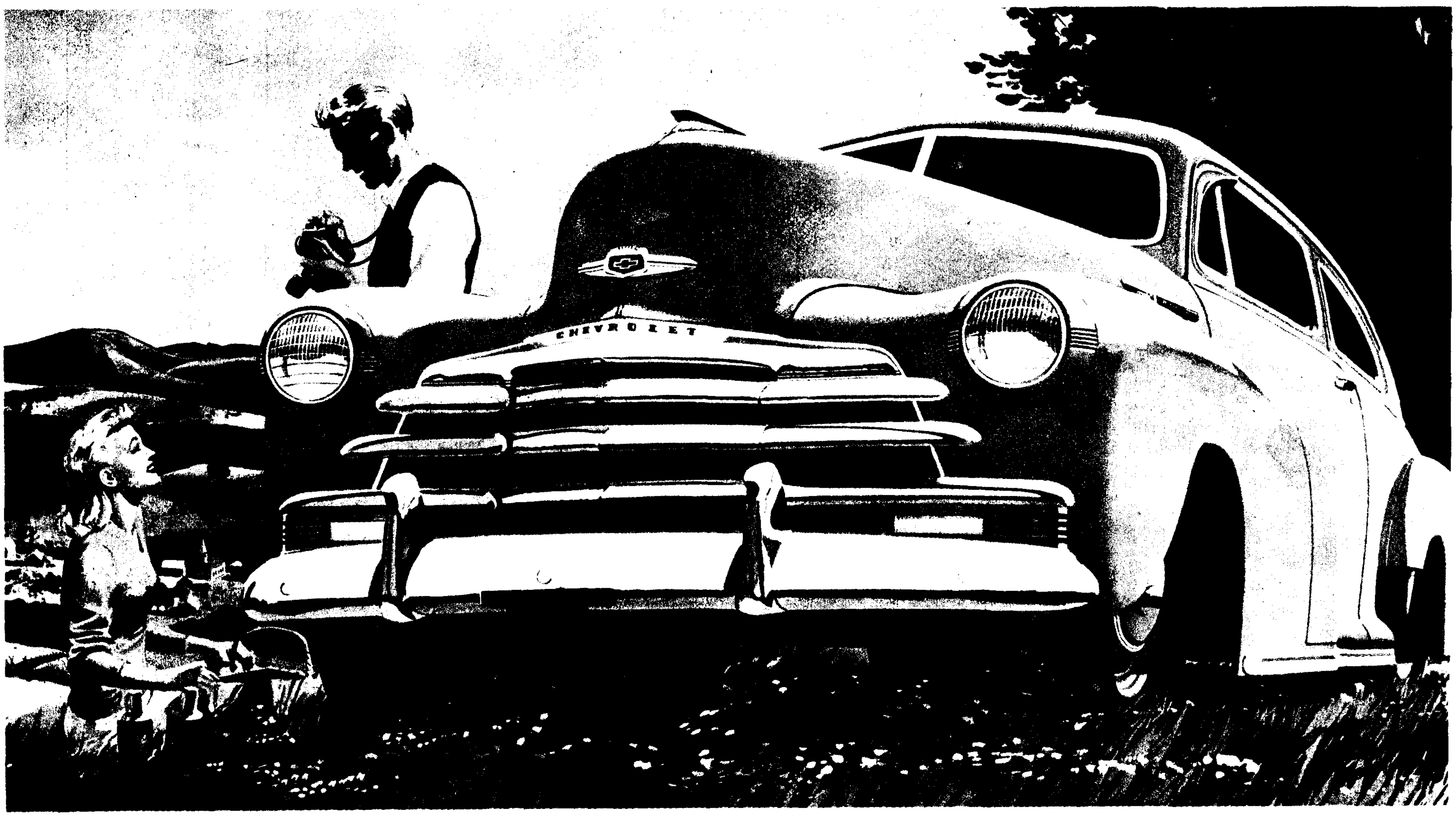
You get more, and you save more, when you buy Chevrolet . . . the only car giving *BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST* . . . and the wisest investment for you.



CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



*Yes, people are saying —*

## *"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"*

this outburst was entirely genuine. Once order was restored Barkley droned on with his speech.

Now an obviously "prepared" demonstration began to shape up. Gradually the aisles filled with strangers carrying concealed cardboard banners. They waited, shifting from foot to foot as the Barkley cadences rolled on.

At length he produced what I was waiting for—the statement:

"The President has never had, and as not today, any desire or purpose to ontinue in the office of President, to be a candidate for that office, or to be nominated by the convention for that office.

"He wishes in all earnestness and sincerity to make it clear that all of the delegates to this convention are free to vote for any candidate."

### The Statement That Fell Flat

Barkley gave the statement to the full of his resonant lungs. Then he turned away to await the roar of applause. There was no applause! The delegates stood pat. The strangers flashed their banners, which read "Roosevelt and Humanity" and began shuffling through the aisles encouraged by smiling approval from their boss, Mayor Kelly. The organ pealed. But the delegates stood silent in their places, eying the marchers with distrust.

Suddenly, from over the loud-speakers throughout the hall came a bellow: "We want Roosevelt."

Surprise was registered on all faces. Kelly beamed. The thundering voice went on for 45 minutes, chanting at intervals:

"The party wants Roosevelt! The world needs Roosevelt! Everybody wants Roosevelt!"

Those on the platform were as bewildered as the delegates over the identity of the voice. Reporters finally tracked it to a small basement room where the amplifier circuits were centered. There, enjoying himself immensely, was leather-lunged Thomas D. McGarry, superintendent of sewers for the Kelly-Nash machine. He had been selected for the job by Kelly himself.

During the machine-made tumult of the voice of the sewers, I pondered the President's statement. It certainly did not approach what he had promised at Hyde Park. No one except the President was satisfied with it. Everywhere it was regarded as misleading and evasive.

The next day was in one respect the political pinnacle of my life. When I arrived at the convention, I went to the platform to shake hands with Carter Glass, who had come from his home in Virginia to place my name before the convention.

"Senator," I said jokingly, "I think it is rather bad taste for a man whose name is going to be placed in nomination for the Presidency to stay on the platform during the proceedings."

He looked at me sharply and smiled his crooked but illuminating smile. "Jim, if I were you, I wouldn't be too modest about anything I did in this convention."

Under the platform, I made my way to a stadium office and seated myself beside a radio.

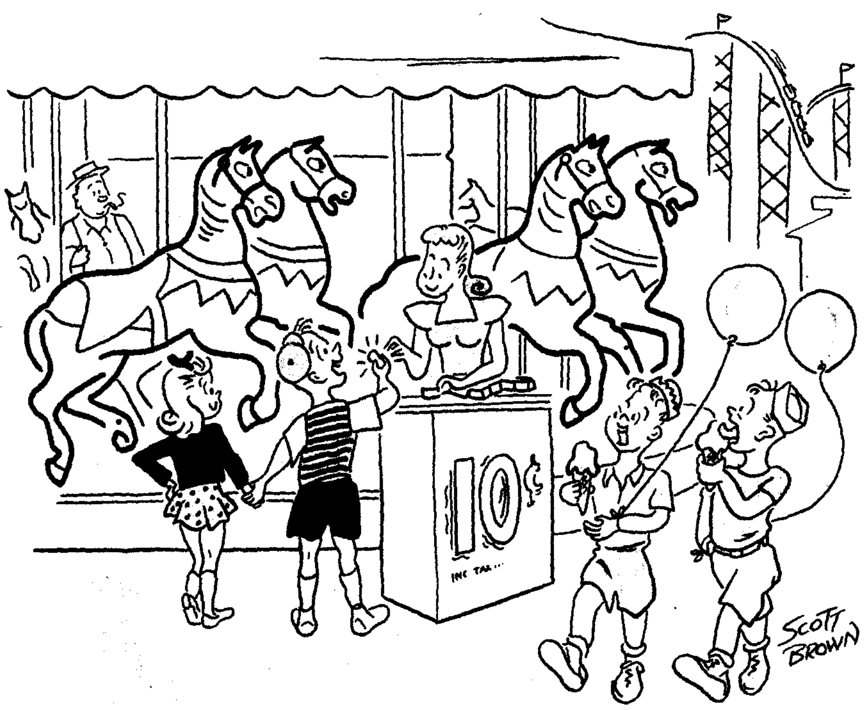
Chairman Barkley introduced Senator Glass, who began to speak in a rather faint, rasping voice.

At his first words there were a few boos, which swelled into a chorus. For the first time in that convention, I became fighting mad clear through. Here was one of the greatest Democrats in the country, a man who had made a reputation in a long and successful public career, being booed by Democrats because he had the courage to stand before a Democratic gathering and present my name for consideration. He was entitled to respectful attention because of his years, position and services and he was being booed by a lot of political riffraff, who had no right to the convention floor, and perhaps a few misguided zealots.

Quite abruptly his whisper surged into a fighting snarl. He continued with his speech, referring at one point to Thomas Jefferson, "who less than three years before his death appealed to the party which he established never to nominate a man for the third term for the Presidency." He concluded by placing my name in nomination.

A short ovation followed. I remember it was short, but at least it was genuine. Everyone in that vast hall who cheered for Farley meant it. Not a single one was paid and not a single one did it to keep a job. Mayor Kelly's organist was silent; the band forgot to play, and in a few moments my "parade" was over.

After the seconding speeches, I started for the platform. Edward J. Colgan, Jr., of Baltimore, was nominating Tydings. Booing had by this time become a habit. Then silver-haired Wright Morrow was at the rostrum nominating Garner. The booers lost none of their ill manners.



"There's Whitley, blowing it all in on women and horses"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

The Texas delegation bravely trooped around the hall to the tune of The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You, and "Cactus Jack" had demonstrated his courage to stand for his convictions.

"The roll call is concluded," Barkley announced in stentorian accents.

One hour and ten minutes later the third-term tradition was broken. The vote was: Roosevelt $946\frac{1}{2}$, Farley $72\frac{1}{2}$, Garner 61, Tydings $9\frac{1}{2}$.

Before my nomination I had gone to Barkley and Byrnes and told them I wished to move that the nomination of Roosevelt be made unanimous after the roll call.

When I was introduced by Barkley, I was greeted by a standing ovation from the delegates. The galleries displayed enthusiasm for almost the only time during the convention. I accepted this as vindication of my stand.

"Senator Barkley and fellow Democrats," I said. "I have pursued a course here that has been dictated by the deepest convictions. I wanted this convention to proceed as Democrats should proceed, to nominate its standard-bearers in keeping with the high traditions of our party. That is the only Democratic method and that has been observed.

"My name was placed in nomination for the Presidency of the United States by a great and noble American. I am grateful to those delegates who voted for me and to those who would have voted for me had they not been otherwise pledged.

"It is, therefore, a great pleasure for me, Senator Barkley, to move to suspend the rules and declare President Franklin D. Roosevelt nominated for President of the United States by acclamation."

There was a tremendous roar from the convention. The organ, Mayor Kelly's organ, had no trouble this time with When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. I acknowledged the salute and turned away from the rostrum. I regard that moment as the one in which I turned my back on active politics.

Thursday morning, July 18th, the President called me early. He was as gay and bright as he had been after the 1932 and 1936 nominations. If he had any regret at being drafted or if he preferred to retire to Hyde Park, it did not show in his voice. His manner was as warm as it had ever been.

He told me that he had decided on Henry Wallace as his running mate. I protested: "Mr. President, there is no use kidding yourself. The nomination of Wallace won't help the ticket in any way. While I have a personal regard for Wallace as a man, for his integrity, for his courage and for his energy, the people look on him as a mystic and I think you'll regret it."

"He's not a mystic," Roosevelt snapped. "He's a philosopher. He's got ideas. He thinks right. He'll help the people think."

"Maybe so. This is your ride, Mr. President, and it is up to you to select the man you want alongside you. But Jesse Jones would be my choice. He'd offset the lack of business support, big and little, which will come if Wallace should be the nominee."

He was silent.

I went on: "Jesse would also offset arguments about the influence of the Hopkins-Ickes-Corcoran-Cohen group and those responsible for the silly performance out here."

The cordiality died out of his voice. He concluded by saying, "Well, Jim, be sure to make certain that the Vice-Presidential nomination is unanimous. By the way, you were grand last night, Jim."

Later I called on Jesse Jones at his hotel. I found him dictating a statement for the press declining the Vice-Presidential nomination.

"Jesse, I'm with you if you stay in the race," I said. "But I'm not here to advise you. That's something for you to decide."

"What would you do, Jim?" he asked.

"Dead in the room, Jesse, if the President did not want me, I wouldn't run."

"He doesn't want me because he thinks I'm not well."

"Jesse, that's not the real reason. He just doesn't want you, and you might as well face it. Now, I'm for you. If you change your mind and stay in the race you have my vote and support. I think you can be nominated with my support."

"No, Jim, I guess I'll let this statement go. I won't change my mind."

During the afternoon I could not resist calling up Ickes and congratulating him on Wallace's coming nomination. Ickes was feuding with Wallace and had long been at odds with Hopkins.

"Wallace's nomination is a damned outrage," Ickes sputtered.

"Seriously," I said, "what do you think of things?"

"What do I think of them," he roared. "Who cares what I think? Here I led the whole third-term movement while Hopkins was in the hospital and they thought he was going to die. Then he comes to the convention and I'm not consulted at all. I knew nothing about the program."

Elliott Roosevelt came in to say he thought it would be a great mistake to nominate Wallace. I told him I was for Jones. He met this with, "If you nominate Jesse, I'll second it." I told him that was all right with me and that we would talk it over when his mother arrived in Chicago.

I drove out to meet Mrs. Roosevelt at the airport. She was accompanied by Franklin, Jr. When we discussed the Vice-Presidency, she and Franklin, Jr. agreed that it was a mistake to nominate Wallace.

At the hotel, Mrs. Roosevelt put in a call to the White House.

"Franklin," she plunged to the point, "I've been talking to Jim Farley and I agree with him Henry Wallace won't do. I know, Franklin, but Jesse Jones would bolster the ticket, win it business support and get the party contributions."

Finally the President asked that I be put on the phone. "I've given my word to Wallace, Jim," he told me. "What do you do when you give your word?"

"I keep it," I answered quickly—perhaps too quickly and too sharply.

Mrs. Roosevelt and I went out to the convention together.

One by one the field of some seventeen Vice-Presidential candidates was narrowed to three men. Only Speaker Bankhead, Wallace and McNutt were left in the race. McNutt could have been nominated, but he withdrew his name at the request of the President. The delegates were ugly. They did not want Wallace.

### A Protest Against Bossism

Not all their resentment was personal, however. They were showing their resentment against "bossism." But they were trapped by the President's adroit maneuvering. No one who studies this convention can deny that the President showed himself to be a master of political rough-and-tumble, with no holds barred.

The final vote brought Wallace only 627 votes out of 1,100. There is no doubt in my mind that Mrs. Roosevelt's appearance and her speech about the burdens of the Presidency in critical times saved the day for the President. He knew what he was doing when he sent her.

The next morning, when the Democratic National Committee gathered at the hotel, my statement of resignation was read before the committee men and women—about 110 in all. It concluded with this pledge:

"I shall co-operate to the fullest extent with my successor as national chairman in setting up the machinery for the coming campaign. I have said repeatedly that the American people want the Democratic party to remain in power. My opinion has not changed, and again

# That Julep in July!

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KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
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THE CALL OF THE WISE

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*KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill julep cups or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of mint (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon of water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one jigger* Kentucky Tavern. *Stir briskly until frost appears and ice has dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice and pour in another jigger of* Kentucky Tavern. *Decorate with mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off near top of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); place in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) then serve, sip and smile!*

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

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I pledge my full support to the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket."

I was glad to get that on the record to head off any accusations of my being a sorehead. But I was sad as member after member of the committee stood up to deliver impromptu expressions on my resignation.

I did not see the President after the convention until July 26th.

"Aloysius, everything came out all right in the convention," he said. "Now, there is a general sentiment on all sides—why, it's unanimous—that you participate in the campaign. Everybody's for you, Jim. Me, most of all. You could let someone else be appointed campaign manager and still hold the chairmanship in name, while actually you would be working for your family. It's as simple as that, Jim. It would mean a great deal to the party."

"Mr. President, that just can't be done," I answered. "You can't have divided authority around a campaign headquarters. And I don't want to be publicly connected with the national committee in any way."

"All you have to do, Jim, is have your name on the letterheads as chairman and that will be helpful," he suggested.

"It just can't be," I said. "My mind is made up."

### Hague Is Curious About Wallace

I changed the subject by telling him a story relayed to me by a newspaperman, that after the Vice-Presidential nomination Hague was asking what kind of a fellow Wallace was. He urged one of Wallace's friends to get word to Henry that he should have some practical political advice and the best place to get it would be from Kelly and Hague.

"Frank is muscling right in as usual," he laughed.

We talked briefly about the coming election. "Jim," he confided, "I've told the family I want them to vote for me, but I also told them I wanted them to pray I will be defeated."

"That is the best thing that could happen to you," I said seriously, "and I'm not certain it won't happen. If anyone considers this one a walkaway he is crazy."

A short time later Mrs. Roosevelt asked me to lunch with her. Over our food she added her voice to the President's, urging me to remain as national chairman. I declined, giving my reasons, and adding: "I don't know whether you know it or not, but the President never discussed his candidacy with me until that Sunday I saw him at Hyde Park."

"I never knew it either, believe me, until that afternoon," she cut in. "After you left, Franklin told me he assumed he would have to run."

Thursday, August 1st, I went down to Washington for a meeting of national committee members who were to pick my successor. We met in the President's office at the White House.

The President was in his best form. He was charming, disarming, persuasive and intimate. His smile flashed on all, but the warmest smiles were directed at me.

"Sentiment has developed in every section of the country for you to retain the chairmanship," he said. "Everybody in the party knows you, Jim. And to know you is to love you. The party expects you to do your duty, Jim. The party needs you. The success of the party in the coming election and campaign would be assured with you at the helm, Jim."

This was the only time since 1930 he had acknowledged my services and then acknowledgment came only because he wanted to persuade me to his will.

But I had made up my mind.

"We could go on talking here for hours about the necessity of my carrying on, but we just aren't going to get anywhere," I answered. "I appreciate the confidence expressed in me. But I have made my decision."

The meeting closed with the appointment of Ed Flynn as my successor.

I shook hands with Flynn, remarking, "I don't know whether to congratulate you or to commiserate with you."

"My wife will kill me for this," he said ruefully.

On August 7, 1940, I wrote my letter of resignation. My association with private industry was announced two days later. My only comment was, "I am going to be very happy," and I was never more right, even when I predicted in 1936 that we Democrats would carry everything but Maine and Vermont.

The end of that month I attended my last Cabinet meeting. After it was over, I said my farewells to the other Cabinet members with whom I had worked.

Just before I left I said goodby to the President.

"Take care of things in my absence," I said. "And protect my interests."

"It's not goodby, Jim, because I want you to see me whenever you pass through the city. Give my regards to Bess."

We shook hands.

I carried his words to Bess the next day. She was not impressed.

Before I left Washington, I talked with Cordell Hull about the convention. "I think I was treated unfairly by that fellow," he said, "in his not letting my name go before the convention. That is not so bad as the fact that I have received no recognition for what I have done as Secretary of State in a most trying and most vital period of this country's history."

"What about the Vice-Presidency?"

"Oh, that!" He leaned back in his chair and smiled. "He tried everything he could think of to get me to take it. He argued and smiled. Then he smiled and argued. I said, 'No, by God!' and 'By God, no!' and that's all there was to it. I felt he was trying to kick me upstairs. I'd rather go."

### Congratulations—and the Reply

Three months later, after the election, I wrote the President a letter of congratulation. It read in part:

"I want you to know I have a deep and sincere interest in the success of your new Administration. In electing you for a third term, the American people gave you an unprecedented honor and I am sure you are determined that they shall never regret it. There were some who used the third-term issue as a convenient front to oppose you and there were some honestly concerned about the breaking of this tradition, and I happened to be in the latter group. Nothing would make me happier than that your accomplishments during the new term will confound the first group and reassure the second."

I received a reply written aboard the Presidential Special as Roosevelt was heading for Warm Springs. The President wrote:

"You know I am a funny fellow in that unlike many, many people I do not get excited by what you call an 'unprecedented honor.' The reason is that I am perhaps a little 'queer' in never having sought public office for 'honor.'

"To put it another way, I would have been just as content in my own heart and conscience to give service to the country as a private citizen as I would to give service to the country as a first-term or a third-term President."

The letter was unsigned. It bore nothing but the typewritten initials, "F.D.R." Later I learned that the President had deliberately chosen to let it go unsigned.

THE END

*This article and the four which preceded it are selections from a book by James A. Farley, to be published early in 1948 by Whittlesey House.*

Enjoy Life!

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
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DRINKS HAVE More Life WITH PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Like the gleam of summer moonlight . . . the goodness of sparkling Canada Dry Water can't be imitated. This world-famous mixer costs no more than most ordinary club sodas . . . carbonated tap waters. Here's why you'll want to insist on Canada Dry Water—always:

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Kills the fleas Quickly! Keeps others off for Days.
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Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

# TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

Continued from page 25

that such things were a subject for mixed company.

As if he heard the reproof, Willie put down his glass of milk. So long as he was going to be stubborn, Jean saw, he was going to be stubborn *all* the way.

"It's too early for them," he said. "They never run till after dark when they do run. And then you never know what part of the coast they'll pick."

Bob nodded, and looked at Jean. His eyes slid over her face and down the open throat of her white blouse and he seemed to make some pleasant inner decision.

"Tell you what," he said to her. "While we're waiting, let's ride up to Malibu." He glanced at Aunt May. "I'll have her home by nine."

HIS audacity hung above the table like smoke. It was a moment before Aunt May found her voice. "Unfortunately," she said dryly, "it's Jean's week to do the dishes."

"Yeah?" He looked back at Jean. Then his broad tan face spread in a smile. "Okay," he said. "I'll dry."

He looked even bigger in the tiny blue and chrome kitchen. As he balanced the dishes casually in his large hands, he whistled, following the melody of the record Willie was playing on the phonograph in the living room.

When they were almost finished, he stopped whistling. "What do you do with your free time?" he asked.

Jean groped in the soapy water for the silverware, trying to think when Aunt May left her any free time and what she did with it.

"I don't know—" she began slowly. "We go to the movies. And Willie and I play tennis on the public courts." That wasn't what he meant, of course, so she said, "Sometimes I go dancing."

"That's a gay program for an old maid," he said.

He was laughing at her, and after what she'd said on the beach, who could blame him? She finished the silverware, pulled the rubber stopper from the sink and dried her hands on a dish towel.

"Thanks for helping," she said. "I'll put the glasses away."

She was standing on tiptoe, fitting Willie's milk glass into its proper place on the third shelf, when she felt him behind her. He reached up and slid the glass easily into place. Then his hand fell on her shoulder.

For an instant, she stood quite still. The chemistry of her blood seemed to change, to grow thinner in substance, and all her perceptions sharpened. The living-room phonograph seemed to blare.

This can't actually be happening, she thought—I must be exaggerating it. Probably he doesn't even realize he's touching me. He turned her around and smoothed her hair gently with his palm. Then, very slowly, he bent down and kissed her.

Aunt May's voice crackled from the living room: "Jean, aren't you through yet?"

She drew back from him in confusion and rearranged her hair as if she were rubbing away his touch.

"Yes, Aunt May," she called. "We're finished."

Without looking at him she walked quickly into the other room. . . .

Precisely at eight o'clock, Aunt May put the last stitch in Jean's new middy blouse and lifted Willie's socks from her straw sewing basket. "You read too quickly to be retentive," she told Bob reprovingly.

He glanced up from the 1926 movie magazine. "I'm just looking at the pictures," he said. "You know, these ought to be in a museum. I never saw magazines this old before."

"They were here when we bought the house," Aunt May said crisply. "Jean, as long as you're just sitting there, why don't you roll the edges on the handkerchiefs you promised to make for me?"

Jean looked up from Willie who was lying at her feet tinkering with the radio he had made last winter. Actually, she had not been seeing Willie. She had been wondering how many women Bob had met as he had met her—ambling into their lives, making love to them and wandering away as easily as he had come.

She said, "Yes, Aunt May," and went to the bedroom to get the handkerchiefs. I'll have to stop this, she told herself. It's silly; he's just a man Willie picked up and invited to dinner. I'll never see him again.

When she came back, Bob yawned and tossed his magazine to the stack beside the chair.

"I wonder if the run has started yet," he said.

Willie looked up from his radio. "You'll hear people yelling on the beach if they come."

"It's a mystery to me," Aunt May said, "why a young man should drive all the way from town to see a swarm of fish."

"They say it's like watching silver waves roll in," Bob said evenly. "I guess it's pretty wonderful."

Aunt May thrust her needle into Willie's sock. "You're most poetic," she said dryly. "How long do you intend to keep up this vigil?"

"I don't know," Bob said. "All night, if I have to."

Right then Jean knew Aunt May had had enough. "Young man," she said, "there are two kinds of people in this world. Those who work and shoulder the burdens, and those who waste their time playing. If you wish to wait for these—these fish, it would be kind of you to do it someplace else. *I* have to iron the children's clothes now. And after that we are all going to bed."

Aunt May got up from the rocking chair, dropped the sock into her sewing basket and replaced the lid. Her face beneath her neat hair was cold. She stood waiting.

Slowly Bob rose. "Okay."

Willie pushed his radio against the wall with a clatter. "Try Santa Monica, Bob," he said warmly. "They run better down there anyway."

"I'll take you up to your car," Jean said. Her voice sounded low to her ears and her lips felt stiff.

Bob looked at her. There was tenderness in his eyes and something else which frightened her a little. "It's just up on the highway," he said.

"I know. But the steps are bad." Her breath was short as if she had been running. "I'll get the flashlight."

As she turned toward the kitchen, Aunt May put a finger on her arm. "Willie can show him the way, Jean," she said.

Jean paused, looking into the dry, lined face before her. She knew what Aunt May was really saying—that neither of them knew who Bob was or what he was. She was saying that he was a man and men were untrustworthy. They were dangerous. Aunt May was reminding her of her father.

And Aunt May was right, Jean told herself. Bob was no one. A stranger, an idler, a man who kissed her lightly in the kitchen as he would kiss a hundred girls. She stopped and stared at him.

"Never mind," he said from the door. "I'll make out by myself."

He disappeared into the darkness and she stood there watching after him. The beach noises fell on her ear, the waves and the cars above, but she did not notice. She did not even notice the new noise till Willie shouted.

"Hey! Hey, listen! People yelling."

Jean looked at her brother. He stood with his head tilted a little to one side for a second, then ran out to the beach. The screen door banged behind him; it banged again and he was back. His pale face glistened with triumph.

"The run is on—listen!"

And now she could hear the distant voices and laughter, piercing the thicker, constant noise of the surf. "Bob—" she stopped, looking at Aunt May.

"I'll get him," Willie said. "He hasn't started yet."

AS HE put his hand on the front doorknob, Aunt May said, "No." Her voice was jagged against Jean's ears. "Let him go."

Yes, let him go, Jean thought. Let him go away and never come back. Then *I'll* be safe.

Of course, she thought. I'll be as safe as Aunt May.

Before they could stop her, she had run out into the night. It was fresh and there was a cool wind blowing. She found the steps, wobbly slate slabs set in the steep hill, and in the darkness they took all her attention. Even so she tripped and would have fallen if Bob had not caught her.

He laughed and pulled her down beside him on the stone.

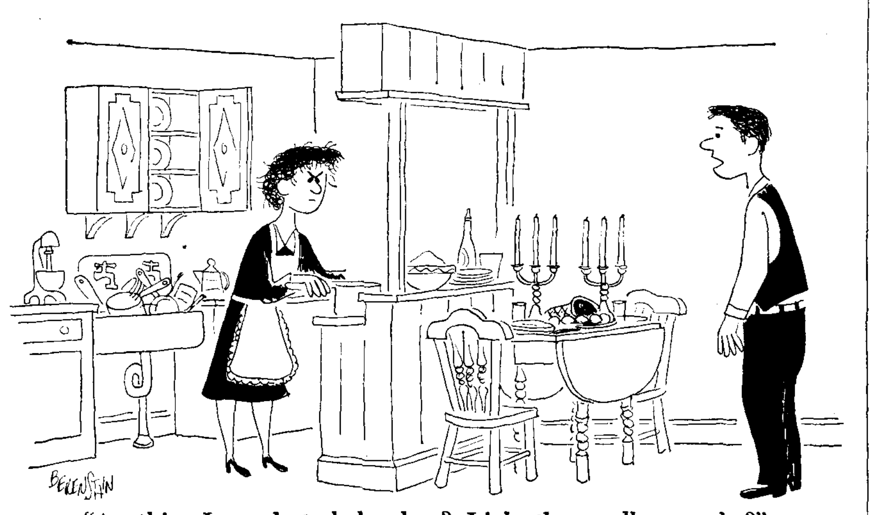
"They're running," she said. "The fish."

He smiled. "So were you, little one."

"Don't you want to see them?"

"We've got time," he said, "lots of time."

THE END

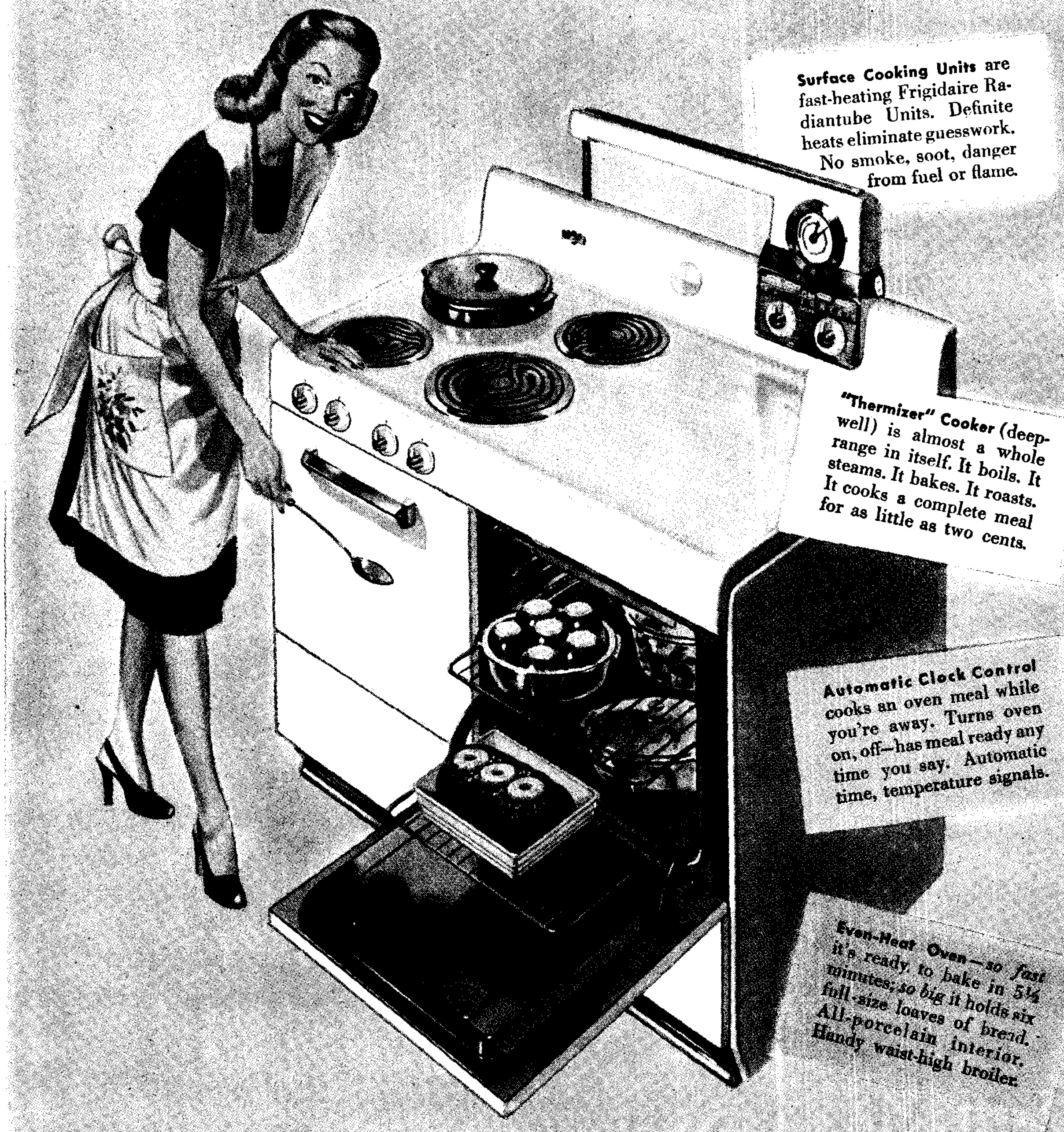


"Anything I can do to help, dear? Light the candles, maybe?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

# Cooking's soon done – more time for fun with this new

# FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE



**Surface Cooking Units** are fast-heating Frigidaire Radiantube Units. Definite heats eliminate guesswork. No smoke, soot, danger from fuel or flame.

**"Thermizer" Cooker** (deep-well) is almost a whole range in itself. It boils. It steams. It bakes. It roasts. It cooks a complete meal for as little as two cents.

**Automatic Clock Control** cooks an oven meal while you're away. Turns oven on, off—has meal ready any time you say. Automatic time, temperature signals.

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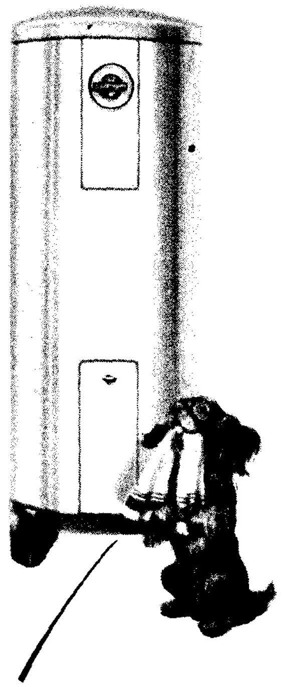
*You're twice as sure with two great names*

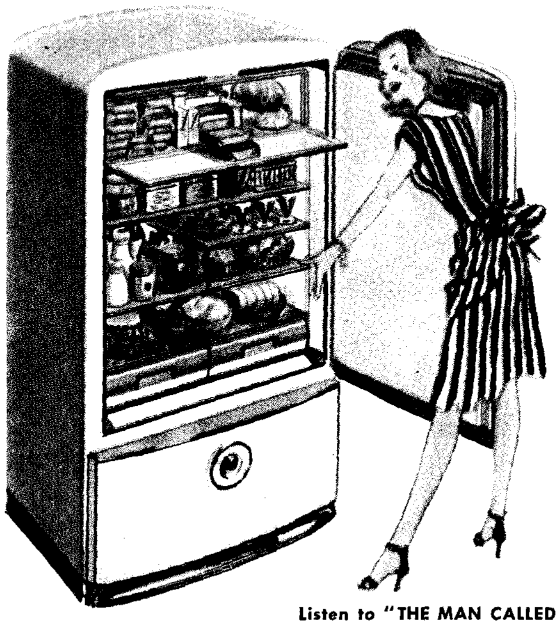
**Frigidaire** *made only by* **General Motors**



*These folks must think I'm a HOT water spaniel!*

Always giving me *baths!* Oh well, guess that's the way it is when you live in a house with a Frigidaire Electric Water Heater. Easy come, easy go! Just turn a faucet and here comes the hot water. *Plenty* of hot water, so nobody has to go easy on it!

**Frigidaire** *made only by* **General Motors**



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Special design—chilling coils built into walls—provides *moist* cold, so foods stay fresh, vitamin-rich; *never need be covered.* Holds 35 pounds of frozen foods. Quickube Trays give trigger-quick ice service. Cold-making mechanism—the famous Meter-Miser—is simplest ever built: uses less current than an ordinary light bulb.

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**See the Frigidaire Dealer** near you. Find name in Classified Telephone Directory. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio. Leaside, Ontario.

Listen to "THE MAN CALLED X" on your radio every Thursday night. See newspaper for time and station.

# Call Me Anytime

PERHAPS we've already talked over the 'phone. If not, chances are we shall—sooner or later—because more and more people are calling me these days—people who want to enjoy the advantages that only air travel provides.

I'm "Reservations"—the person who answers when you call American Airlines to reserve a seat aboard a Flagship. I hear from all kinds of people...

A voice asks for a reservation to a place halfway around the globe—perhaps the voice of a diplomat who tomorrow will sit at an international meeting... Again, an eager young voice comes through, asking about seats to Niagara Falls—or maybe Mexico. A honeymoon trip! The young, the old, the famous and people from all walks of life—going places, near and far.

I get a lot of satisfaction out of helping so many different people, traveling to so many different places. So do all the other young men and women who, like myself, are reservations agents. We form a person-to-person link between you and American Airlines.

We're on duty all along American's routes at home and abroad—twenty-four hours a day, every day. People call us for reservations to more than 1,500 places in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe—in fact, all around the world. Among us, incidentally, we speak twelve languages. We've been carefully selected and trained to give alert and friendly service. We're proud to have been chosen because we're proud of American's reputation for personalized, courteous service.

The new thousands of people who are becoming air travelers get their first impression of American's standard of service when they call me. They judge American by my attitude and efficiency. So, when they call, that's my opportunity to show American's interest in people and respect for the dignity and well-being of the individual. The problems of each individual traveler receive personalized attention—whether it be for a commuter flight, a transcontinental flight or a transatlantic flight.

That's as it should be, isn't it? That's why it's such a pleasure to help make American's services available to more and more people.

**AMERICAN AIRLINES**

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## SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Continued from page 26

one press agent, a Mr. Bernie Williams, gave up and made a low, passionate yearning sound which, he said, represented Miss Sheridan's aura. This sound was at once translated into "oomph."

Presses were stopped everywhere and the wires carried the news that Annie was now "The Oomph Girl." The studio set up a $160 dinner for a few influential people to publicize this great decision and in a few weeks Annie was Number 1 on the fan-mail list. The word went around the world. On October 16, 1946, Justice Sir Raymond Evershed ruled in London that it might be admitted to Great Britain and Northern Ireland as a trade-mark.

During her tough years in Hollywood Miss Sheridan often issued bitter statements saying she wished she were back in (a) Denton, (b) Dallas and (c) Texas. In drab moments she also deprecated use of the word "oomph" in connection with her figure and personality. She described "oomph!" as "what a fat man says when he leans over to tie his shoelace in a telephone booth."

One of the greatest triumphs of "oomph" was recorded March 25, 1943, when the respected Milwaukee Sentinel reported the alcalde of Parangaricutiro, Michoacán, Mexico, as attributing a volcanic explosion to her presence in the neighborhood. "Volcano Shakes as Ann Leaves," the headline said. A move was started to name the new volcano Mount Sheridan, but no one, including the Mexicans, liked it.

At one time, North Hollywood, where she lived, was advertised on billboards as "The Home of the 'Oomph Girl.' "

### Figure and Acting Criticized

On the few occasions her figure has been adversely criticized she has come warmly to its defense. "My only physical defect," she insists, "is that I'm pigeon-toed." She also defends her acting, which high-brow critics frequently find less than perfect. "I'm just not the Academy Award type," she admits. "I don't pretend to be. I just want to do a good job on a good story. If I can be a quarter as good as Bette Davis, I'll be happy."

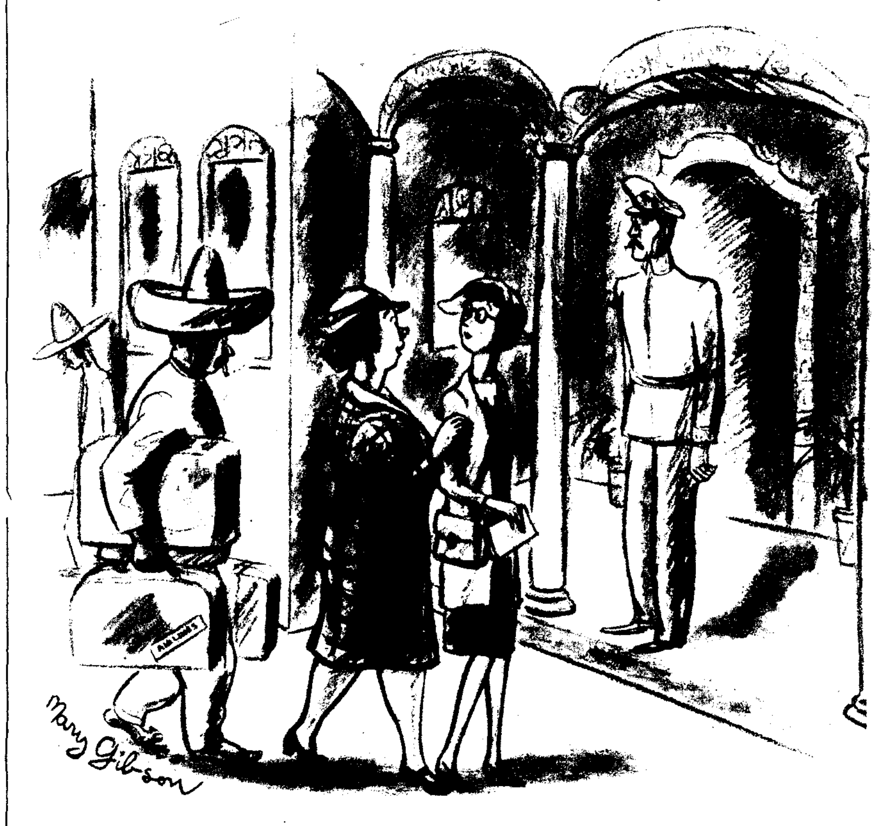
Taking no chances on a lack of artistic recognition, shortly after her first great success she presented herself with a gold bracelet, inscribed: "From Clara Lou to Ann: You continue to amaze me, kid!"

She married first S. Edward Norris, a stage actor, in Hollywood, in August, 1936; they were divorced in October, 1937, having separated after just 375 days of marriage. Mr. Norris said the affair was a "mistake."

She was engaged to George Brent, another actor, twice before she married him in Palm Beach, Florida, on January 5, 1942. The first engagement happened soon after Mr. Brent saw her on the Warner lot, wearing a smock. Someone asked her what she had on under it and she let it fall open, revealing a bathing suit. This turned out to be a flimsy reason for a betrothal, and the deal was called off. It was on again later when Mr. Brent gave Annie a sterling silver service, initialed B. After some thought, she decided this meant she was to become Mrs. B.

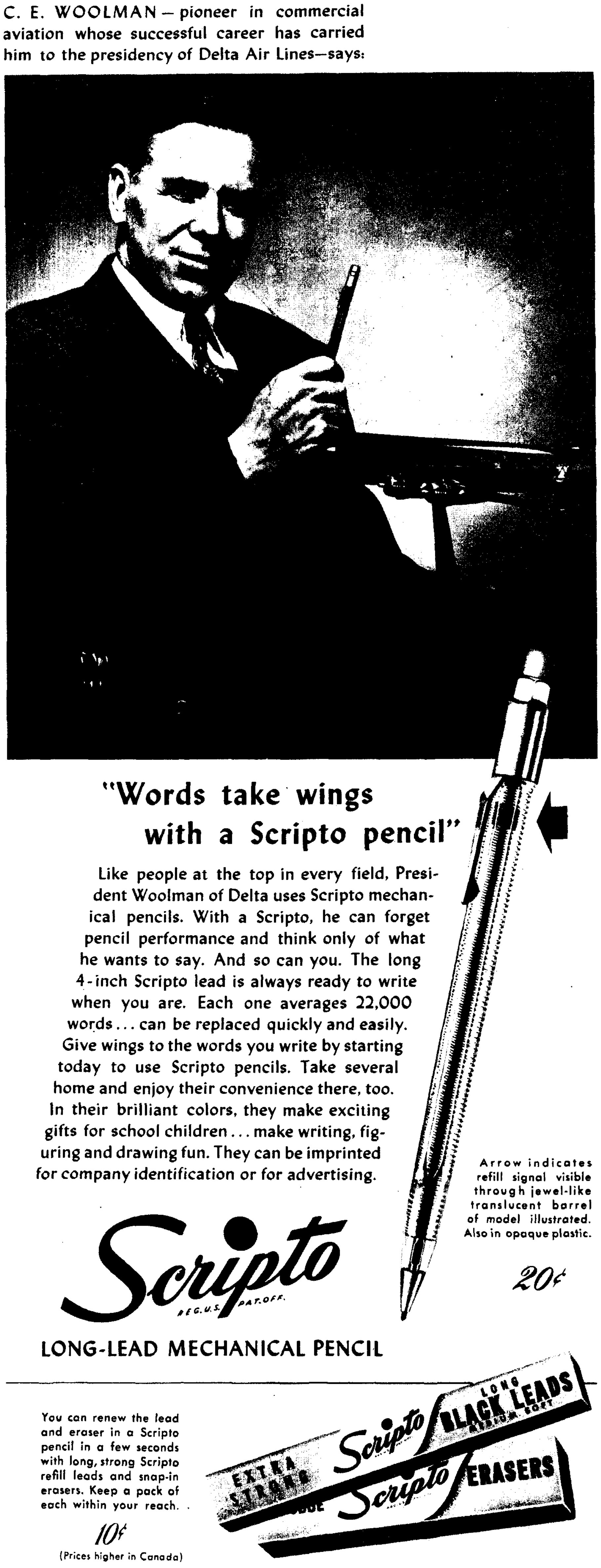
Before she married Mr. Brent she gave out a statement saying the man she married might be 45, but his spirit would have to be 21. Mr. Brent was 38 at the time and announced he would "rather marry a screwball from Texas than something solid from Pasadena." Despite the merging of a spirit of 21 and a screwball, the marriage lasted only 263 days, despite an elaborate set of rules for the general deportment of both parties. The rules were thought up by a press agent, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. knew anything about them until they read them in the paper.

After the divorce there followed a bleak period in which her name was "linked" mainly for publicity purposes with various Hollywood characters. But true love failed to appear, although on April 2, 1940, Richard Brunnenkamp, a 19-year-old UCLA junior, handcuffed himself to Miss Sheridan in a theater lobby and swallowed the key. It just happened that cameramen were there to get pictures, and a further amazing coincidence was that a preview of Annie's new film was just starting. Some cynics have since doubted the essential purity of the



"Remember now, we're glamorous show girls on vacation—not schoolteachers"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON


C. E. WOOLMAN—pioneer in commercial aviation whose successful career has carried him to the presidency of Delta Air Lines—says:

"Words take wings with a Scripto pencil"

Like people at the top in every field, President Woolman of Delta uses Scripto mechanical pencils. With a Scripto, he can forget pencil performance and think only of what he wants to say. And so can you. The long 4-inch Scripto lead is always ready to write when you are. Each one averages 22,000 words... can be replaced quickly and easily. Give wings to the words you write by starting today to use Scripto pencils. Take several home and enjoy their convenience there, too. In their brilliant colors, they make exciting gifts for school children... make writing, figuring and drawing fun. They can be imprinted for company identification or for advertising.

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Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

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young man's motives. He said he did it for a $1 bet.

In any case, it turned out that Mr. Brunnenkamp was not exactly the type of ideal man Annie honed for and her celibacy continued.

During this period she grew mildly philosophical and gave out with long descriptions of her ideal man, who seemed to resemble a combination of Hercules, a nuclear scientist and two Texas Rangers.

She once said: "I would rather go out for an evening with a young man who has just $5 to spend than with a man who insists on throwing away $500 for entertainment."

She added that her ideal man sometimes appeared to her as a blond and at other times as a brunet, but always mentally and physically active and willing to listen to her talk. "Does anyone," she asked in 1944, "know where I can find him?" Up to the spring of 1947 there had been no definite answer.

### Telling Off a Brass Hat

During the war she flew thousands of miles with camp shows and acquired the title of "G.I. Annie" following an episode of the China-Burma-India front. After she had knocked herself out entertaining troops all day, a general sent two MPs to get her to entertain him privately, threatening the soldiers with court-martial if they returned without her. Her comments on this bit of effrontery melted snow on Mount Everest, more than 200 miles away, and endeared her forever to the rank and file.

She also voiced opinions about Special Service officers who, to please their generals, promised them she would visit the generals on certain dates. When she failed to show up—the tours having been arranged in Washington and out of her control—she was criticized by the same Special Service officers, trying to cover up their failures to make good. Her thoughts on generals and their aides are still quoted in barracks and mess halls, and with approval.

On March 12, 1942, Private Henry Peter David of the United States Army sent a request to the American Red Cross, asking for a transfusion of Miss Sheridan's blood. He said he didn't feel well. The Red Cross replied that Annie's blood was all mixed up with that of millions of other people's. Sorry.

For years she carried on a running feud with Harvard University, starting from the time when The Lampoon, a university paper, titled her The Most Unlikely to Succeed of all movie starlets. For a long time she hurled insults at the paper and the college.

"Harvard," she said once, "is the home of the unadulterated heel—and you may quote me."

The university maintained a dignified attitude under all this provocation, but Miss Sheridan is always glad when the school gets thoroughly trounced at football. She hopes someday to be there when it is licked, 109 to 0, by Texas A & M.

One of the official biographies describing Miss Sheridan's private life says that "her closet is filled with pretty nightgowns she never wears. . . . Before going to sleep she climbs into bed with a cigarette and a book—preferably one by Somerset Maugham—and reads until she gets drowsy. This is usually after two or three pages."

Mr. Maugham has very handsomely refused to retort to this bit of sly literary criticism. Miss Sheridan, refuting her biographer, says she often reads Mr. Maugham for two or three hours without falling asleep.

Whatever happens to her screen career she is assured of her picture in seed catalogues for twenty years, accompanying a photograph of the Ann Sheridan Rose. The Germaine Plant and Seed Company, inventors of this bloom, describe it as "a vibrant pink." Annie is quite a gardener, and speaks learnedly about the right way to get more potash into the soil and allied lore.

A Mexican real-estate firm once gave her a tract of land at Nautla, on the Gulf Coast north of Veracruz, and she plans to keep up the taxes and maybe someday build a home down there. She likes Mexico and the Mexicans and attends bullfights when available.

Occasionally, she is presented with the tail of the deceased bull as a trophy—a gift she always accepts with considerable aplomb.

Some years ago she endorsed a canary food and lately received a gift canary from the food concern. This talented bird is slowly driving everyone insane on the Sheridan ranch. It trills during telephone calls, accompanies the radio and the phonograph and takes a shrill part in all conversations. It is only a question of time until someone gets around to wringing its little neck.

Although she conforms to few conventions she followed standard Hollywood practice by having a battle with Warner Brothers. Nearly every player in the film plant has had a battle with Warner's. The fighting is pretty bloody and often goes on for months, after which the parties kiss and make up and go back to making pictures again. Annie's battle started when Warner's wanted her to do another musical and she refused. That put her on the shelf for eighteen months. Both sides toughed it out until the studio offered her the starring role in Nora Prentiss. She accepted, scored a hit and went on to make The Unfaithful with Lew Ayres.

At times Annie is mistaken by autograph fans for Rita Hayworth, Ann Sothern, Anne Baxter and various other movie Anns. When someone comes up to her and says: "Miss Hayworth, could I have your autograph, please?" she always obliges with "Rita Hayworth" in flowing Spencerian. Saves argument.

### Even Beauticians Like Her

She is almost unique in Hollywood in that practically everyone who knows her likes her. She is liked even by beauty parlor operatives, who are notoriously bitter about movie stars. She takes advice easily from people she trusts and gets along with directors better than many temperamental players.

She won't fly unless she has to, and when she goes East likes to hole up in a drawing room aboard the City of Los Angeles and catch up on her sleep, and her reading. On vacation trips to Sun Valley she trains up, although most stars fly the route.

Annie is no night-clubber. In the evenings she likes to lie around in slacks reading, and playing records and drinking Coke. She drinks Coke from unbreakable tumblers, being a girl of occasional wild free gestures that sweep glasses from tables.

She also drops trays of biscuits, cartons of eggs and other things around the kitchen and thinks sometimes of acquiring a set of unbreakable glass utensils. She can cook chicken passably well, but sniffs at the usual Hollywood star pose of being able to whip up a seven-course dinner unaided in twenty minutes.

She is a natural redhead, ranging from copper to crimson according to the demands of her directors. Five feet six, she weighs in normally around 115 pounds. Her eyes are hazel. She likes inordinately long red fingernails and very little make-up, being a soap-and-water girl from way back. She eats like a horse, but a fairly strenuous physical life keeps her in trim.

She goes to few parties, but when she does she likes to dress up; she has been on several "best-dressed-women" lists in the past few years.

THE END

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You can't Brush Off Denture Breath

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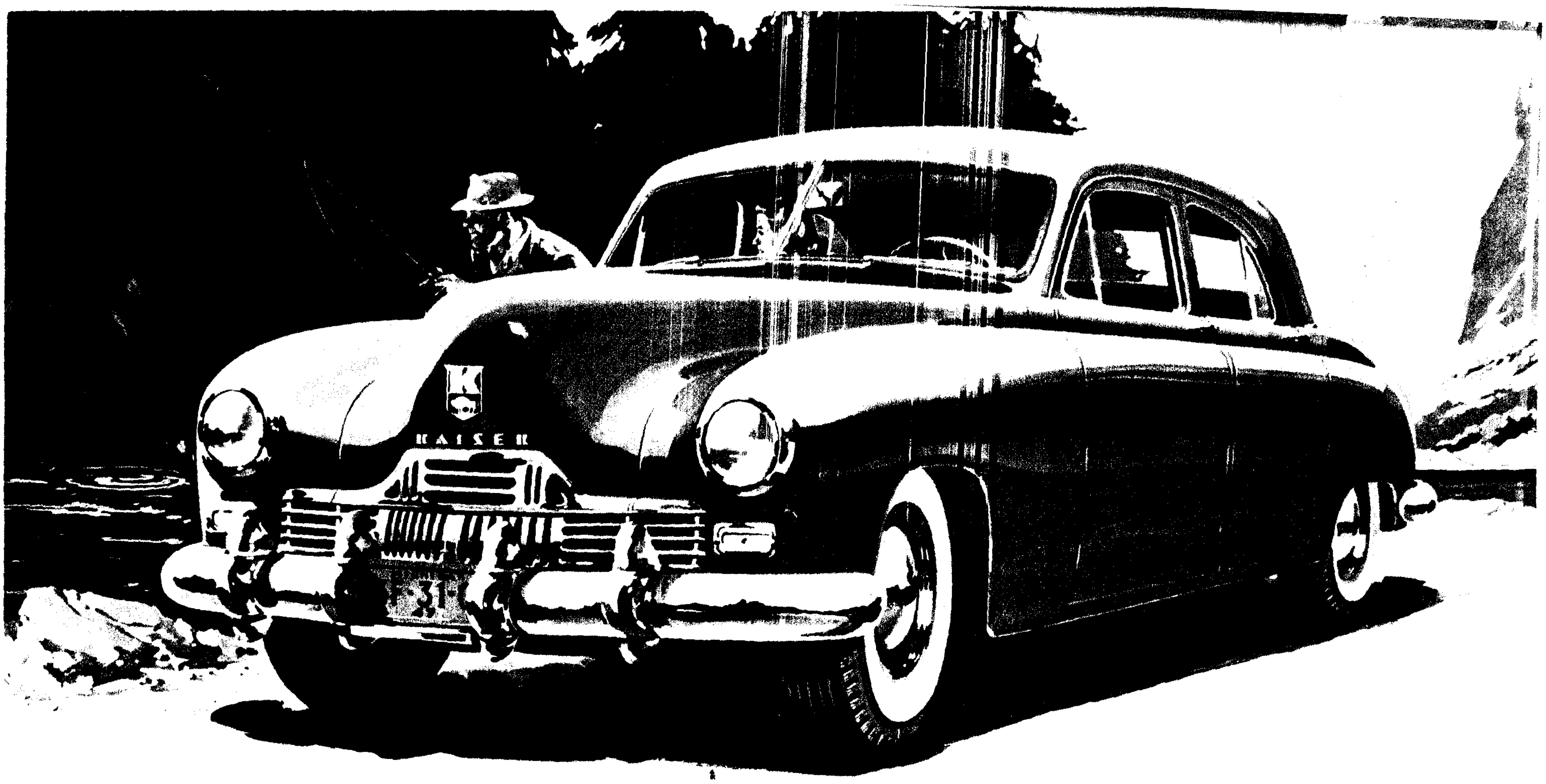

# *Still a full year ahead!*

Just a year ago the first KAISER and FRAZER came off the lines at Willow Run. Henry J. Kaiser and Joseph W. Frazer had accomplished an industrial miracle in offering newly designed, newly engineered, *wholly postwar* automobiles far ahead of the rest of the industry. Today these cars are *still* a full year ahead of competition! Their beauty will be reflected in models announced later by other manufacturers. Their styling can be imitated. But their performance and ride will continue to be exclusive KAISER-FRAZER features.

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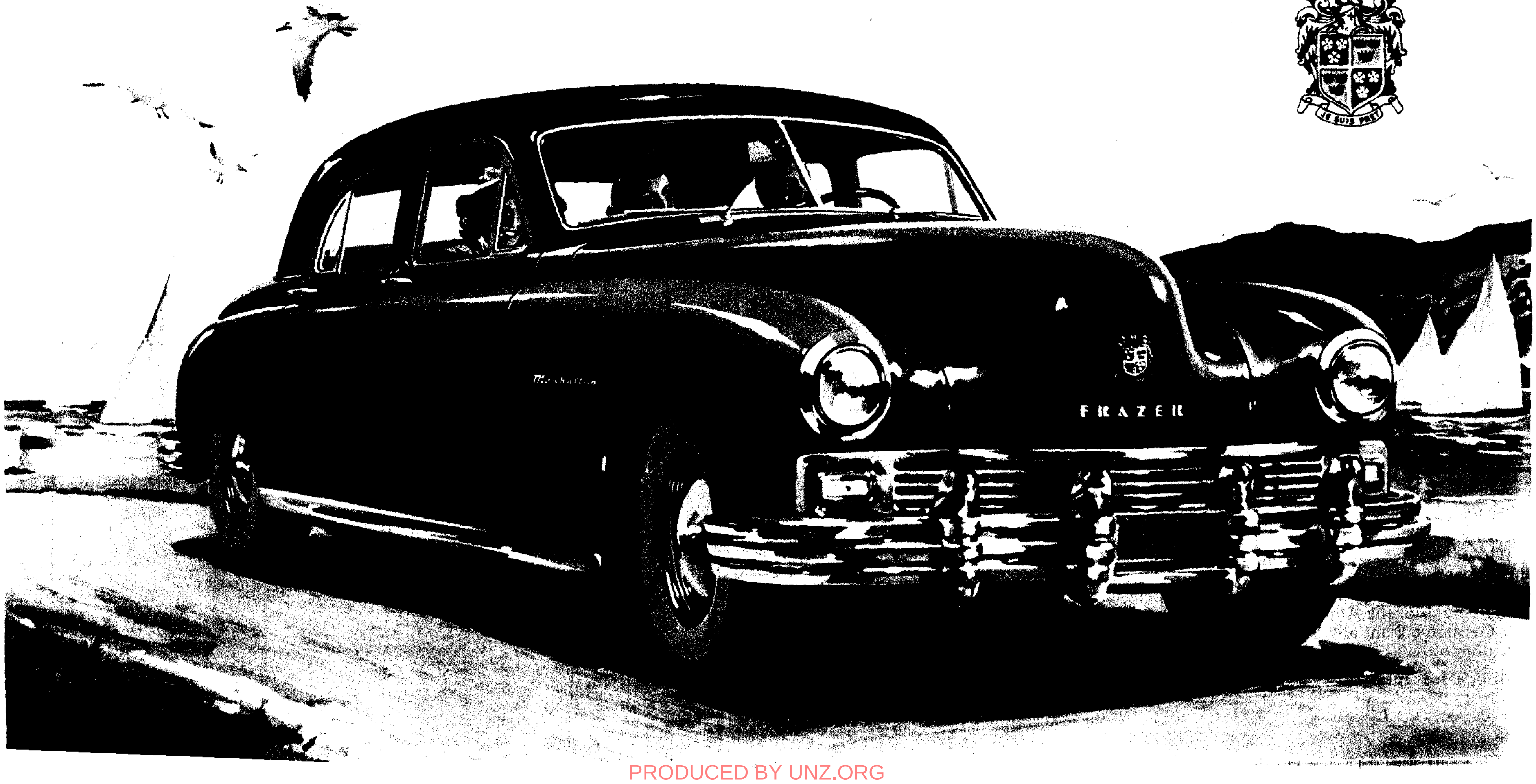


# CITY WITHOUT SECRETS

Continued from page 13

book, "but a first-class reporter gets stories he isn't sent after." By this definition, most Missourian reporters are aces, but few can top Martha Ann Turner's private coverage last year of Winston Churchill's visit to near-by Westminster College of Fulton.

In Fulton without a press pass, against competition from half the Missourian staff and the relatively few but illustrious colleagues from the world press, Martha Ann decided her best bet was to observe "the little things that tell you so much about a person." With many guards out front, she was surprised how easy it was to walk around the hill in back and enter through the kitchen.

The maids there were too busy cleaning up after luncheon to remember "the little things" about Mr. Churchill or President Truman, and Martha Ann was practically shooed into the dining room where she stood in the doorway and watched the two statesmen putting on their coats to leave for the auditorium.

"The President gave me the *nicest* smile," says Martha Ann, but Churchill didn't give her a tumble. "Probably he was nervous about having to speak," she thinks. When they left, the only thing to do was to go upstairs and look around. Mr. Churchill's bedroom was a disappointment. Everything was neatly packed in valises bearing the simple initials "W.C."—everything, that is, except the Churchill cigar box on the chest of drawers. The cigars were "simply huge," according to Martha Ann, who was looking for the little things. She took two of them just in case anybody at the paper questioned her story.

Soon after, the F.B.I. men descended on the house, demolished the mattress on which Churchill slept and took apart most of the bedroom furniture. Evidence had turned up that someone had been in his room while he made his speech, and the F.B.I. were taking no chances on delayed-action bombs.

It was all news to Martha Ann when she heard of the ruckus the F.B.I. had made. After all, nobody paid any attention when she sauntered down the stairs and out the front door, toting a cigar in either hand. Back at the Missourian, they didn't pay much attention to her story, either. "Not factual enough," she was told. But her hometown paper, the Memphis Press-Scimitar, published it in full. "And I reckon," says Martha Ann, "it did clear up quite a lot of facts for the F.B.I."

It isn't often, though, that news turns up around Columbia in person. Mostly Missourian reporters have to dig it up from under the placid surface of town and campus. In one year of interviewing, Missourian representatives rang 16,000 doorbells by actual count. Statistics are a great help, too.

"I just found out we're going to have 2,600 babies here this year," exclaims a girl reporter dashing into the city room.

"A good way to attract favorable attention from the city editor," it says in the Missourian rule book, "is to volunteer news stories or suggestions for news stories." Many of the university's married veterans live in government trailers installed on vacant lots throughout town, and one cub out to curry favor with his city editor noticed the size of the trailer doors. They are very small. Suppose a veteran's wife, about to have a baby, found she couldn't get out? The news desk was not favorably impressed.

A few days later, though, the cub had his story—in reverse. One of the heftiest of the local doctors, summoned to a delivery case in one of the trailers, had trouble getting through the door.

"Tripod," the 3-legged mongrel the Missourian staff rescued from the gas chamber, is good for a feature now and then, in thanks for which the reporters deposit his daily half pound of hamburger in a dish outside the office of Dean Frank Luther Mott, Ph.B., A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D., L.H.D.

But in a town with a girl population of 9,000 from Stephens Christian College and the university, the best news source in the animal world is the common mouse. On the feature side, Jane Carruthers wrote the definitive piece on the rodent entitled What Makes a Good Mouse. In England, Jane noted with interest, mouse Derbies are gaining a popular following that rivals horse racing.

In the spot news field, honors this year go to the mouse that disrupted and almost wrecked a girls' rooming house. The Missourian reporter described how a nightgowned posse of roomers hurled hairbrushes, mirrors, books and chairs as they chased the intruder from attic to basement. No names were mentioned—yet the day after the story, a dozen landladies stormed into the city room demanding a retraction. The mouse, incidentally, got away.

Not all Missourian representatives are looking for news. Success in obtaining advertising, the students learn, is also important in running a newspaper. Against the rival Tribune's six paid solicitors, the Missourian throws an army of over a hundred in the siege of local business firms. "At least my store is never empty," one local merchant comments.

But over at the Tribune, Publisher H. J. Waters (himself a graduate of the journalism school) makes no bones about it. "It's unfair competition anyway you look at it," he tells you. "They don't have to pay their staff, and whenever they run into a tough account they hire a professional ad man to get the business." Even at the Missourian they admit their setup is hard to beat. With none of the usual worries about overhead, the paper's educational charter also exempts them from income tax, Social Security and the provisions of the State Compensation Act.

But the Tribune, with a circulation of 7,400 against the Missourian's 4,500 manages to do all right. Its solicitors, though few, are experienced and there to stay, while the student shock troops change two or three times a year. This can be a real disadvantage, as one girl found out when she tackled her first account, a men's clothing store named after the university's tiger symbol.

"Is Mr. Tiger in?" she inquired sweetly.

"I am Mr. Tiger," said the manager and gave a loud roar. The girl fled.

Beginners who set out to learn by experience are bound to make a few mistakes and one of them, which crops out far less often now than before the war, is the Hollywood notion that the reporter is a very tough egg. Last semester, one cub spent his first morning in the city room wearing his hat on the back of his head and dangling a cigarette from his lips—unlighted, of course, since smoking in campus buildings isn't permitted.

"Columbia Missourian, go ahead!" he answered the phone in an ominous monotone. A Ladies Aid secretary calling to report a sociable was so startled she couldn't speak for an instant. "What's the pitch, lady?" growled the cub. An assignment to cover the sociable soon brought him face to face with the stark realities of practical journalism.

Writing, too, the cub soon discovers, is a lot harder than it looks in the movies. "The bullet," he pecks out eagerly after a visit to police headquarters, "hit the girl he was engaged to's brother." Headlines have to tell the gist of a story in so many lines of so many characters; and even when the cub has accomplished this feat, some killjoy can always find fault with a masterpiece like:

MARRIAGE OFTEN UN-
NECESSARY, DECLARES
PASTOR COUNSELING
YOUTH TO "WAIT AND
BE SURE"

The first weeks, though, smooth off most of the rough edges and every class has its quota of "naturals"—cubs who could hold down paying jobs on any newspaper. What with the G.I. Bill of Rights enabling veterans to complete their college education, the Missourian also gets students with more actual newspaper experience than some of their faculty bosses, who have to decide what gets into print.

Since newsprint is limited, this poses a real problem: how to select from its enormous news and editorial output the small fraction the Missourian has space to publish.

"I believe," wrote founder Walter Williams in the famous Journalist's Creed inscribed in bronze in the Missourian headquarters, "that suppression of the news, for any consideration other than the welfare of society, is indefensible . . . that individual responsibility may not be escaped by pleading another's instructions or another's dividends."

Students and faculty members alike will tell you it's hard to live up to that standard against the Missourian's editorial policy, which they define as "Stay out of trouble"—not only with state legislators always ready to cry "Red" but with the local community, a Middle Western town with a strong Southern exposure to "white supremacy."

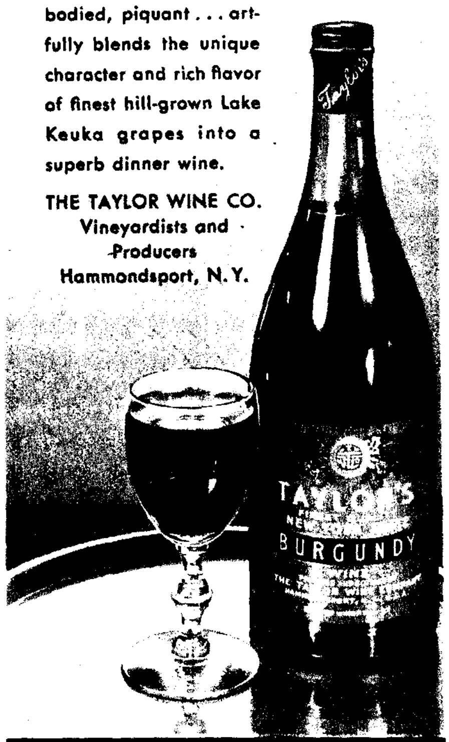
But restrictions bother Missourian reporters far less than you'd think. Spread throughout the town in concentration of two to every city block, they boast a word-of-mouth circulation bigger than their paper. So long as they go on reporting out loud, Columbia will remain a peculiarly vivid example of an American phenomenon—a city without secrets.

THE END

## PORTRAIT OF A HOUSEWIFE TALKING TO HERSELF AS SHE PACKS FOR THE FAMILY'S SUMMER VACATION

**We'll load up the car, and get started by ten,**
**And not six A.M. as we planned.**
**We've done it before and we'll do it again.**
**We'll load up the car, and get started by ten.**
**This schedule is very much frowned on by men—**
**It's something they can't understand.**
**We'll load up the car, and get started by ten,**
**And not six A.M. as we planned.**

**—Margaret Fishback**



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Taylor's New York State Burgundy . . . richer, full-bodied, piquant . . . artfully blends the unique character and rich flavor of finest hill-grown Lake Keuka grapes into a superb dinner wine.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
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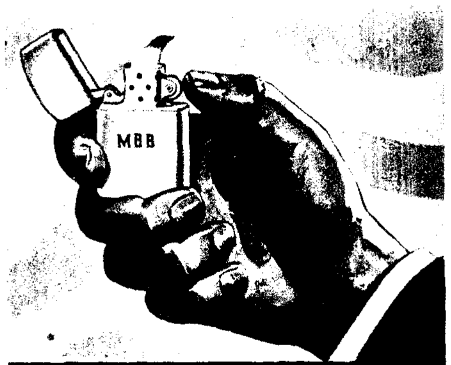
TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK



ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER
The Lighter that made the World Lighter-Conscious
ZIPPO MFG. CO. BRADFORD, PA.

IT'S A GIFT

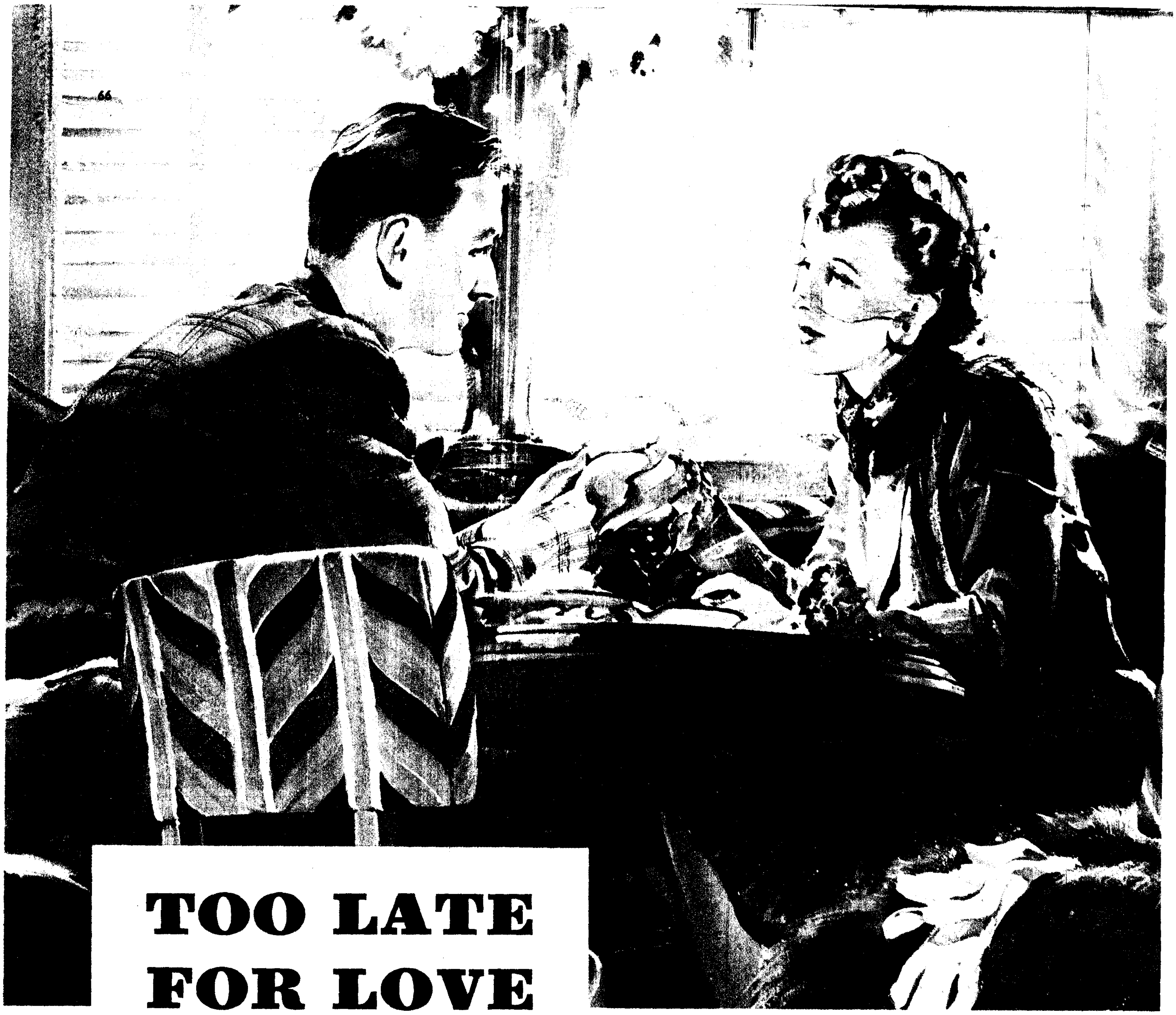
Permanent wick, abundant fuel supply. Patented hinge-lock and assembly. "Sure spark" wheel. Life-time guaranteed, no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

STREAMLINE SILVERLIKE CASE $2.50

Facsimile of any signature or three initials, $1.00 extra. Also sports motifs, fraternal or club emblems, special trade mark designs, etc., available.

Exquisite Engine Turned Case in 14K Gold $175 or Sterling Silver $20, Plain Gold Case $165. Plain Silver $15 (plus 20% Federal tax).

ORDER FROM YOUR FAVORITE DEALER



# TOO LATE FOR LOVE

### BY THOMAS W. PHIPPS

As if sensing her thoughts, Cass touched her fingers. "Dear Marjorie, it's always too late, isn't it?" It's madness, she thought quickly, but I wonder—I wonder if it is too late

**—but for Cass it was never too late for deception**

MARJORIE stopped the taxi a block from the hotel. It had been drizzling all day and now the late afternoon sun had broken through and there was an inviting freshness in the air. As she paid the driver, a young boy with sparkling black eyes touched her on the arm and held out a basket stacked high with violets.

"What do you say, lady? A bunch of these and you can't lose—"

"No, thank you," she said, with a smile.

The boy shrugged and turned away. Marjorie walked on. When she reached the entrance to the hotel she hesitated. She slipped her fur over her arm and lightly touched the fringes of her soft, brown hair; then she turned resolutely and went into the lobby.

She had been waiting only a few minutes when Cass pushed through the revolving doors. He was wearing an old riding jacket of his father's; in one hand he had a thick hawthorn stick, and in the other a small bunch of violets. He stood just inside the doorway, acclimating himself to the heat and smoke of the crowded lobby, his long, thin face more poetic than ever, and then he saw her.

She was sitting in a big leather chair, her head, as always, a little on one side as if she were listening to some private music, her white-gloved hands folded in her lap. For a moment Cass stared at her, then he waved the violets and started over.

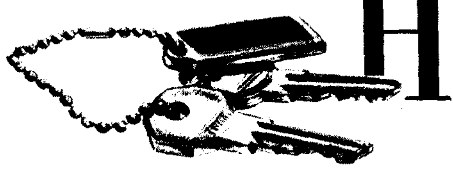
Marjorie sat quite still. This was the first time she had seen Cass in three months. After fifteen years of marriage they had had a trial separation and now, here they were, coming face to face to turn in the results.

All the way on the train coming East, Marjorie had been rehearsing this meeting; exactly what she was going to say and how she was going to say it. But now, with Cass only a few yards away, her mind went into a total blackout and, like a small girl about to play To a Wild Rose at a school concert and forgetting the opening bars, she felt a sudden panic. It didn't really surprise her because Cass had always affected her that way. Alone, she was articulate and sure, but under the cold scrutiny of his dark eyes she became confused and tongue-tied. She reached for her bag and looked hurriedly around for the ladies' room; she needed a few minutes' reprieve, but it was too late. He was already at her side.

"Hello, Marge," he said in a rich, low voice.

*(Continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



# Help yourself to Some Super Driving

GO AHEAD—take the wheel of a Hudson, first chance you get. And as you press the starter button, look around you!

**Catch the gleam** of color that smiles up at you from the hood. Glance at luxurious upholstery, in an unusual fabric-leathergrain combination. Then relax into your favorite driving position on Airfoam cushions. You're about to find out why the word *"Super"* has always been identified with Hudson.

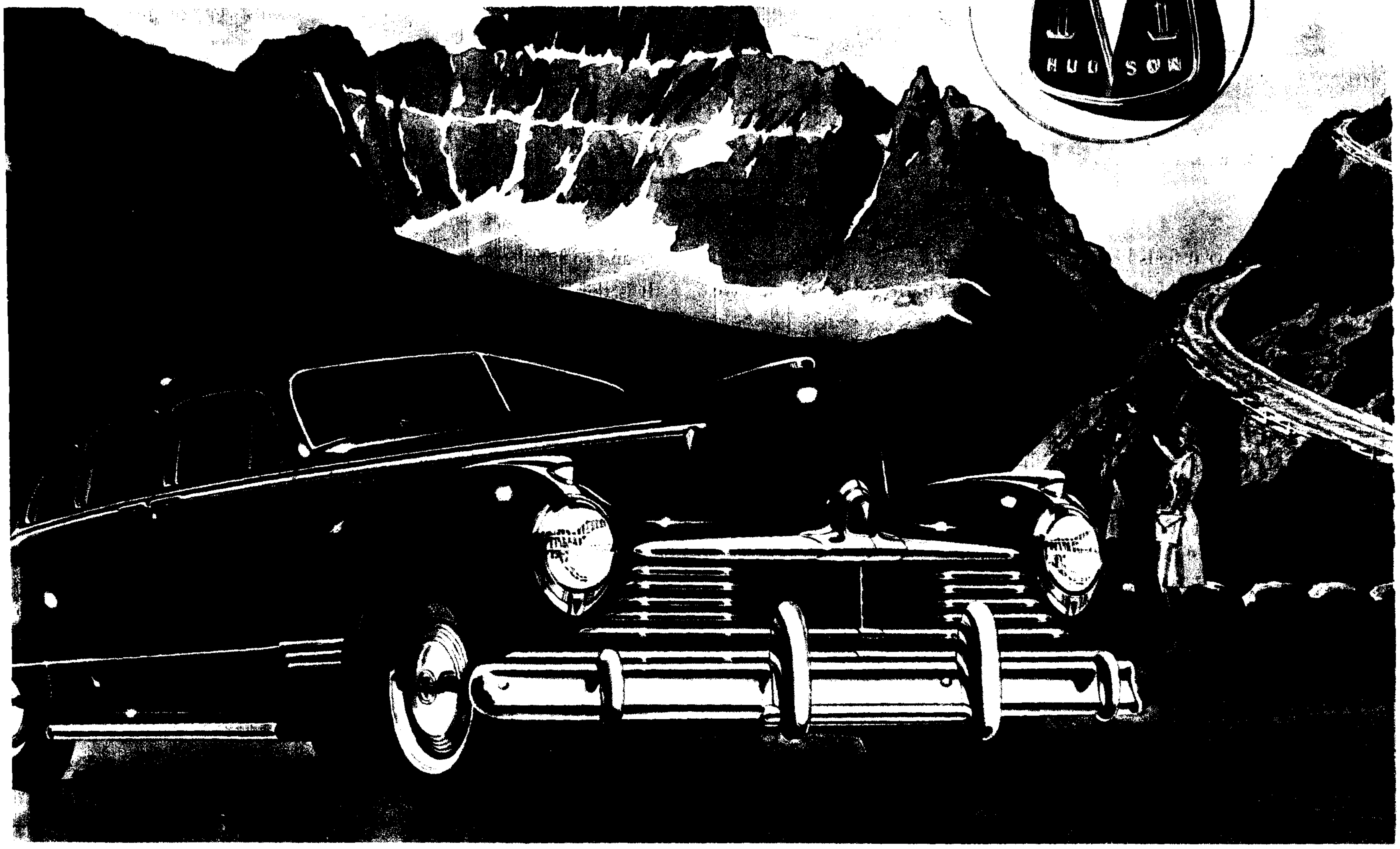
**As you move out,** listen for that Hudson Super-Six or Super-Eight engine. You won't hear a thing, for it is smooth power, perfectly balanced, that has won for Hudson 149 *official* records—more than are held by any other stock car in the world.

**Pick out a sharp** turn. Hudson rounds it with less turning of the steering wheel than you'd expect. The little steering you do is *completely effortless,* and you'll notice there's no swing or sway. Then have a go at a rough road . . . you'll wonder who *smoothed it out* since you last drove it!

**Yes, help yourself** to some *Super* driving. Your Hudson dealer, one of a nationwide group of 3,000, is ready—the sooner you see him, the quicker you can enjoy *Super* driving every day!

## HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



*Two famous lines—the Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—in popular body styles. Your choice, in either series, of 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines. Your choice, too, in both series, of nine fresh new colors and four 2-tone combinations; with a wide optional selection of equipment and accessories.*

# What every bride *shouldn't* know:

WHAT it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own . . . and never quite getting it . . .

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see the Joneses and the Does and the Smiths able to travel abroad—but never you . . .

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these things.

But the closest thing to it for most of us is something so easy and so simple that you almost forget it's there.

It is the Payroll Savings Plan. Or—for people not on payrolls—the new Bond-a-Month Plan at your bank.

Each is a plan for buying U. S. Savings Bonds automatically.

Either one of these plans helps you—as does no other system we know of—to save money regularly, automatically, and surely—and to hang on to that money till you need it.

So if you're a groom—or a bride—or if you know one, here's a bit of friendly advice to take or to give:

**Get on the Payroll Savings Plan** where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

It's one of the finest things that a young couple can do to start married life right.

## Save the easy, automatic way...with U.S. Savings Bonds

***Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.***

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# DARK HORSE TO RIDE

Continued from page 15

got a bellyful of this Slippers business."

"Sure, I know. Your brain's chewing a lot, but not digesting much. You figured fighting's the answer—it isn't." Petey whistled to the waiter for more coffee. After he'd gotten it and tasted it, he said, "Maybe, after you're married, you can sorta spread out into a little ranching, an' after a while slink outa the farming."

"That's what I figure."

"She must be something, to whip you into line this way."

"She is." Jeff put his elbows on the table, leaning forward. "You know the color of blue lupine in May?"

"Yes—"

"That's her eyes. You've seen a black Angus shined up for a fair?"

Petey nodded. "Slide the butter closer."

Jeff moved the butter plate. "That's her hair. You've seen a yearling filly? A hotblood? An Arab? That's her figure. Just to be around her makes me—"

Petey coughed a delicate little cough behind his hand. "What does she think of your riding today?"

"She doesn't know. Hell! I haven't seen her but twice in six weeks. It's twenty-seven miles from my place to the Teapot." Jeff looked as if he wanted to spit. "I can't get over there and back between milkings. It's only once in a long while I can get Hoe-Handle Jake to come in and sit up with the cows."

"What d'you figure she'll say?" Petey asked.

"She'll understand, maybe." Then, as if arguing with himself: "I've got to make enough money to pay back the bank." He ran his thumbnail along the blue oilcloth. "I bet Mack Thomas fifty I'd finish one-two in the all-around championship."

Petey snorted and pretended he was caught with a fit of coughing. "That wasn't smart. You're sore at Mack because he wouldn't give you a re-ride last year at Miles City." Petey shook his head. "You've got your work cut out for you, son. Pete Day's down from Calgary and all last season Tom Triplett ran you even Stephen—and he's getting better. I don't know how much that horse Zeke took out of you. I felt that when you said you didn't think you could ride him full rig and pulling leather. The Jeff Benton I knew would o' cut his throat before saying that."

Petey shoved back his chair and stood up slowly. "It's time we go to the chutes."

WHILE waiting for the calf roping, Jeff let his Pronto horse sashay around to get warmed up. He picked Edith out in the grandstand; he had at east one friend in the crowd. From the spectators he felt the chill of hostility—his play with Pooley had brought that on. With the riders he was a maverick, and he missed their good-natured ragging that softened the sharp edge of nerves.

Jerry Loomis, in the judges' stand, ifted his megaphone. "Chicken Farmer Slippers coming out," he bellowed.

Jeff's face went red at the cackling aughter that rolled across the arena. Mechanically he straightened Pronto—he calf broke and the flag dropped. He got the calf in fourteen seconds. It stood until Tom Triplett did thirteen eight, and Pete Day thirteen and two-tenths seconds. Through the rest of the events he ound himself just short of tops.

When it was over he went to the pennant-shaped tent to draw for the next day nd collect his daily money. His lone first was bulldogging, and he knew that he steer he'd drawn was a weak-necked, crawny critter.

Mack Thomas grinned as he paid him. You wouldn't like to pay that fifty now, would you?"

"I'm just getting warmed up, Mack." eff made the words sound confident, but he didn't have the old fire. Something was gone. . . .

When the orchestra from Great Falls opened the first dance, Jeff was standing before Edith and Martha. Harry Strange came from nowhere out of the crowd, and taking his wife by the arm led her onto the dance floor.

"Harry still puckered?" Jeff asked Edith.

She made a little face. "He's jealous of you."

JEFF held out his arms and she came to him—lovely, slim and tanned—and he wondered if there really was as much lupine on the prairie that spring as he thought there was, or was he just remembering her eyes?

He tried to make easy talk, but the response he got was restrained, cool. When the number was done, he said, "Let's take a walk."

They edged through the crowd and walked toward the chutes and the deserted grandstand. A steer in the corral back of the chutes was bawling to the world, and a rising moon lighted a halo over the eastern hills.

"I suppose I'd better get home and make a pretense of eatin' supper"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

"Like the show today?" Jeff asked.

"It was thrilling—and brutal."

"Are you huffy because I'm riding?"

"No, it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"The trouble you made when you rode into town today—Pooley." She looked up at him. "That was mean, Jeff, just plain mean."

"He asked for it."

"By calling you Slippers?" she asked sharply. "Where's your sense of humor?"

"I guess I lost that when Zeke dumped me."

"You lost more than that. You've changed a great deal in the past week."

Jeff dug his heels into the ground and stopped short. "I've changed my way of living—tried to change my thinking because of you; now you don't like it!"

"We're not talking about the same thing."

"What are we talking about?"

"You—"

"I can't keep up with you. Let's go back." He saw Edith to Martha's side and turning on his heel, left the pavilion.

As Jeff turned his back on her, Edith Oliver had an idea. She turned to Martha. "Do you know Petey Wells?"

"Yes."

"I want to meet him—right away."

Martha waved toward the stag line. A half-dozen riders broke toward her. Gently waving her hand and shaking her head, she cut them down, one by one, until Petey came across the floor in his peculiar hitching stride.

"Petey," Martha said. "Meet Edith Oliver—and she wants to meet you."

"Mr. Wells, will you dance with me?"

"Why, sure, if you can get used to my gait. It's something like a Percheron with stringhalts."

Edith rose and went into Petey's arms and they moved slowly around the floor. "You're a good friend of Jeff Benton's, aren't you?" she asked.

"Win, lose or draw, he's my boy."

"I thought so. He's told me a lot about you." She smiled. "I want you to do something for him—and me."

"What?"

Quickly, a bit breathlessly, Edith told him of their quarrel, of her plan and what she wanted.

Petey shook his head. "Can't do it! It'd be plumb dishonest."

"Not even for Jeff?"

"Not for my own mother."

"It's the only thing that will straighten Jeff out—and I won't marry him the way he is now."

"I'm sorry, Edith honey, but it's no dice." Petey ground his teeth when he saw the tears in her eyes. Jeff was right about the lupine. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Petey." Edith tossed her head back and looked up at him and the tears were gone. "Let's just dance and have fun." . . .

When Jeff entered Morgan's, the bar was deserted save for Pooley Jones. Jeff wondered if he had left the place at all during the day.

"Hi ya, Pooley?"

Pooley grunted. Jeff edged up to the bar alongside the man and waved to Morgan. "Two glasses and a bottle."

Pouring the drinks carefully as though it were a rite and a privilege, Jeff slid one near the old rider's elbow. "I'm sorry about this morning."

Pooley turned to the bar. He looked at the drink and looked at Jeff. "I was out o' line, way out."

"I wish you'd forget the whole deal," Jeff said.

The corners of Pooley's heavy mouth turned up and his jowls flushed pink. He hooked two fingers around the glass. "Mud in your eye, Jeff." Throwing back his head he tossed the drink down in one motion.

They cemented the good feeling built on the first with two more.

"I never saw you ride, Pooley."

"Little before your time."

"Were you out today?" Jeff nodded in the direction of the chutes.

"Yup."

"What's wrong with me, Pooley? My riding?"

"You're not sure any more, Jeff. You go through the motions all right, but it appears to me like you're looking for a soft place to land." Pooley pulled his shoulders up in a shrug. "It's a funny thing about that. One day I was a top bronc rider, the next day I wasn't. It was a funny thing," he repeated softly.

Jeff slid two silver dollars across the bar to Morgan. "Eight drinks out of this." Pocketing his change he went to the door. "Take care of yourself, Pooley."

"Same to you, son."

Returning to the dance pavilion, he stood in the circle of stags and watched Edith dance three straight with Petey Wells. Petey was cantering through the steps with a small hitch in his hips as though he needed a spread of axle grease in his joints.

Flipping his cigarette over the rail, Jeff went to his room over the Chinaman's and went to bed.

WHEN Jeff was through his last event the next afternoon he went to the barbershop and had the zinc tub filled with hot water. He climbed in, bone-tired and sore, letting the hot water ease the aching fatigue from his body. "You're washed up, cow-poke," he told himself, "in more than one way."

He was late getting to the headquarters tent and the place was empty save for Petey Wells. "Here's your daily money, Jeff."

"How'd I do?"

"You won the bulldogging and bareback ride; second in the calf roping, third in th' rest." Petey shuffled his feet and studied the shine on his boots. "I drew for you. You drew Midnight in the saddle-bucking finals."

"Never heard of him. He's probably a sleepwalker."

"They say he's a hell-roarer."

"How do I stack up on all-around points?"

"Third. It's a Mexican stand-off between Pete Day and Tom Triplett. You ride this Midnight horse tomorrow, and you've still got a chance to make Mack Thomas pay off." Petey made a cigarette and lighted it. "I met your girl."

"She's not my girl."

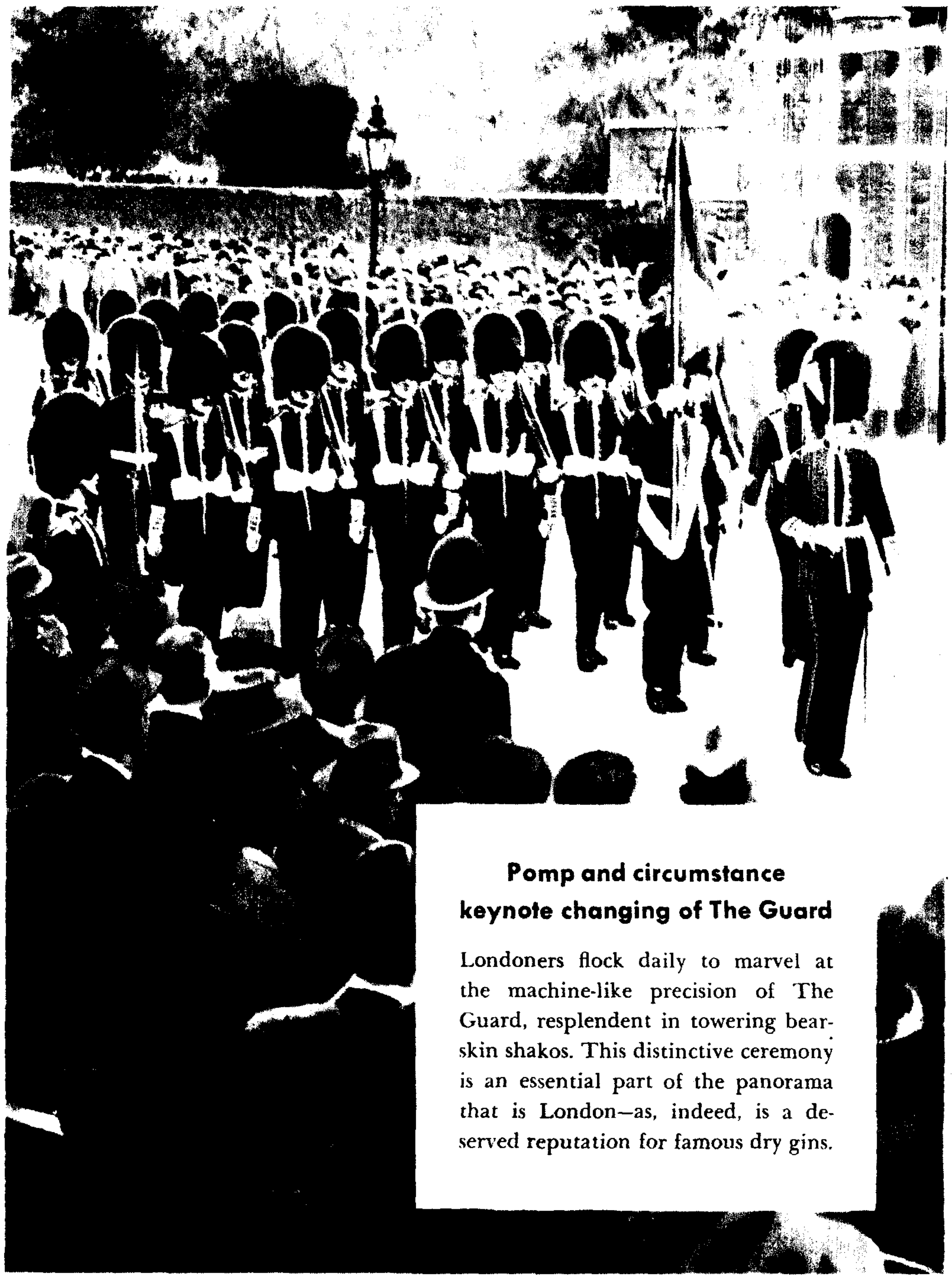
"That ruckus you two had, it'll straighten out."

Jeff shook his head. "Not a chance, Petey. We don't think alike." . . .

He knew he was shadow-jumping with his pride, but he didn't go near the dance. He moped around Morgan's, and Pooley Jones came in—Pooley was drunk.

"Been looking for you," he said thickly. "They're fixin' to frame you."

"Who's going to frame me, Pooley?"



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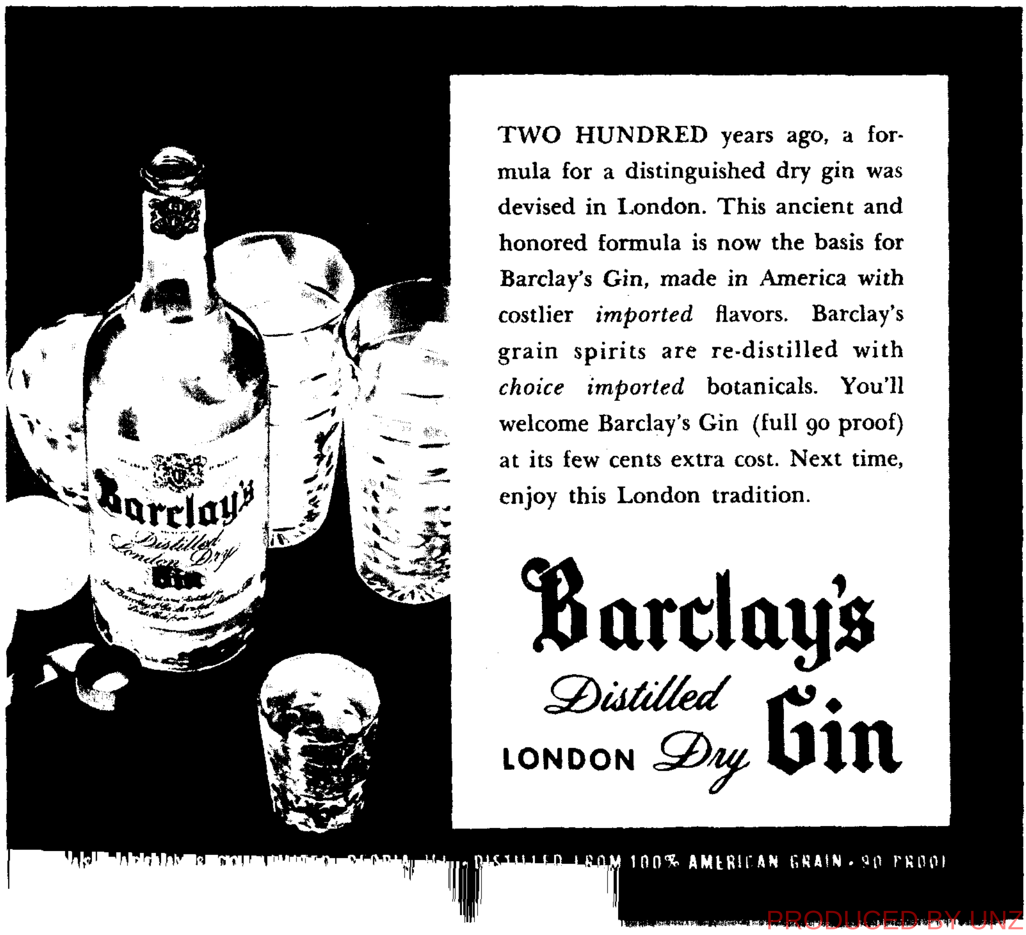

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"Some wise jazzbos who don't like you."

"How?"

"You jus' keep your peepers open," Pooley said mysteriously and would say no more.

Jeff shrugged. He bought Pooley a drink he didn't need and went to bed.

The next day as he made ready to go into the hole for the calf roping, he searched the stands for Edith but couldn't spot her. He drew a long breath. Win or lose, frame-up or no frame-up, he'd shoot the works and give them something to remember him by!

Pronto broke after the calf, tiptoeing. Jeff made his throw with a short rope, tied fast and was swinging down the rope before the calf tail-snapped around.

"Eleven seconds even!" Jerry Loomis bawled through the megaphone and there was a roar from the crowd. Jeff whistled through his teeth as he rode away.

The steer he drew for bulldogging was too big, too strong and too mean. He was on him four jumps from the hole, but lost time stopping him and more time throwing him. He limped away from the animal with strings of red-hot fire streaming through his groin. Pete Day won the event, with Tom Triplett second. The seesaw fight continued.

Breaking from the chute on Monkeyshines in the bareback event, Jeff rode him high, wide and handsome, but he thought he was going to keel over after the pickup. He walked stiff-legged to the rail and leaned against it. Finding a place in the shade, he lay down. He was fagged and the fire in his groin was burning into his stomach. He closed his eyes and didn't get up until he heard Jerry Loomis over the megaphone: "Slippers coming out o' Chute Three on Midnight."

CLIMBING the rail to the chute top, he looked down on the horse. Something hit him a wallop in the solar plexus. Beneath him, ready to go, was Zeke. Swinging around, he glared at Petey Wells in the judges' stand.

"You dirty, double-crossing dog!" he yelled. Pooley had been right, after all.

Petey made vague motions with his hands.

"Now we'll weed out the chicken farmers from the bronc riders," Tom Triplett shouted.

"Are you coming out, or do I disqualify you?" Mack Thomas shouted at him.

"I'm coming out—" Jeff settled into the saddle and the gate swung open.

Midnight erupted with a bawl. He caprioled so high it looked as though he were walking the top rail of the chutes. When he came down, his nose was between his front legs and flirting with his tail. He sunfished as he reached for the sky again. On the third jump he hit the center of the arena and when he came down his legs were four rigid poles of granite. For one blinding moment Jeff thought he was gone. His wishbone jammed against the horn and his knees went weak from the pain in his stomach, but he recovered, and in that moment he came to love the horse under him. He swept him from ears to tail, but his spurs left no mark. Midnight was giving him a ride that would clear up a lot of things, and would get no spur from him.

He knew now what Edith had been talking about, and it had nothing to do with riding broncs or chicken farming.

Jeff heard the pistol shot that marked the end of the ride and the pickup horses came in. He slid off the far side of the snubbing horse and went to his knees. Getting to his feet he walked stiff-legged to the fence; if he bent his knees they would cave on him. With the roar of the crowd beating wildly, he tried to roll a cigarette, but his fingers wouldn't work right, and he ground the tobacco and paper under his heel.

Loosening his belt from around his throbbing stomach muscles, he headed for the judges' stand; he had a date with Petey. All along the way, he got yells from the gang that put kinks in his spine. It was like the day Tom Three-Persons rode Strawberry!

"Great ride, Slippers!"

He cocked his hat and grinned at them. Going to the trough by the pens he washed his face and waited. When the last event was over, Petey Wells came down from the stand and stood near him.

"Did Harry Strange and Tom Triplett get you to draw Zeke for me?" he asked Petey.

"Nope, Harry don't own him any more."

"Edith buy him?" Jeff felt he was on the right track now.

"Night before last, after your ruckus."

"How'd you settle on a name like Midnight?"

Petey smiled. "Well, he's a black horse an' it took till midnight for Edith to talk me into making the draw. I had to check with three people first—Mack Thomas, Tom Triplett an' Pete Day. Mack was willing, I might say eager, fifty dollars eager. Tom jumped, figuring Midnight would throw you right out o' the finals. Pete Day said he didn't care what horse you rode; that's the kind of a rider Pete is."

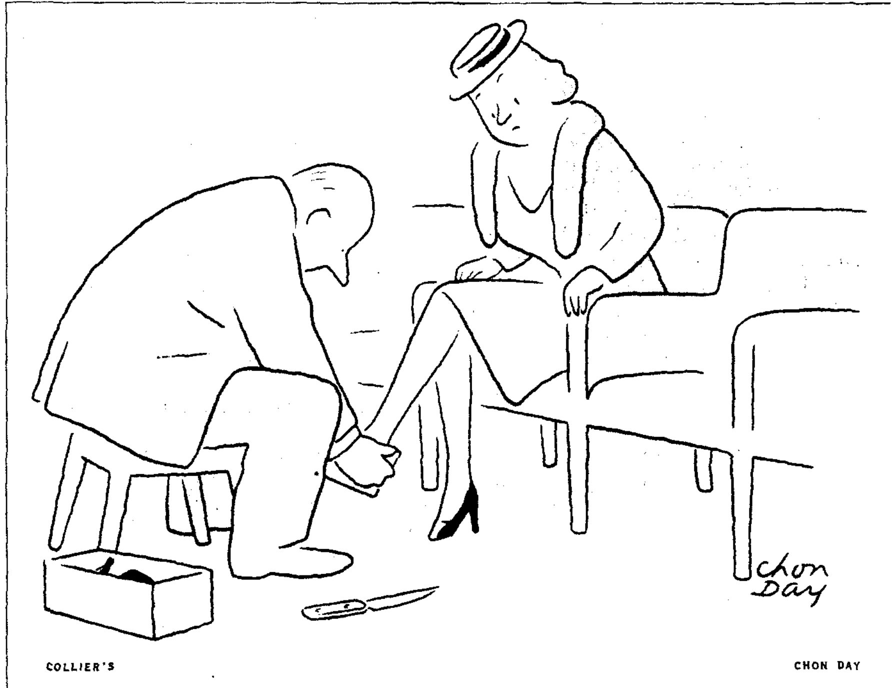
"I didn't see Edith in the stands—"

"She figured she couldn't take it. She said if you was interested, she'd be waiting at the ford."

Jeff tried to be casual about it as he mounted. "Thanks, Petey," he said.

Pronto was full of go as he took the trail to the Teapot Ford.

THE END



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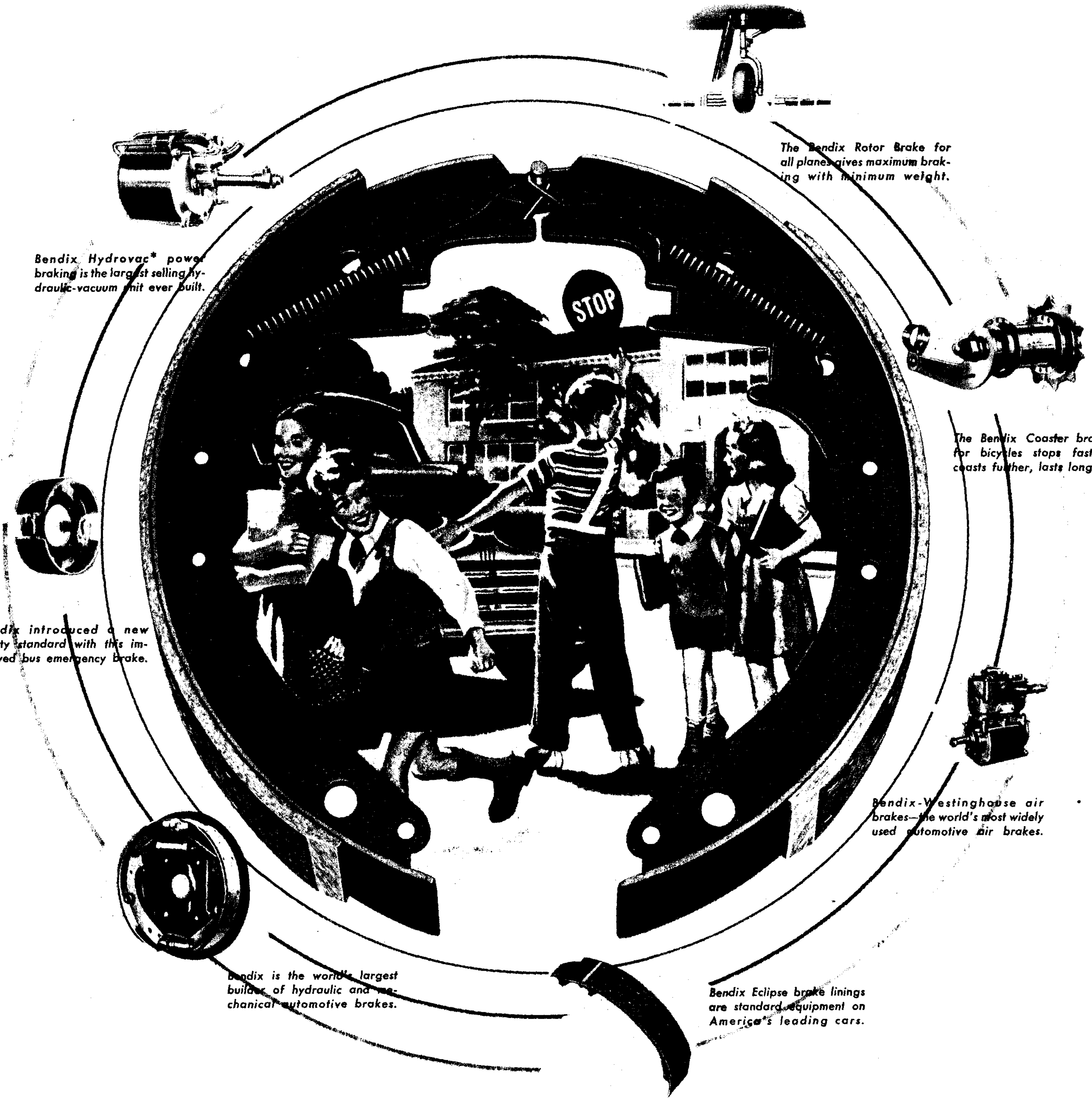

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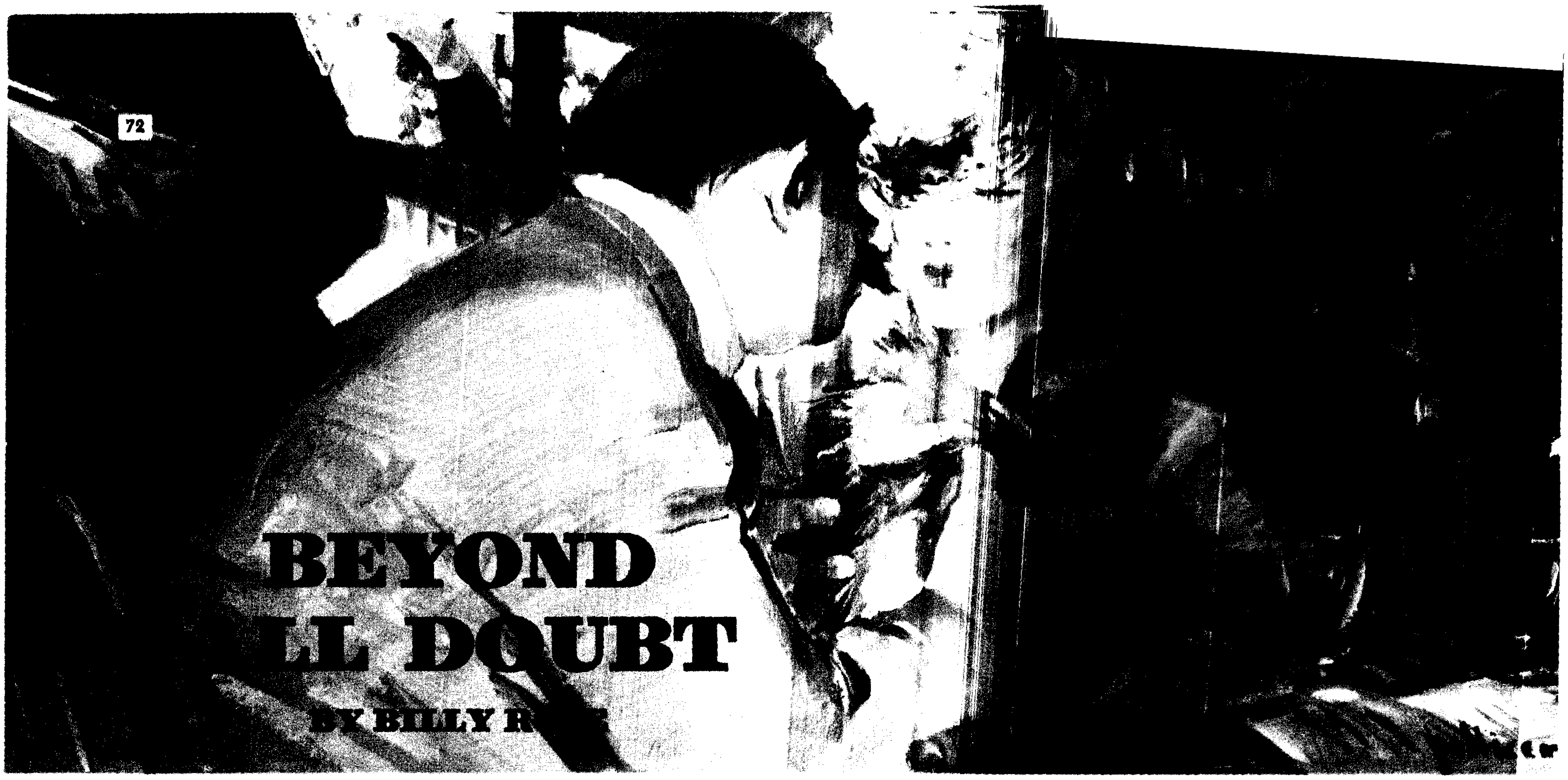

# BEYOND LL DOUBT

BY BILLY R

Henri Volpin was reading his paper when the strange girl came in and sat down at his table. Volpin ordered a bottle of cognac and the pair began to talk

THEY'RE bringing Volpin in now," said the man from the London Express.

Most of the village of Villeroi was squeezed into the courtroom. The accused man sat down in the prisoner's box and rested his fat little hands on the rail. When he noticed people staring at them he tried to hide them in his lap.

"What could twelve women have seen in such a man?" the correspondent of the Paris Press wondered aloud.

Then the judge spoke: "The prosecution rested its case last night. The attorney for the defense may now proceed."

As Philippe Durand got to his feet, even the judge leaned forward. Every eye fixed itself on the man who had come down from the Belgian capital to defend Henri Volpin. This was the legendary criminal lawyer who had cheated the gallows seventy-one times in seventy-three murder trials—this baldish, paunchy little man, whose suit could have used a pressing!

"Not much to look at," said the bailiff to the clerk.

"Notice the suit he's wearing," whispered the Brussels reporter to a friend. "Back home he's one of our best-dressed men."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Durand began quietly. "Henri Volpin is accused of the murder of twelve women. For a week, I have listened as the prosecutor of this court tightened the noose around my client's neck.

"You may have wondered why I did not cross-examine the witnesses. You may have wondered why I did not try to confuse the woman who was so positive Volpin was the man she saw twenty meters away on a dark night. I passed up these tempting opportunities, gentlemen, because a lifetime in the courts has taught me that the character of the accused and the character of the evidence are more important than whether a certain clock is five minutes fast or slow.

"And now I ask you to remember that no eyewitness to any of the murders has been produced. No one has found so much as a fingernail of the missing girls. Your prosecutor has built his case on what we lawyers call circumstantial evidence—some half-remembered words, a button here, a few high-heeled shoes.

"At this moment, if you were polled, I know what your verdict would be. Some of you might even be glad to lend a hand with the rope."

"With pleasure," muttered the clerk.

Durand heard him and smiled in his direction. "It is clear Henri Volpin's time is running out," the lawyer went on. "Since this is so, perhaps we might use a few minutes of that time to review his life.

"I know something about such a life. Except for the name, the village I was born in is this village. My father, who was a judge in that village, in many ways resembled the honored judge who presides over this court. I remember a bookkeeper in my village who was a great deal like Henri Volpin. He was a quiet little man—no one ever gave him a second look.

"From the evidence I've heard this week, I gather that in the forty-one years Volpin has lived in Villeroi, scarcely anyone has given *him* a second look. And in a village such as Villeroi, that is not the usual thing. A necktie with a Brussels label, an extra glass of cognac, a walk with a girl is enough to get a man talked about.

"My client came as close to anonymity as is possible in Villeroi. On occasion, you discussed him. But we of the villages discuss everybody.

"ACCORDING to the testimony, here is what happened to this obscure bookkeeper: One evening a car drove up to your only hotel. An expensively dressed man and a girl wearing no stockings demanded and got the best room. The hotelkeeper's wife testified she heard loud talk in their room next morning. She told you the man drove away and left the girl behind. That afternoon, the strange girl walked into the little café where Henri was reading the Liége paper over a beer. She sat down with him.

"The waiter has told you Henri bought a bottle of cognac, and the pair discussed going to the bookkeeper's house. The strange girl was never seen again. The learned prosecutor has produced no one who actually saw them enter Volpin's house, but he introduced as evidence a high-heeled shoe found in Volpin's bedroom. The hotelkeeper's wife recognized it as the strange girl's.

"A week later, the attendant at the cinema saw Volpin sit down next to the Molreaux girl with the painted lips. The widow Préjean, Volpin's next-door neighbor, says she heard a woman laughing in Henri's house that night. She swears it was the laughter of the Molreaux girl. The Molreaux girl has not been seen since and the prosecution lays great stress on a green suède pump found in my client's bureau drawer.

"Next, you heard the testimony about Louise Rhon, the schoolmistress from Saint-Vith. The head of the school told you Mlle. Rhon resigned her position to come to Villeroi and marry a bookkeeper named Volpin. The cartman swore he deposited the lady and her baggage at the defendant's door. The prosecutor showed you a brown walking shoe discovered in M. Volpin's cellar, and Mlle. Rhon's sister came from Saint-Vith and positively identified it.

"You have heard the detailed testimony regarding the disappearance of eight other girls under more or less similar circumstances.

"When Moya, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Benois, vanished, the police arrested Henri Volpin. The bookkeeper had been seen buying her a bottle of perfume at the apothecary shop. A later search of Volpin's lodgings uncovered the assortment of high-heeled shoes.

"This is the case against Henri Volpin. M. Volpin may not be the kind of person you would choose as a friend, but you are not here to pass on his qualifications as a dinner guest. You are here to decide whether he lives or dies.

"Remember that under the laws of Belgium, it is not a capital offense to collect high-heeled shoes. Under the laws of Belgium, you must not send Henri Volpin to his death unless you are convinced—beyond a reasonable doubt—that he committed murder!"

The father of fifteen-year-old Moya jumped up. "There is no doubt!"

"Gentlemen of the jury," Durand went on, "if there is a doubt in your minds, you must acquit." He paused, looking at each juror in turn. "I say you *do* doubt," he whispered, "even though you don't know it yourselves!"

"There is no doubt! There is no doubt!" shouted the sister of the missing schoolteacher.

The judge quieted the court, and the paunchy little lawyer in the rumpled suit continued. "If one of the girls you are so sure is dead were to walk into this courtroom, what would you say? Would you then be so positive the other eleven are dead? Would you still be sure there is no doubt?"

He slowly raised his arm and pointed to the green-curtained door at the back of the court. "Gentlemen of the jury," he commanded, *"I ask you to direct your eyes to that door!"*

THERE was a sharp intake of breath as heads throughout the courtroom turned. The stenographer stopped writing. A small boy in front stood up. Almost everyone in the village was related to one of the missing girls. A draft from an open window fluttered the curtain in the doorway.

After what seemed like forever, when the silence was pounding in everyone's head, the attorney from Brussels spoke:

"Forgive me for building up your hopes. Forgive me for this shabby little trick. No one is going to walk through that door. *But I was the only one in this courtroom who was certain of that!* Everybody else thought somebody might. In every mind there was a doubt. And, gentlemen of the jury, if there was doubt in your mind a minute ago, how can you send this man to his death a minute later?"

Philippe Durand sat down.

"Your man from Brussels is really something," whispered the Paris correspondent to his Belgian friend. "Volpin will walk out of this courtroom a free man."

But Volpin didn't.

The verdict was guilty.

The sentence was death by hanging.

One of the jurors had noticed the bookkeeper had never once looked toward the door.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. L. PELLICER

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First over the Bars

# INSPECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE

Continued from page 11

Inspector Chafik answered with sharp reproof, "You can see for yourself. Those born in dirt die in dirt. Here is cleanliness. Furthermore, our records at headquarters should be known to you." And as rapidly as if his files and index cards were spread before him he recited the dead man's history, "Galani, Yusif. Born, Baghdad. Secondary-school education. Employment, clerical. Served as interpreter with British forces until 1945, when illness forced resignation. Brother of Hassan Galani, an official of the Finance Ministry—" Chafik shrugged and added, "It is on a white card and his life was equally as spotless. Who would kill such a man?"

When he crossed the threshold he raised his hand, touching first his forehead and then his heart with the tips of curved fingers, a salaam of respect to the dead. Although he glanced at the body stretched on a cot at the far side of the room, he did not immediately go to it, but surveyed the floor, the walls, and the clumsy thatch of date-palm fronds through which the sun slashed. He looked at the few pieces of furniture, unusual in such a hovel, and ran his finger along the back of the solitary chair. "Clean," he said. "Painfully clean." Drawing aside a curtain of sacking which covered one corner of the single room, he examined a pile of straw which had a fresh, aromatic smell. A ragged but neatly folded blanket held his attention. "Clean," he said again.

"And tidy," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"As if visitors were expected. The straw which was a bed for children has been newly shaken." Inspector Chafik made a gesture of annoyance and added, "Our records are not in order. There was no mention of children on the man's card, but two take his name."

"Sir?" said Abdullah, astonished.

"There is a food bowl by the dead man's side," Chafik explained. "You will see on the shelf three other bowls. Therefore, there are four people living here, for a poor man does not spend *fils* on what he does not need. The bed of straw is not sufficient for adults. Therefore we have children, and small children. Every fact fits as a thread in the design of a carpet. Let us see what pattern is woven here."

He went to the cot and looked carefully for the first time at the body. Galani had been a big man, but he was so wasted by disease that he now looked frail and brittle as a mummy. He lay on his back on a clean, patched sheet, his shoulders cradled by pillows. His only garment was a shirt of Egyptian cotton, fine as lawn. The comfortable appearance of the corpse was spoiled by a terrible bruise in the center of the forehead made by a heavy, blunt object which had crushed the skull. Some blood had oozed from the wound, but the main hemorrhage was inward and death must have been instantaneous.

On the floor was a towel folded three times like a bandage. There was blood on it, and Chafik, having looked from the pattern to the dead man, said to the alert sergeant, "Fetch me the policeman who was first called."

WHEN he was alone, Chafik completed a quick search of the hut and bent to examine a heavy stone which was hollowed to form a crude mortar. The pestle, also of stone, had a wooden handle bound with cloth. There was a small sack of grain, almost empty, near by, and as the policeman who had found the body came in, the Inspector said, "For grinding grain to make *khobis.*"

He looked up with surprise when the policeman respectfully answered, "Yes, sir. It is so used."

"So I speak my thoughts aloud?" smiled Chafik. "It is indeed a bad habit. May I now hear your report?"

"Sir, I am of the suburban mounted patrol. As I rode along the railway embankment I heard shouting and came down. There were many people about this hut and I ordered them away. Inside was the dead man as you see him. He had been discovered by a woman who cares for him when his wife is away—"

"Why does she go away?"

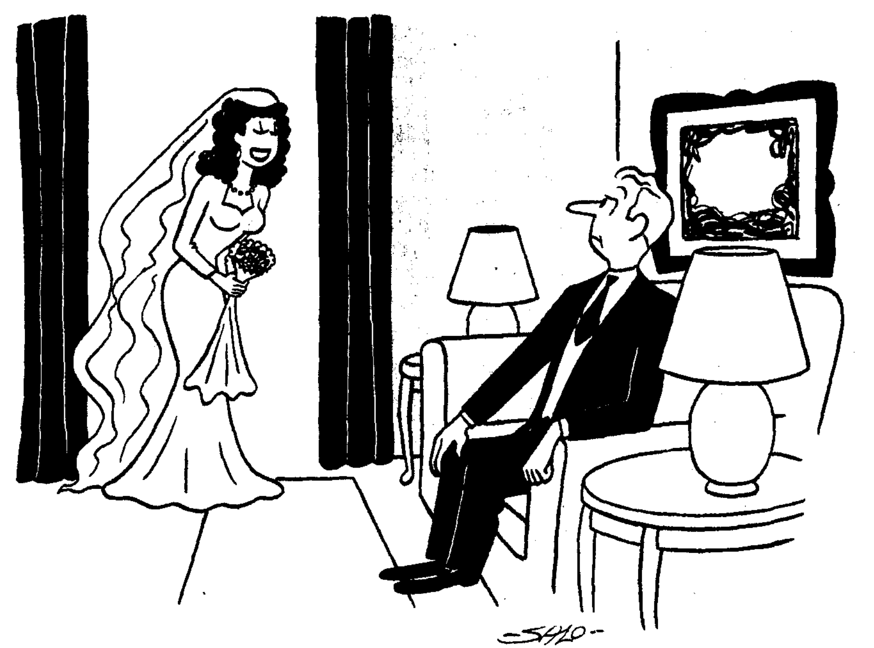
"Sir, she washes clothes for the effendis of Baghdad—"

"Hardly a living," said Chafik. "Soap has the value of gold, and customers are few now the British have gone. The husband, of course, could not work?"

"I have been two years on this patrol," the officer answered. "He has always been too ill to leave his hut." The picture of tragic poverty was getting clearer, but at the same time it became less and less clear why Yusif Galani should have died violently.

Once again the Inspector looked at the folded towel he had found on the floor, and holding it up he asked, "Where was this when you viewed the body?"

"I touched nothing, sir—but the woman who found him said there was a



"Thought you'd like to see how I'd look, just in case you ask me"

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cloth over his face, which she lifted."

Chafik said in a worried voice, "If the towel had been wetted to cool his brow the thing would be understandable. But it was not wetted. This is grotesque." He gently placed the cloth on the crushed head of Yusif Galani and added, "It covered his eyes." Turning to Sergeant Abdullah he said in an explanatory voice, "Obviously the pestle used for grinding grain was the weapon. It was replaced in the mortar afterward and is unstained because of the towel. You will find no fingerprints because the cloth binding of the handle presents a broken surface. I am undecided whether this is an exceptionally clever crime, or one of extreme stupidity."

"In either case you will solve it—"

"If God wills. I have no powers myself." Inspector Chafik took a final look around the room and going to the door said, "I leave you to receive the doctor, Abdullah. Medical evidence is often unintelligible to the lay mind and confuses thinking. But check on the nature of Galani's illness and ask about the drugs you will find by the bedside. It is possible that some drug made him sleep, and that he was killed when sleeping. The autopsy will give us the facts on those points."

He left, saying in a clear voice, "A comfortable corpse. A very fine shirt. Such cleanliness." Sergeant Abdullah watched him go, with affectionate amusement because he knew Inspector Chafik was unaware he was speaking thoughts.

OUTSIDE the hut in the shade of the courtyard wall a number of women were crouching, their black veils drawn to hide their faces. They wailed incessantly, hennaed finger tips fluttering against their lips to produce a high, bubbling cry. Chafik stopped and said, "Is the woman of Yusif Galani here?"

One who sat silently apart from the noisy wake, nursing a small child, answered, "I am the wife."

The Inspector said to the others, "It would be better to think of the living. Go back to your cooking pots." The women fled, their black garments fluttering in the hot wind like the ragged wings of crows.

The little man lighted a cigarette. He could see only the eyes and part of the forehead of Galani's wife, for the folds of her outer robe were modestly drawn. He noted the cleanliness of the child and was pleased with the mother's dignity. Here, he thought, is one with courage, but her suffering is too great to be relieved by tears. He moved awkwardly because he did not wish to intrude on grief, but questions had to be asked and he was glad when the woman opened the conversation by saying, "My man is dead."

"He is with God."

She answered in a voice husky with tears, "He was a good man. Why does God strike a good man with sickness and leave him helpless? Is there a God?"

Chafik said, shocked, "There is a God, or you and I would not be here. What name have you?"

"Zenobia—"

"I see only one child. There should be two."

"The other has gone for water," the Widow Zenobia said, and then lifting her head and with pride in her eyes, added, "He comes now. Truly as good a boy as his father was a good man." She was silent as a boy came up the path carrying a gourd of water, which he presently handed to her. He was a tall, thin lad, his only garment a cotton gown held at the waist with a strap. His head was wound with a ragged, but clean turban cloth and he looked at Chafik with the restless, searching look of one who, even at his age, lived by his wits. "Ahmed has ten years," the woman said. "He is a man."

Chafik said, "Then I will talk to him as a man," and turning to the son of Yusif Galani he asked, "Who killed your father?"

Ahmed answered, "I do not know, but when I find him I will take his life."

His mother clutched his hand, moaning, "Such words should not be in your mouth." To Chafik she said pleadingly, "He knows nothing, because he went early to the bazaars to earn money by carrying parcels."

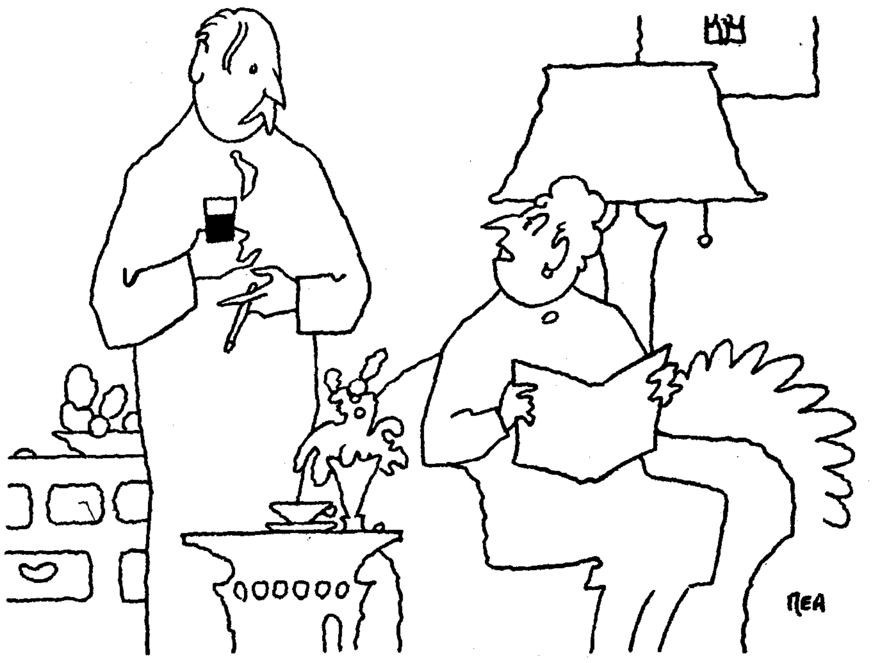
"I made twenty *fils*," the boy said proudly.

"Good!" Chafik suddenly smiled. Turning to the woman he asked, "Who killed your husband?"

"I know not." A hand still slender although work-hardened reached outward and upward and then fell listlessly to the ground. "I know not," the Widow Zenobia said again. "I went to the city with wash for a customer, taking my other child with me. There was some trouble and I was late back."

"And the name of the customer?" Chafik prompted.

The woman gave the name of an English resident of Baghdad, and when the Inspector asked, "What was the trouble?" she answered, hesitatingly, "A garment was missing." Hurriedly she added, "And afterward I sat by the river and bathed the child. My man wished to be alone."



"Do you realize that if you *were* silly enough to run for Congress, you might be *elected?*"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"And the reason?"

"He said he expected a visitor—"

Inspector Chafik hid his surprise. His eyes, which matched the desert, were suddenly alive. "A visitor? A man?" he asked. "What man?" But he foresaw the answer.

"A wife does not question her husband," the woman said, and repeated wearily, "He expected a man."

"Had he friends?" Chafik said. "What of his brother?"

There was a flash of fire in the reply, "Hassan Galani left him to die. He would not give one *fil* to help him."

"May God destroy my uncle," said the boy, Ahmed, in a flat, dead voice. "When I went to him and begged for help for *Baba*, he beat me. He is cruel. He—" Ahmed was silent, digging nervously at the gray dust wtih his bare toes. Then he asked, "Did the visitor kill my father?"

Chafik parried with a question, "Did your father tell you of the visitor?" and when the boy shook his head the Inspector beckoned one of the uniformed officers from the door and told him to inquire if a strange man had been seen. He realized the chances were slight because the hut was at the outskirts of the slum and hidden by the curve of the railway embankment. "Go with the policeman," he commanded Ahmed. "Perhaps you can help him." When the boy had gone, he said to Yusif Galani's wife, "He is very bright."

"There was never a better son. If his uncle would help so that he could have learning—"

Chafik said, "The law will make him help. You are now a destitute widow with children. Hassan Galani, as next of kin, must help. Such is the law."

The woman answered slowly, "I have heard of that law. My man spoke of it and said he wished he could die so that such a claim could be made on his brother." She repeated the hopeless gesture of her hand and finished, "Now death has come to him. Death has come to him."

The Inspector threw away his cigarette and watched the neighborhood children fight for the smoldering butt. He cleared his throat loudly and said in a harsh, rasping voice to hide his emotion, "So he wished to die? Well, it was a pity he had to leave us with so much mystery." He took a thin billfold from his pocket and found three dinars, which he dropped by the woman's side. "Go with God, Widow Zenobia. I will speak to Hassan Galani about his duties." Abruptly Chafik turned away and walked to his car.

He was stopped by the policeman he had asked to inquire about the dead man's visitor. As he expected, there was no witness, and he said, "The English have a proverb about a needle and a bundle of hay. To find a man in a desert is equally as difficult." Chafik looked back at the miserable hovels crouching breathlessly under the merciless sun and was closing the door of his car when the boy, Ahmed, who had been standing behind the policeman, darted forward. "Effendi—" the boy began, and stopped with his thin, brown hands clasped and the interlaced fingers working nervously.

"What is it, Ahmed born of Yusif?" Chafik said to him.

"The visitor killed my father?" Ahmed asked.

"The unknown man," Chafik said gently, "is a dark thread drawn through an unfinished pattern. Until the weave is complete I cannot answer."

"There was a man near the hut when I left this morning—"

The Inspector caught the boy by his thin shoulders. "What? Why did you not tell me?"

"I did not wish to speak in front of my mother—"

"Good! It is right that as a man you should not talk of these matters before women. Who was the one you saw?"

The boy said breathlessly, "My uncle!" and shaking himself free, he fled into the gray, burning wilderness behind the huts, leaving Inspector Chafik motionless by the car.

Chafik drove back to his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street and the police driver had to touch his arm to rouse him from his thoughts. The little man said, "The evil that men create returns a high interest," and went up the narrow stairs leaving the driver confused. At the top of the stairs was a door boldly lettered, H. J. ELLSWORTH, and the Inspector passed it on tiptoe because he had no desire to report to his superior, the burly, liverish Englishman appointed by the Iraqi government to head the Criminal Investigation Department.

When he was safely in his office, Chafik telephoned the home of Hassan Galani. A woman's voice answered, "My husband is at the Ministry," and Chafik said, "You are sure, Madame?" He grimaced at the instrument as the voice replied, shrill with complaint, "At least he telephoned to say he was there, but a wife does not ask questions when a husband stays away from home. Are we not chattels?"

Chafik said, "Madame, madame, I am only an acquaintance of Mr. Galani," and hung up quickly, thinking it was a pity the growing emancipation of women in Iraq had the Western weakness of emancipated tongues.

"There is danger in this," he declared, as he lifted the receiver again to dial the Ministry of Finance.

Hassan Galani was not in his office and the Inspector left a message for him to come to headquarters. Then he opened a new packet of *Ghazi* cigarettes and sat at his desk staring at nothing and as usual thinking aloud the rambling words ending "—It is almost woven. I do not like the design." And hearing the echo of his own voice he smiled a little foolishly and was glad when Sergeant Abdullah came into the room.

Marshaling details like a parade of soldiers, the sergeant made his report of the police surgeon's examination. "The man was dying of cancer. He would perhaps have lived another six months. The drugs at the bedside were to relieve pain. He had taken a sleeping draught before he was killed and there were traces in the bowl of sour milk at his side. It is correct he was killed with the pestle of the mortar. Two blows were struck, but the first was sufficient. He knew nothing—"

"And saw nothing," said Chafik. "The cloth spread over his face is a puzzling detail."

He was silent with his thoughts but roused himself when an orderly entered and said, "Hassan Galani is here, sir."

The Inspector rose to receive the visitor, saying to Abdullah, "This will be private, but look at the man as you go out. There is the shadow of a noose around his neck—"

HASSAN GALANI was a middle-aged man whose dignity matched the weight of his swollen paunch. His position in the Finance Ministry was important, and he said harshly as he entered Chafik's office, "What is the meaning of leaving a message for *me* to come to *you?* I am disagreeably surprised, Inspector Chafik."

The little man answered, bowing his sleek head and smiling ingratiatingly, "I do apologize, but the matter was of importance and I feared you had left Baghdad because you were not home last night." He did not miss the quick flush which darkened the visitor's sallow, unhealthy face, nor the anxious expression. "Were you away from Baghdad?"

Hassan Galani removed his *sidarah*, the black peakless hat of the Moslem Iraqi, and mopping his almost bald head, he said, "I spent the night at my garden. Yes, at my garden up the Tigris. It was such a hot night. I have a small pavilion there and often sleep—" Abruptly he

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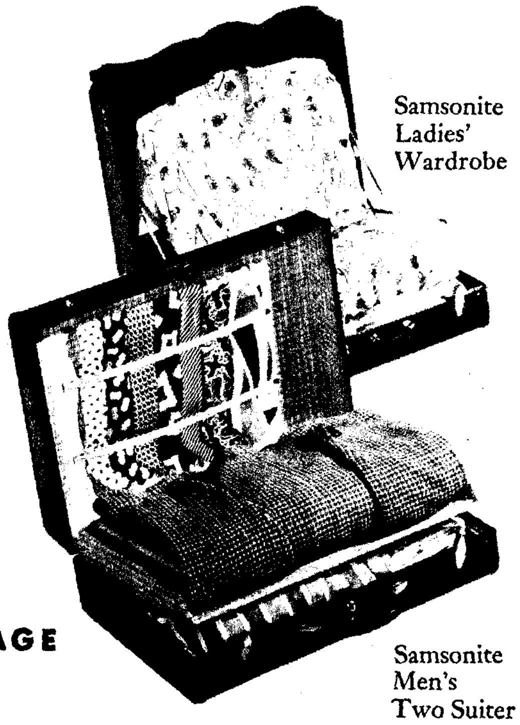

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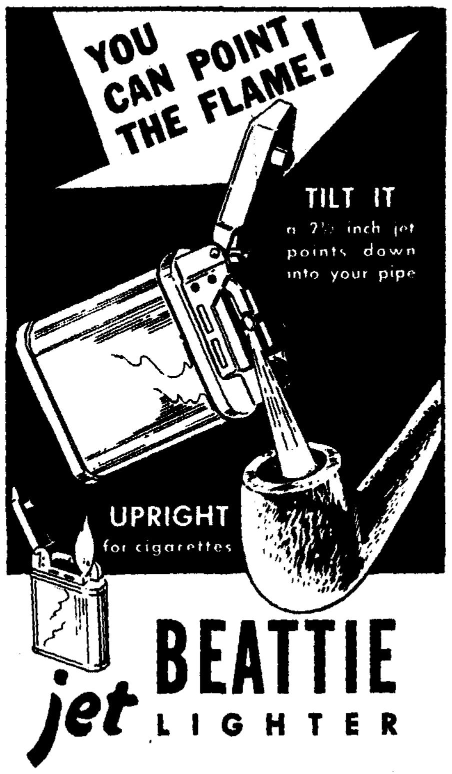
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recovered his dignity and with it anger. "This is an outrage, Inspector! Why should you ask where I spent the night?"

Chafik, spreading his hands with the curved palms upward, said, "I talked innuendoes to find courage to break sad news. Your brother is dead."

"The only brother I had disgraced me with his poverty. As far as I am concerned he died long ago—"

"Poverty is not a crime, Mr. Hassan Galani."

"A man in my position must think of his reputation—but I do not care to discuss family matters with you." Hassan Galani rose heavily to his feet with the intention of leaving, but turned to ask, "How did Yusif die?"

"He was murdered," answered Chafik casually, and then in his most silky voice: "A witness has stated you were near the hut when your brother died early this morning."

"What an abominable lie!" shouted the man. "I was—" He stopped with a look of horror.

"You were at your pavilion on the river?" Chafik prompted. "Please do not trouble yourself over this foolish witness. It will, of course, be necessary to check with the servants of your *bayt*, a little matter which I will do most discreetly." He watched his visitor fumble blindly for the chair. "You see," Inspector Chafik went on, "*if* you could not prove your alibi—excuse the word, Mr. Galani—it would be very awkward. This witness hates you. He would swear before God you were there, and it might almost appear you had motive to kill your brother, because, as you told me, his poverty disgraced you."

Hassan Galani said with a pitiful attempt at dignity, "I forbid you to question the servants at the pavilion."

"Perhaps," Inspector Chafik said, "you were not there?" And leaping to his feet with a tiger's spring he shouted, "Where were you?"

"I—"

"Circumstantial evidence can hang a man. Where were you last night? Where were you this morning? Why were you so late at your office? Why have you not been home?"

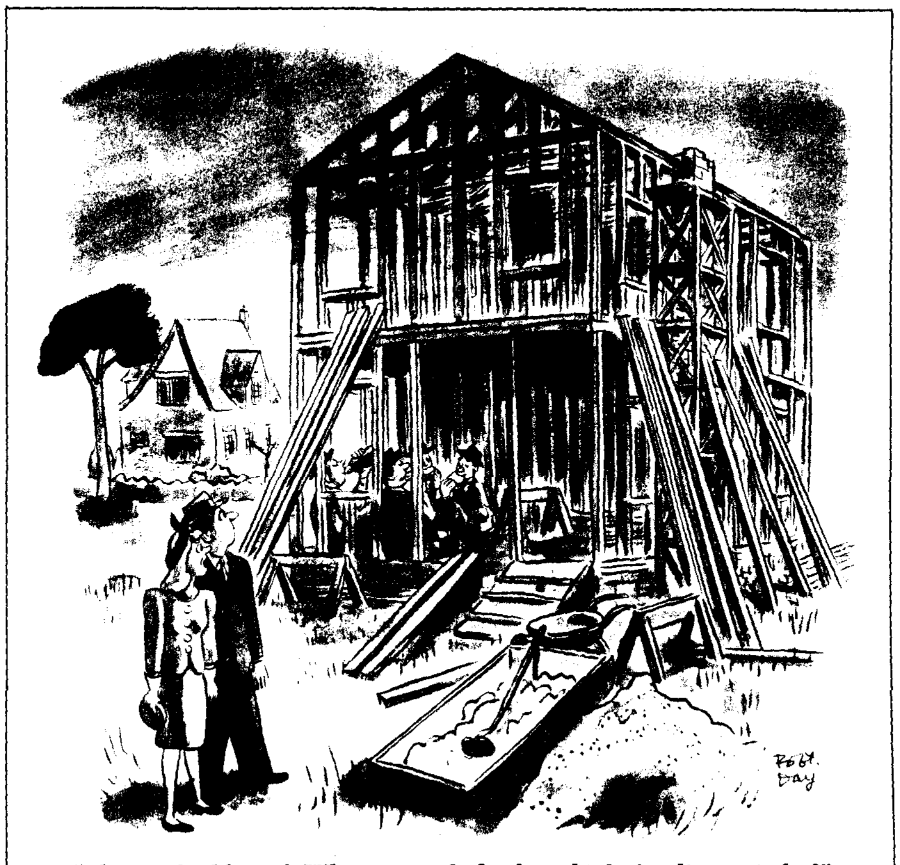
"I—" and, his face glistening with sweat, the man whispered, "I was with a woman."

"Yes," Chafik said. "You were with a woman. I thought the perfume which still clings to you did not come from the flowers of your river garden. Oh, Mr. Galani! Mr. Galani! Your dignity almost brought you to the scaffold!" He opened a drawer of the cabinet behind him and extracted a card. "My index cards are very complete. There is much on this one to interest the Minister of Finance. You appear to have expensive tastes, dangerous in a man who helps handle the nation's exchequer. There are the names of many women on this card. What name shall I now add?"

WHISPERING, Hassan Galani said, "Khurrem—" The name was drawn from him like a tooth from an abscessed mouth.

"Khurrem," the Inspector repeated thoughtfully. "Turkish. 'Joyous,' a notorious dancing girl at a certain cabaret in Baghdad who has already ruined several men." He wrote on the card and then said curtly to the man who was huddled on the other side of the desk, "You may go now. But remember that your brother's widow and his children are destitute, and by the law of Iraq you must support them. Be generous, Mr. Hassan Galani, particularly with the boy, Ahmed. And do not forget my records."

When the man had gone stumbling out, Sergeant Abdullah came from the other room where he had been taking down the conversation. He said with disappointment, "You have removed the shadow of the noose from Hassan Galani's neck, sir."



"Always the library! What on earth do they think the dinette is for?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

Chafik answered, "I have taken away that shadow, but he still lives under the shadow of my index cards."

"Both are uncomfortable, sir." Abdullah hesitated, troubled by the dead look in the eyes of his superior. He asked, in the hope of rousing Chafik from his thoughts, "Who was the witness who lied?"

"The nephew. The boy, Ahmed. His uncle planted hatred in his heart and it came back with interest. When he heard his mother say Yusif Galani expected a visitor, he saw his chance—" Inspector Chafik groped on his desk for the folder containing the reports of the case. He said, "There is medical evidence that the man took a sleeping draught. Does one do that if one expects a visitor?"

"By God, no!"

"Abdullah, it is not for you to support an opinion with the name of God—but the woman, Zenobia, she also lied, like her son lied. Obviously if she gave her man a drug to make him sleep he did not expect a visitor. Please to consider the facts. They are all there to read, and the design is complete now the false thread of Hassan has been drawn out." When Abdullah continued to look at him, his swarthy face paling, the Inspector went on, "What did we see in the hut? What was our strongest impression?"

"Cleanliness and tidiness. Exceptional cleanliness and tidiness, as if preparations had been made for a visitor—"

"Or visitors with curiosity, such as ourselves. The Widow Zenobia has great pride. We will now check on her pride." And reaching for the telephone he rang the number of the English resident for whom the Widow Zenobia did washing.

Sergeant Abdullah heard him say in his precise English, "Mr. Williamson? This is Inspector Chafik of the C.I.D. I understand you give your laundry to a poor woman and have a complaint about a missing garment—" He chuckled into the mouthpiece and said, "Oh, yes, even lost laundry concerns us! Surprising things come out in the wash. . . . Thank you, Mr. Williamson. Thank you." And putting back the instrument he said to Abdullah. "It was a shirt. A shirt of fine Egyptian cotton."

"The corpse—" began Sergeant Abdullah.

"The corpse wore such a shirt," Chafik said. He drummed the desk for a moment and then went on, "Why does a very honest woman steal to dress her man in such a beautiful shirt? Have we not here pride, decency? Is it not the custom to bury the dead in the finest garments?" The sergeant did not reply, but his hands moved in a protesting gesture toward his ears. Inspector Chafik continued, whispering now, "And so we come to the cloth spread over the face of a man who was drugged by a draught introduced into his morning milk. Hiding his eyes. To hide his eyes."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "All-merciful God! How could one look upon the face of one who was loved, and still strike the fatal blow? Sir—"

INSPECTOR CHAFIK rose to his feet. He said harshly, "You will please be silent. I do not know what you mean. Yusif Galani would in any case have died, and in agony. Furthermore, if he had lived, perhaps his sons would not have lived. Those who live in poverty must deny their children food when the man is sick." He reached for a cigarette, found one, but was blind to the matches on his desk. "The Widow Zenobia," he said, "can now make a legal claim for the support of the children, and herself. A wise law obliges Hassan, as next of kin, to do his duty. That is sufficient, Sergeant Abdullah!"

He went to the window and looked down at busy Al-Rashid Street, where taxis and horse carriages were mixed in a crazy tangle. When he turned he was smiling faintly. "Don't you think," he said, "that some passing nomad entered the hut and struck the unfortunate man because he moved and was possibly going to cry out?"

Standing at attention, worship in his look, the sergeant answered, "That would appear to be the solution."

Inspector Chafik said, "Yes, it would appear to be the solution, and such a man, without motive, would be hard to find." He picked up the folder and went to the door, saying over his shoulder, "Obviously we close such a case. I will make my recommendation to our good Chief Inspector Ellsworth. Withou doubt he will tell me I am a very stupic man—"

THE END

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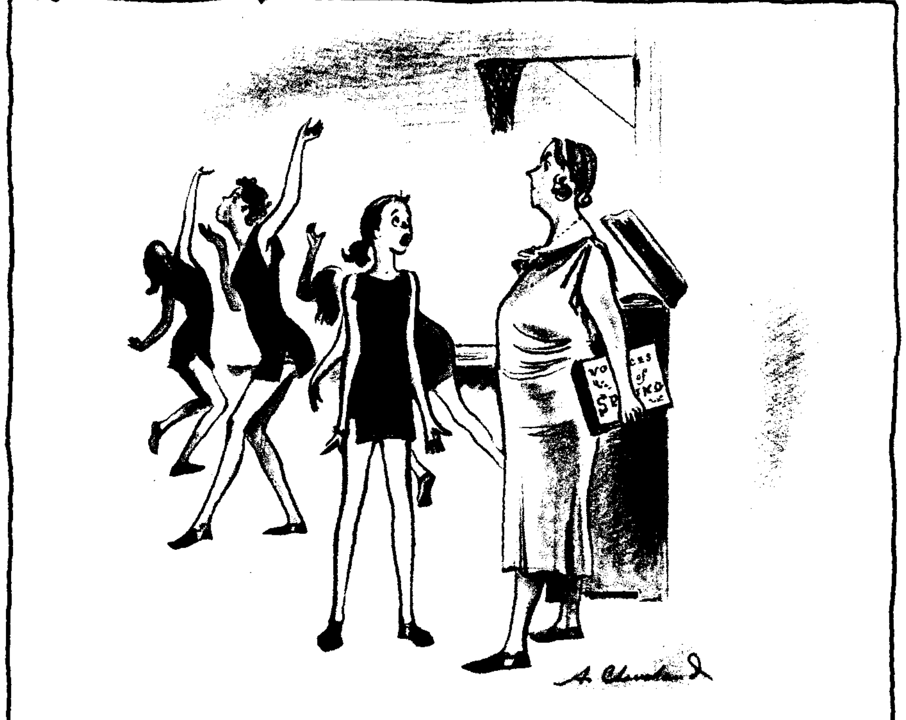

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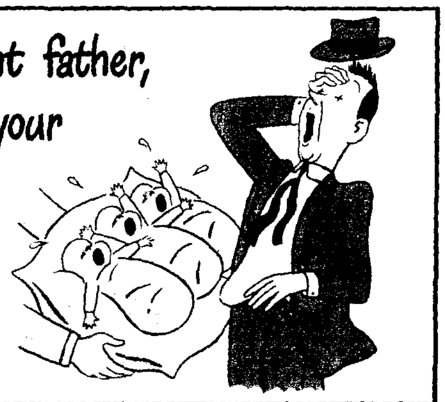

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# THE WEEK'S MAIL

**Continued from page 4**

from an airplane at 12,000 feet with canvas wings, and at 2,000 feet he opened two parachutes and came safely to the ground and took his bow! Boy, you should have seen him! W. D. Ross, Ontario, Cal.

### GRUSKIN-GLUSKIN

DEAR EDITOR: Ward Dorrell's letter in The Week's Mail (June 7th) mentions "Two-Headed Gluskin," famed twin-nobbined ballplayer, who could watch two bases at once. Shame on Mr. Dorrell, it's spelled Gruskin. PAUL ALKON, Portsmouth, N. H.

*It's Two-Top Gruskin and the mistake happened because Gruskin wasn't available for confirmation, since he was in the Army at the time, serving as a lieutenant colonel. One half was a lieutenant; the other a colonel.*

### ERRORS OF COMEDY

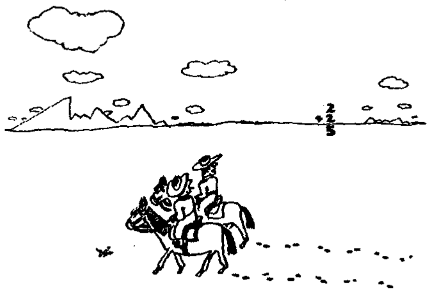
DEAR EDITOR: I'm having cartoon trouble. Once I could figure out most of them, in time. No harder than a quadratic equation. Now, if I understand half, that's good. How about printing an answers department way back toward the end? Or upside down?

DON F. KENNEDY, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I'm disgusted clear through with the dopes who write to you as I'm doing! I'm dumb, I guess. I look at the cartoons; if funny, I laugh, if not, I turn to the next one. Sometimes I don't catch on and I fuss a bit, not too much, but I *never* even see mistakes in them! I just enjoy them as they are. CHARLENE H. BARNETT, Youngstown, Ohio

. . . On looking through the May 31st issue, we ran across this cartoon which we did not understand. Please explain it.

BARBARA WITTE, San Antonio, Tex.



"Now that just doesn't make sense"

*Mr. Partch's travelers are two accountants who are resting after balancing their books in the only way that is possible these days!*

### MONKEY BUSINESS

DEAR EDITOR: A study of Lawson Wood's monkey plus companions (June 7th), with Ted Shane's explanation on page 8, would seem to point a bit of a moral:

*That "Snerdian Simian" Cholmondeley*
*Underrated "fowl creatures" so dolmondeley,*
*That the whilst he did wait*
*For a nibble, his bait*
*Became "fowled," with expressions yumyolmondeley.*

EDWARD P. TOBIE, Saylesville, R. I.

### COLORATURA COLLABORATION

DEAR SIRS: Re editorial Art and Ideology—They Don't Mix (May 31st) I believe the records will substantiate the fact that Kirsten Flagstad's husband sold (at a good profit) lumber to the Nazis. That lumber undoubtedly went into barracks that housed soldiers that killed many of our boys.

Are not even geniuses and artists morally responsible for their actions? It is to these people that we should be able to look for leadership.

If they cannot differentiate between right and wrong, why are the people of lesser intelligence and ability expected to?

W. CARLTON FISCHER, Casa Grande, Ariz.

### HALF SHOT

SIRS: "Walter sat up as if he'd been shot" it says on page 26, Collier's, June 7th (Oh, How They Harmonize!). The men—on [illegible] other team—I shot sat or fell down!

EDWARD ORPEN, Toronto, Ont.

*You must have shot them in the leg.*

### BIG DOGS

DEAR EDITOR: Re Trouble Afoot by Ruth Carson (May 24th), I believe the shoe manufacturers should be reprimanded as well as the parents. My boy (six years old) wears a 12-E shoe, but I have been unable to buy more than two pairs a year that are the right size. I was forced to put tennis shoes on him which resulted in bad feet. Now he wears a built-up shoe and will have to do exercises for some time. Why don't the manufacturers put out a better line of sizes?

ELIZABETH McCOY, Arcadia, Cal.

### BEAUTY DOTH PROTEST

COLLIER'S: Current article Collier's (Wall Street Sex Appeal, June 7th) states Sylvia Porter "only woman financial writer." My column "Chats With Women Investors" has appeared Los Angeles Sunday Times past two years. I was first and only woman to write series financial articles Wall Street Journal this Coast. A lot of people among my following on Coast are mad including Herb Caen, Chronicle.

HAZEL ZIMMERMAN, San Francisco, Cal.

*Meanwhile the Atlantic Coast seemed pretty calm—so calm that one observer who was half a mile downwind from Wall Street thought he heard an eighth of a point crash on the Stock Exchange.*

### WITH FOUR PAIRS OF PANTS

DEAR EDITOR: In The Customer Is Right Again (May 31st), note Mr. Velie says, "A man who couldn't buy a suit below $50 during the war can now buy a smart number for $29" but unfortunately he did not say where. We may have $29 suits in this vicinity but they are still priced at $50 or $55; and the good house dress that once cost $8 but that can now be bought for $4 is still only a postwar dream.

MRS. L. F. AVES, Sioux Falls, S. D.

### CHECKREIN

DEAR EDITOR: Three cheers for Dr. Banay's article The Husband Really Pays (May 24th). Why should the husband pay alimony so his former wife can live on Easy Street?

LT. DONALD A. JOHNSON, Camp Lee, Va.

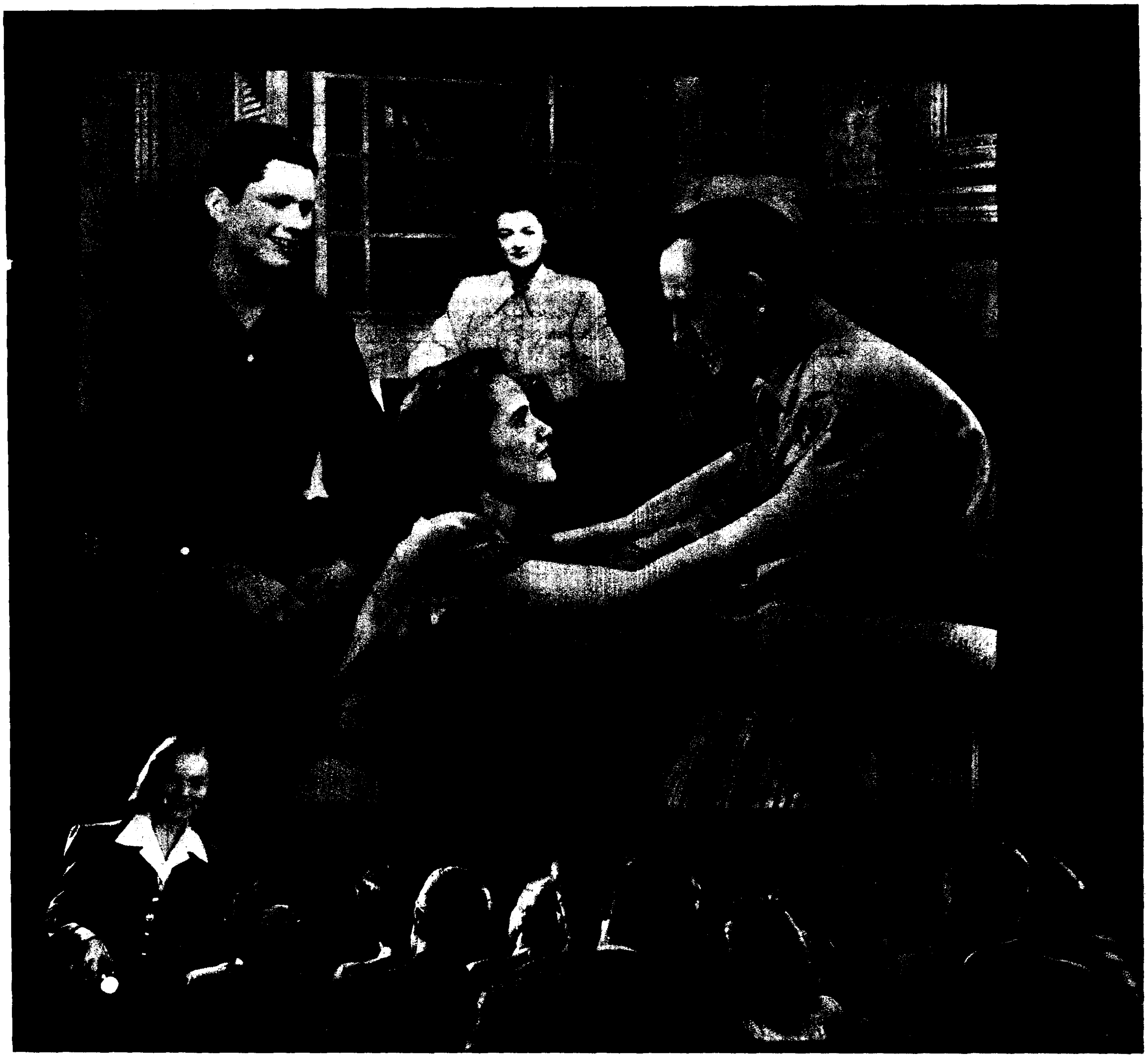
### THE FINAL BLAST

DEAR EDITOR: I have read The Blast, and the echoes and reverberations of The Blast in The Week's Mail. My hobby is psychoanalyzing writers, and I often find escapists, extroverts, introverts, paranoics, and different types of frustration.

The Blast was a psychological play on the latent fear of extermination, and judging from the criticism, it seems to have produced the desired results. The critic who wrote of being put to sleep twice while reading it, was actually so upset by The Blast that he had to write his criticism as an emotional release. Several of the critics call The Blast fantastic, infantile and disconnected tripe. This psychological type suppresses his subconscious fear by ignoring the danger, or by belittling it.

The Blast was good. Let's have more like it, and scare the hell out of 'em

Sadistically,
A PATIENT
Ypsi State Hospital for the Insane
Ypsilanti, Mich



Scene from the Samuel Goldwyn Production, "The Best Years of Our Lives"

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And Nickel is the *Unseen Friend* that helps make the picture clear and easy on the eyes.

For every foot of film must be processed with great care. Any contamination from corrosion of the metal equipment would make the picture "foggy," or otherwise impair the quality of the film.

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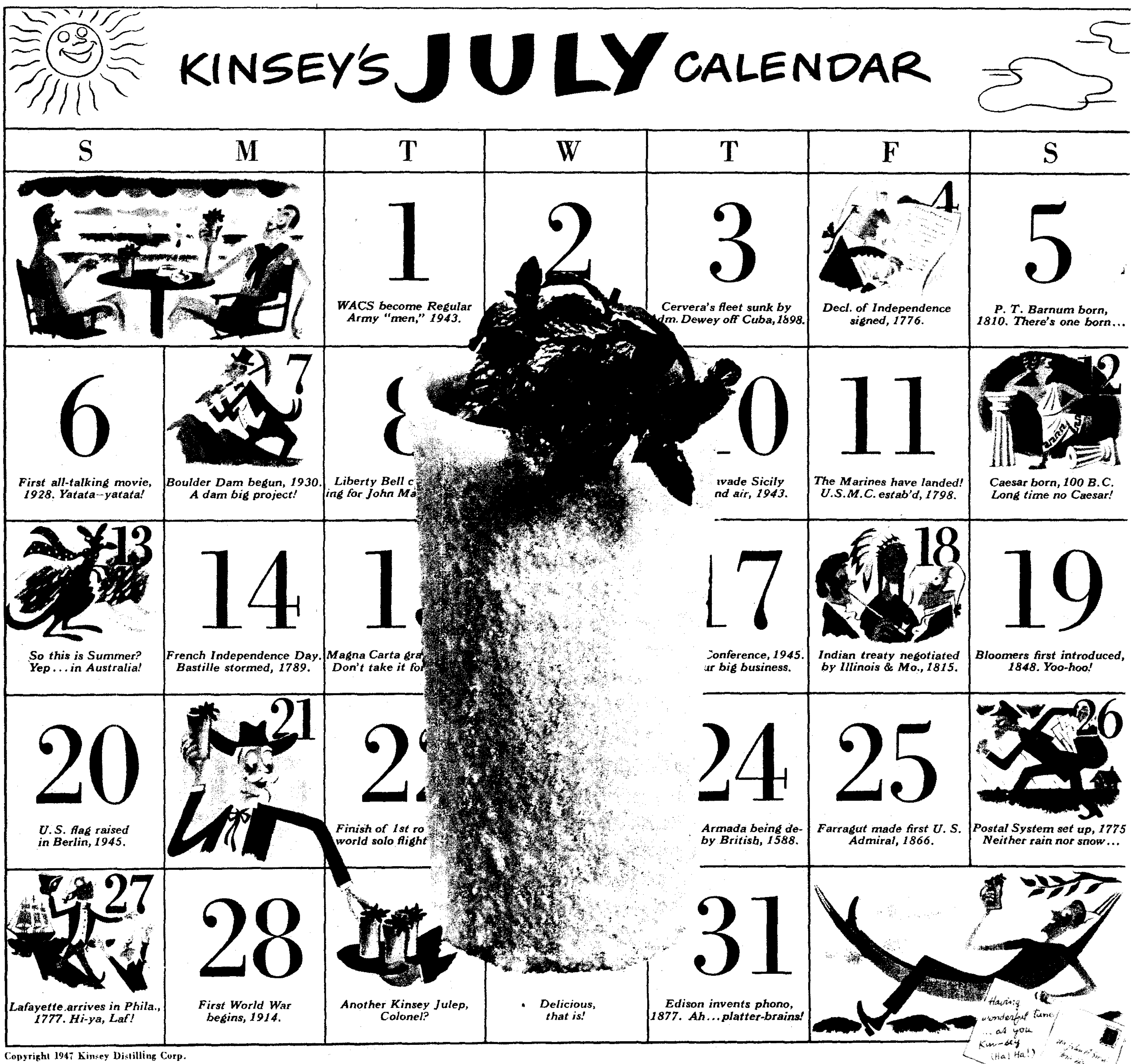

# KINSEY'S JULY CALENDAR

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  | 1<br>*WACS become Regular Army "men," 1943.* | 2 | 3<br>*Cervera's fleet sunk by ...dm. Dewey off Cuba, 1898.* | 4<br>*Decl. of Independence signed, 1776.* | 5<br>*P. T. Barnum born, 1810. There's one born...* |
| 6<br>*First all-talking movie, 1928. Yatata--yatata!* | 7<br>*Boulder Dam begun, 1930. A dam big project!* | *Liberty Bell c... ...ing for John Ma...* |  | ...0<br>*...vade Sicily ...nd air, 1943.* | 11<br>*The Marines have landed! U.S.M.C. estab'd, 1798.* | 12<br>*Caesar born, 100 B.C. Long time no Caesar!* |
| 13<br>*So this is Summer? Yep... in Australia!* | 14<br>*French Independence Day. Bastille stormed, 1789.* | 1...<br>*Magna Carta gra... Don't take it fo...* |  | ...7<br>*...onference, 1945. ...ur big business.* | 18<br>*Indian treaty negotiated by Illinois & Mo., 1815.* | 19<br>*Bloomers first introduced, 1848. Yoo-hoo!* |
| 20<br>*U. S. flag raised in Berlin, 1945.* | 21 | 2...<br>*Finish of 1st ro... world solo flight* |  | ...24<br>*Armada being de... by British, 1588.* | 25<br>*Farragut made first U. S. Admiral, 1866.* | 26<br>*Postal System set up, 1775 Neither rain nor snow...* |
| 27<br>*Lafayette arrives in Phila., 1777. Hi-ya, Laf!* | 28<br>*First World War begins, 1914.* | *Another Kinsey Julep, Colonel?* | *Delicious, that is!* | 31<br>*Edison invents phono, 1877. Ah...platter-brains!* |  |  |

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## For cool refreshmint in July...
## Kinsey juleps you should try!

July's just the month to enjoy these delightful Mint Juleps made with superbly smooth, flavor-full Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Bruise mint in bottom of tall glass. Add teaspoon of powdered sugar, two ounces of rich, full-bodied Kinsey. Fill glass with shaved ice, stir until frosted. Decorate with mint.

Man, that's really refreshing! But *whatever* your favorite summer drink, try it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You'll enjoy its fine flavor and bouquet immensely... *most* folks do!

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the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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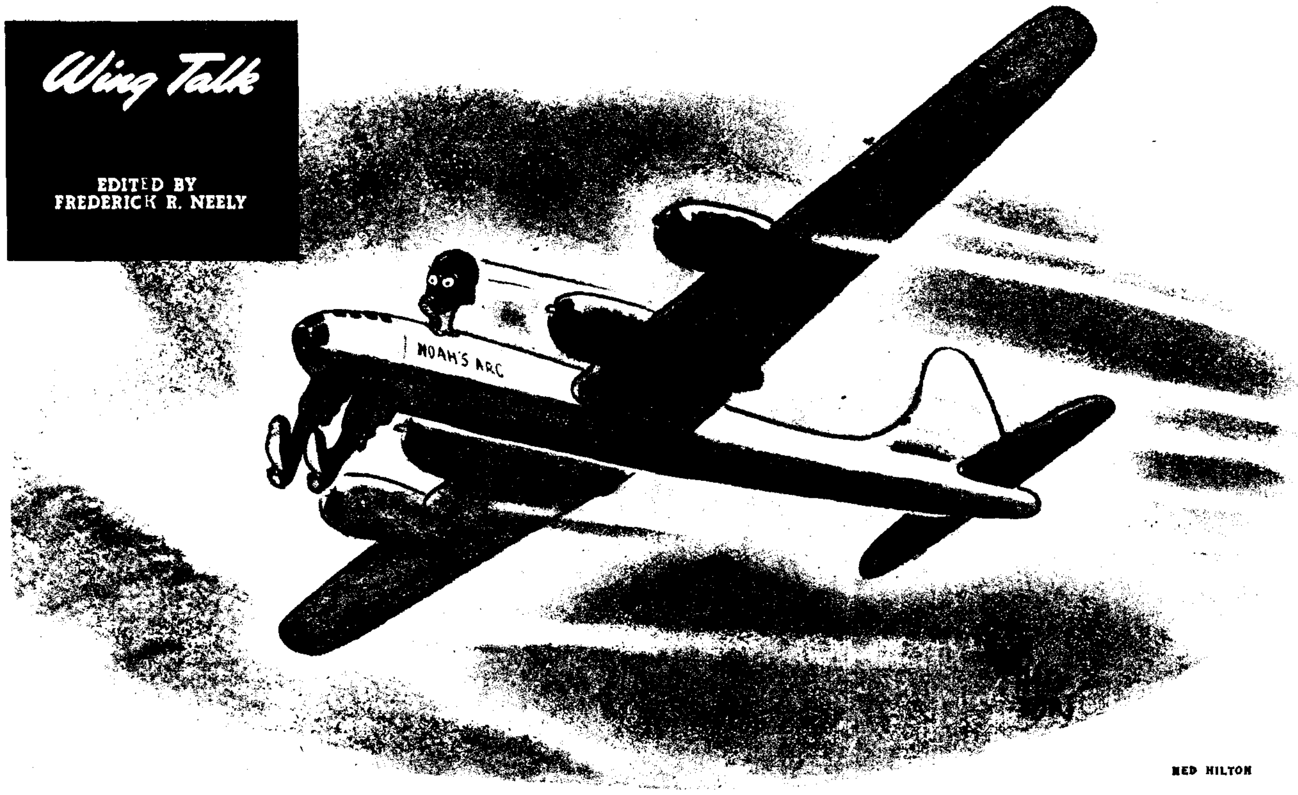
**Wing Talk**

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



RED HILTON

Planes shrink at a 40,000-foot altitude . . .

# SKY LIMIT

*(James A. Fraser, one of the nation's utstanding high-altitude airmen, has own above 40,000 feet more often than ny other pilot. Here is his story of some f the obstacles to be overcome before ou will fly at or beyond eight miles in he sky in aircraft as we know them to-ay, as told to Louis R. Huber.)*

THE toughest frontier in history is only eight miles away but it's straight up. Which is why air-ne flight at very high altitude, heralded s "soon" to be commonplace, won't be.

As an engineering research pilot, I ould be the last person to deny that, ltimately, you'll step into a space ship, elax, and a short time later arrive at a estination anywhere on earth; perhaps n some other planet. Such flight prob-bly will be achieved someday but, stick-ng to realities and the best aircraft we ave now—either in operation or in im-ediate prospect—I predict it will be everal years before any air liner will arry you higher than 30,000 feet as a outine procedure.

Flight problems increase and become ore difficult the higher an airplane flies. etween 30,000 and 40,000 feet they ultiply at a much faster rate and each roblem is a hundred times harder to vercome. We at Boeing have spent ore time above 40,000 feet than any ther group of airmen, and as a result, ight at 25,000 feet is now safer than at ),000. We've been above 40,000 feet early 50 times, yet the longest we ever ayed that high was three hours and 44 inutes. This approaches the practical mit now, for a vast amount of knowl-lge remains to be gained and under-ood before commercial aircraft can arantee satisfactory performance at eights much in excess of 35,000 feet.

To see what the problems are eight iles up, let's make a flight in Noah's rc, a former B-29 Superfortress bomber ecially modified for high-altitude re-arch. The plane's name, by the way, a double pun: Two of every electrical em are carried in it, and electrical arcs e the chief form of electrical mis-havior we find in the upper air. Al-ady we have made two high-altitude st programs for the Army Air Forces, e objective being routine operation of heavy aircraft above 40,000 feet. This flight is the third in a similar program.

It's a clear day as we walk out to the ship in the warm sun on Boeing Field in Seattle. Our crew consists of Copilot Bob Robbins, Flight Engineer Ben Werner, Aerial Engineer Ben Head, Photo-recorder Operator B. A. Smith, Temperature-recorder Operator Bill Deason and Electrical Engineer Charlie Rehkopf.

We climb straight for Mount Rainier, fly over the northern side of the mountain, begin a right turn and head back toward Seattle. Soon we're climbing across the invisible sky frontier. The stratosphere begins in this region where the air continues to grow thinner but maintains a constant temperature. Through our headphones the voice of the flight engineer says we are at 41,000 feet. That's nearly eight miles.

WE LEVEL off for our tests. You look down and feel a powerful sense of unreality. From horizon to horizon, at this height, is nearly 600 miles. You can look far out on the Pacific Ocean in one direction and over into Idaho in the other. The Pacific Northwest's precipitous mountain ranges are a schoolboy's papier-mâché relief map.

Some scattered clouds have clustered around Mount Rainier, off to our right. Its peak is at 14,408 feet, but from where we are, the mountain resembles a heap of vanilla ice cream. Seattle, almost directly beneath us, isn't a city, it's a map. Its hills don't show; it is flat and lifeless. The water-front piers are threads on a frayed trouser cuff, lying at the edge of a puddle—Elliott Bay. You can move your toe and blot out half the city.

Navy aircraft carriers, anchored in rows behind Bainbridge Island, are matchboxes on a sheet of glass. The mile-and-a-quarter-long floating bridge, reaching from the edge of Seattle across Lake Washington to Mercer Island, is a gray needle. It is complete with an eye, too—the slip into which the movable span recesses when boats must pass. At Point Wells, an oil depot a few miles north of Seattle, huge round tanks are a cluster of insect eggs.

One of the first high-altitude problems discovered was airplane shrinkage. The wings seem the same as at take-off; actually they're several inches shorter. So is the fuselage. Although we're snug and warm inside, the outside air temperature is now around 67 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. That shortens the whole airplane. In early high-altitude flights it caused control cables to go slack. It froze ordinary greases so thoroughly they resembled hard rubber; whatever they were supposed to lubricate was gripped tight.

Those difficulties were eliminated long before we first got to 40,000 feet. Airplanes still shrink, of course; but we have developed new mechanisms, antifreeze greases and other ways of keeping cables and pulleys in good working order despite the cold.

With breathing for the engines provided by superchargers and for us by cabin pressurization (See Wing Talk for April 5, 1947), these problems have been met. However, we found others at 40,000 feet. Cylinder-head temperatures, for example, were normal on our flight up until we reached 35,000 feet. Then they soared. The outside air at 40,000 feet, although very cold, is too thin to absorb and carry away the heat.

In the electrical field, high altitude raises particular Cain. Various electrical devices often go haywire; their insulation breaks down, they heat up and burn out. And a B-29 depends very much on 157 electric motors and generators.

AIR is an insulator but at 40,000 feet it is so thin that it loses much of its value in that particular. Moisture, too, normally serves as a lubricant, and its scarcity at those heights contributes to excessive wear.

Our high-altitude electrical troubles would vanish if we could place all the plane's electrical equipment inside the cabin, for there the vital cushion of insulating air would be provided by pressurization. Unfortunately, however, electric motors and other devices run by them must go where they are needed, in the unpressurized engine nacelles, wings and tail. If we could pressurize those areas it would also solve the problem; but pressurizing them would be expensive—maybe too expensive to be practical.

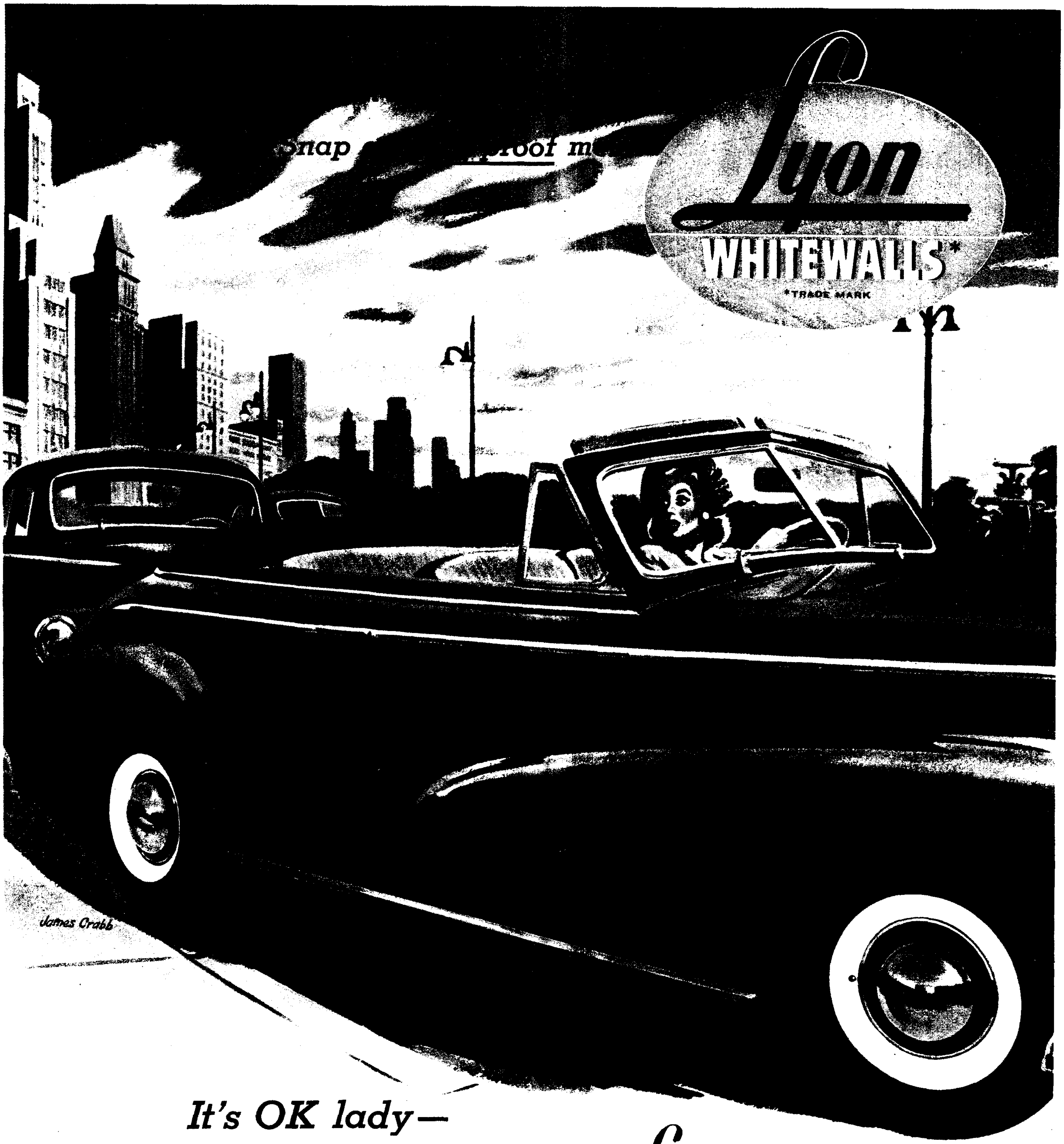
Better, perhaps, to stick to lower altitudes of 25,000 and 30,000 feet where air travel is just as good and the electrical and other difficulties can be overcome. That's why Boeing Aircraft is recommending 25,000 feet as the best flight level for its 80-passenger Stratocruisers scheduled for service on six world air lines upon completion of government tests now under way.

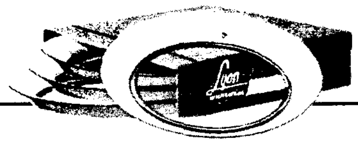
High altitude is great stuff but only when you go so high and no higher with the equipment we have now. Meanwhile let's be satisfied with the fact that when we're to fly regularly at 25,000 feet, that level will represent a sudden rise to twice the height our best aircraft have, until very recently, flown. ★★★

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Mr. Fraser's story was prepared, Westinghouse has announced the development of a high-voltage alternating current system for large aircraft, which will "eliminate or alleviate problems now encountered with electrical systems at high altitudes," according to J. D. Miner, manager of the Aviation Engineering Department. The new system has been installed on the AAF's two Very Heavy Bombers, the Convair B-36 and the Northrop B-35 Flying Wing for tests.)*

**Their peaks 33 miles apart, Mt. St. Helens (9,671 feet) and Mt. Adams (12,307) look like this from nearly eight miles up**

ROBERT MOODY





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**7 BIG FEATURES OF LYON WHITEWALLS**

**SCUFF-PROOF** . . . can't touch curbs!

**EASY TO CLEAN** . . . a few swishes with a wet cloth restore their beauty!

**LOW INITIAL COST** . . . less than half the price of a *single* white sidewall tire!

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**BETTER APPEARANCE** . . . make wheels look smaller and tires look larger to give cars a longer, lower look—the appearance car designers have always sought!

The search for a better looking and more practical whitewall is over! You need longer be afraid of spoiling the wheel appearance of your car every time you park The new, metal *Lyon* Whitewall is the perfect answer . . . it is the *only* whitewall that cu cannot damage! In all, it has seven distinct advantages. And the cost of Lyon Whi walls, by comparison, is *remarkably* small. You can buy an entire set of four for l than half the price of a *single* white sidewall tire! And you can get them *now* from y car, tire or gasoline dealer.

*Prices: Standard Steel Model (16" wheels) $6.95 Per Set of Four. De Luxe Steel Model (15" and 16" wheels) $9.95 Per S Four. Sets of Five Priced Higher. A Fair Trade Product Sold Under Applicable Fair Trade Laws.*

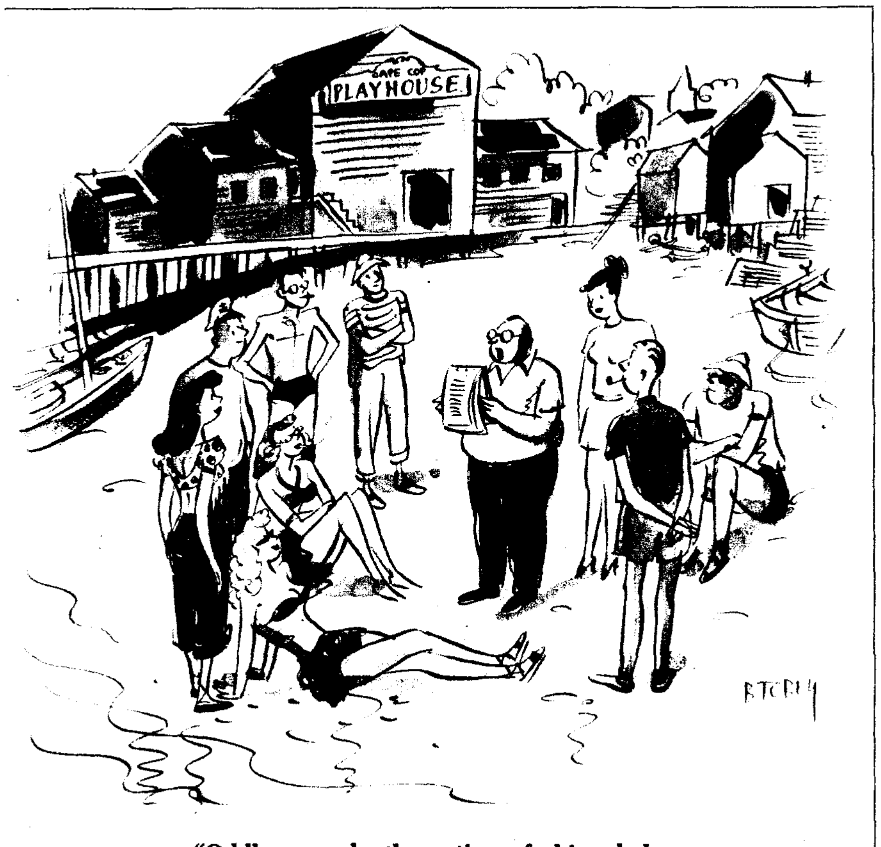
# STAY EAST, YOUNG MAN, STAY EAST!

Continued from page 19

pprentices, working them nine months, ring them and starting with new ones t the apprentice scale. The hirings are eported with a great fanfare; the firings re kept quiet. The truth is that the oneymoon for the veteran is over. He ay have fought in the Bulge or at 'arawa, but now he is merely a worker gain.

"Some of the large plants have stopped sking veterans' agencies for replace-ents. They prefer to hire at the gate in e old way. The men gather every morn-ig, the employment director comes out nd says you—you—and you, and the est go away. They soon get into the ood to take whatever they're offered."

When you look at it from another an-le, the thing doesn't seem to add up, be-ause Los Angeles is actually having a uilding boom. Sixteen per cent of all ational housing in May was in the Los ngeles area. New developments can e seen on practically every outlying oad. There are 40,000 units available, her completed or near completion. nd yet veterans are living in hen roosts. ie answer is simple: money.



COLLIER'S "Oddly enough, the action of this whole play takes place on a beach at Cape Cod" BARNEY TOBEY

The Los Angeles houses range in price om $8,700 to $13,500. Rentals are cor-spondingly high and there are few of em. Since most new homes are on the tskirts of town, miles from anywhere, e buyer starts with an immediate disad-ntage. He either has to have a car or depend on bus service that can be ry sketchy at best. Anybody who has ited Los Angeles knows that every-ng seems to be twenty miles from ev-ything else. So the new purchaser needs car; then he must have saved enough r a down payment on the house, rang- from $200 to $1,200. In most cases has to make up the difference between Veterans Bureau appraisal and the rchase price—which may amount to ndreds or thousands. After that he ist meet monthly payments running tween $52 and $75 a month.

The veteran doesn't have it. A state ort on housing made by Senator Ger-l O'Gara's committee showed that 59 r cent of the veterans have monthly in-mes of $150 or less. You don't buy new houses on money like that; you have a bad time with the rent. And what hits L.A. hardest is the realization that 67 per cent of veterans applying for public housing have lived in California less than a year.

"We thought we had reached the saturation point a year ago," says Tryon, "but they keep coming. At first the veterans had a little money saved up from the war or they could cash their bonds, but now they land here with no resources and can't get a job. It's heartbreaking, it's an impossible situation, and it's rapidly driving all of us distracted."

The effect on the veterans is even more serious. The pressure has become so great that many are cracking up. When things were normal for them they were able to forget their war experiences, but without homes or jobs and not much hope for the future, the strain becomes too great for them. The veterans' hospitals are jammed, and in May the Veterans Service Center was forced to place 168 psychiatric cases every night in the Norwalk State Hospital, where they were grateful to find room to sleep in the hallways.

"And the jails are full of men who should be in hospitals," a physician told us bitterly.

But if conditions are tough for the veteran it is nothing to what they are for the Negroes and Mexicans. Before the war there were 60,000 Negroes jammed into the colored quarter around Central Avenue. The population has now grown to 180,000, and the Negroes have had almost no opportunity to spread. The Veterans Center has done a backbreaking job in keeping unemployment of ex-soldiers down to 50,000 in the county, but there is nobody to fight for the unskilled Negro or Mexican.

Fear of racial troubles is so great that for several years the Los Angeles police and sheriff's office have had complete plans worked out for quelling a riot before it could get started. Little Tokyo in the heart of the city is a source of apprehension now. When the Japanese-Americans were forced out after Pearl Harbor, the Negroes took over. With the end of the war and the return of the Japanese, tension mounted to a point which has the authorities walking the floor nights. All of it stems from terrible conditions of overcrowding and unemployment.

The growth of Los Angeles during the war was fabulous; the city now claims 3,630,883 in its metropolitan area. This meant an increase of 30 per cent in the city and as much as 2,000 per cent in near-by San Fernando Valley. Out of the total population 600,000 are veterans and 51 per cent of them come from outside California.

Los Angeles alone has 65,000 veterans in college and junior college and another 40,000 in trade and high schools. Classes run from early morning till late at night. It is a common sight to see students drifting away through the darkness after their last classes around eleven at night.

When the newcomers don't want jobs they want educational facilities. It is difficult to say which is harder to come by and the lack of college space is affecting not only the out-of-state veterans but the high-school graduates of California. It's getting so they can't get into their own colleges and they're becoming bitter about it. We talked with the mother of a California boy who was also a veteran. Because he got back late from service he had to take extension instead of regular courses at the University of California at Los Angeles.

### Going to College the Hard Way

"He gets up at seven every morning and starts work at seven thirty. He studies till noon, has lunch and is back at it till five. He goes to his first class then and has another at seven. He gets through around ten and then comes home and studies some more. He knows if he falls behind they'll be only too happy to get him out and make room for somebody else."

But of all these ills, housing remains the worst. Recently an attempt was made to promote co-operation between landlords and veterans by radio. There was a daily program in which pleas were made on behalf of incoming families. "I have the families right here with me," said the announcer. "Now, will somebody call in and offer them a place? They can pay; they're eager to pay."

There was great excitement over one phone call, which offered room for four families. The four families were waiting tensely when the prospective landlord showed up and took them to his property.

There were accommodations for four, all right—in four chicken coops that still needed cleaning.

Another big-hearted man had a bed for rent but it had to be for two people. Price: $10 a week each. In brief, $100 a month for the rent of one room.

The Veterans Service Center's files has reports of this kind:

(a) Family of thirteen people; living in two rooms.

(b) Family of twelve in two rooms; four grown people to each bed.

(c) Thirteen in family, father killed in explosion; family moved to abandoned mortuary.

(d) Family with eight children living in one room, the children literally sleeping in shifts.

(e) Young veteran couple had been living in chicken coop until January rains washed them out. Started living under railroad bridge but stopped by police. Saved by woman who allowed them to wall off end of her back porch.

(f) Family of nine living in tent in San Fernando Valley—mother and father,

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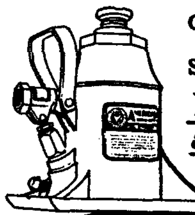
Jack of All Trades
American Hydraulic Jacks are made in models and sizes for cars, trucks, farms and factories. In every case, they "float your load" quickly and surely.
You can't beat an American!



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Sheboygan, Wisconsin
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WONDERFUL WAY TO
EASE MISERY
OF SIMPLE PILES

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

*Pile Ointment and Suppositories.

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TRADE MARK
A Man's Handkerchief
...real value...
individually wrapped.
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN
BETTER DRUG & CIGAR STORES
15c • 20c • 25c • 50c
A UNIVERSAL
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America's
Largest Selling Ale
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ALE

three daughters, one son, one son-in-law and two babies.

These examples could be duplicated hundreds of times and the crisis they present puts Los Angeles in a difficult position. In the first place all loyal Angelenos (and there are few others) are convinced their fairy city will soon be the largest in the world. They would like to urge everybody to join them in making it so, and suddenly they are paralyzed with fear. It can be understood what soul-searching goes on when the Los Angeles City Council adopted a prayerful resolution begging veterans to stay away from the city.

The city has done a wonderful job through the Veterans Service Center, which occupies three floors of a building at Third and Broadway and shelters under this roof all groups interested in the veteran's problem. (These include among others the American Legion, American Federation of Labor, American Red Cross, C.I.O., United States Employment Service, Veterans Administration—eighteen groups in all.) They operate under a total budget of around $750,000 and have been going for three years, caring for approximately 500 cases a day.

"But finally it has swamped us," says Tryon. "We can't cope with it and if unemployment grows it will become a problem not only for the city and state but for the federal government. We can care for our own but unfortunately we can't handle every out-of-stater who wants to come."

This, then, is Los Angeles' dilemma. The city council has said it; Mayor Bowron went on a national radio hookup earlier in the year and said it; the veteran authorities say it with tears. According to the L.A. Housing Authority they now have 370,000 substandard dwellings. Within earshot of City Hall, there are slum areas among the worst in the world. Other sections are rapidly being made into slums by overcrowding. Sixty-five per cent of the families can afford no more than $40 a month for rent; the new homes being built rent from $70 to $100 a month.

This is the advice Los Angeles has to give: (a) Don't come unless you are assured in advance of a place to live, (b) don't come unless you have a job lined up, (c) don't come unless you have some money saved, (d) don't come.

THE END

# THE NEWHOUSER NUISANCE

Continued from page 17

legs off at the knee if it won a ball game. And like other fighters, Newhouser is not afraid to throw it in when it counts.

"In the clutch," he says, "I give them my best pitches, the curve or the fast one. If it isn't enough, you know you've done your best anyhow. But if you used the slider and they conked it, you'd never stop kicking yourself."

If there had ever been any doubts about his courage (which there wasn't) it was dispelled in 1944, when he and Dizzy Trout were a team that pitched almost constantly. They were in forty-five of the last seventy-five games. The pair won thirty-three of the fifty-one victories in that stretch, saved two in relief and pitched two ties. They were in six of the last eight games. The St. Louis Browns won the pennant on the last day of the season but Newhouser won twenty-nine games and Trout twenty-seven for the season. As a two-punch pitching unit they broke all records for achievement. They won seven more than the famous Dizzy and Paul Dean combination in 1934; four more than Grove and Earnshaw in 1931 and one more than Stan Coveleskie and Jim Bagby in 1920.

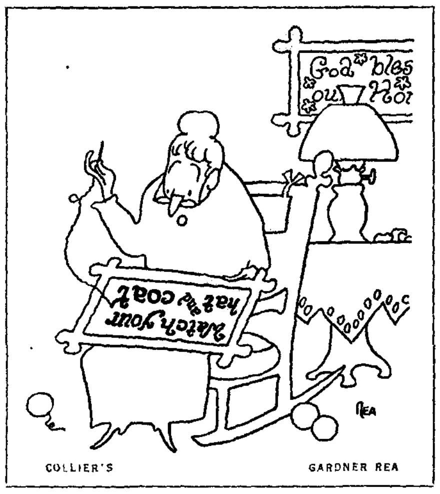
In 1945, Newhouser picked up a bad back in midseason and was in such pain that he was left behind when Detroit started on an Eastern trip. When the Tigers ran out of pitchers, Newhouser was flown from Detroit and pitched in the last game of the New York series. He got along all right until the Yanks filled the bases with Keller at bat. Until that time he hadn't thrown a curve; now he threw one and struck Keller out. It almost killed Hal and from then on he used nothing but his hard one and a change-up pitch. He beat them 4-0 and he considers it one of his greatest triumphs.

### Once a Seven-Inning Pitcher

Newhouser is a peculiar individual in that he gains weight during the playing season and loses it in the winter. In his earlier days he lacked stamina ("seventh inning and then BAM!") and even now he needs eleven hours sleep a night. He can't eat after he pitches and never sleeps more than two or three hours a night after a game. Next day he can hardly walk from stiffness but he has a long sleep the second night and feels great the third day. He doesn't smoke and his attempts at drinking have been pitiful.

"I guess I just don't know how to do it," he says.

But for years he was one of the heaviest eaters in baseball. Dizzy Trout, who acts as the Newhouser Boswell, reports one occasion when the string bean won a bet with Dick Bartell by mangling fourteen steak sandwiches, three barbecued chicken sandwiches and two quarts of ice cream at a single sitting.



"How about a nice hunk of that roast beef?" suggested Trout.

"Shucks," said Hal modestly. "I don't want to make a hog of myself."

Newhouser says he never had a model as a pitcher and picked up his original style by monkeying with it. At the beginning of his career when he was eager to get all his strength into his pitches, he pulled his leg up so high his knee came between his hands on the windup. It was much like pitching out of a barrel and he has dropped that for the benefit of occasionally seeing his catcher. He had a knot in his shoulder for several years but seems to have grown out of it, just as he has the heart condition that kept him out of the service and for a time threatened to end his career. He has never had a sore arm in his life.

It can be said for him that he is not a prima donna when it comes to working. In 1944 and 1945 when the pennant was at stake he was in the bull pen steadily. He opened the present season in St. Louis on a day better fitted for arctic maneuvers than baseball. The game was halted once for thirty minutes and a second time for forty minutes by rain. This meant that Newhouser warmed up three times. He shut out the Browns, 7-0, with four hits. "Three games I pitched; that's all," he said proudly.

The Browns spent little time in admiration of the feat. With this game, Newhouser had beaten them thirteen times in a row and they were beginning to suspect that he had something they couldn't fathom.

It is possible to get a fight in any bar or poolroom over the respective merits of Newhouser and Feller. Last year Bill Veeck rigged up a "Pitching Battle of the Century" or something in Cleveland between the two giants, and Newhouser blew Cleveland out of the park. He fanned nine, shut them out 4-0 and allowed only two men to reach first! Early this year the boys hitched up again and Feller had his fun. He beat Newhouser, 6-0, and allowed Detroit only three hits. So what does it all prove?

On the personal side, Newhouser is a strange contradiction. He is city-reared and yet he is as suspicious of strangers and as uncertain in life as any hillbilly. Once when a magazine writer wrote him for an interview and suggested that he was nuts not to take advantage of the opportunity, Newhouser considered that he was being called crazy and was greatly hurt. He now has an attorney friend in Detroit who handles his affairs and helps him with the Hal Newhouser Fan clubs, which do a good work in keeping youngsters occupied and out of trouble.

### A Saga of Boyhood Calamities

Perhaps some of his self-consciousness comes from a scar under his right eye which was due to an infected pimple as a baby. If one catches him only from that side his face takes on an evil look which is not warranted by his blond hair and pleasant ways. According to accounts by Leo Macdonell of the Detroit Times, Hal is lucky to be alive. At the age of seven he fell off a woodpile onto a board full of spikes and punctured his stomach. At nine a playful companion opened his head with a brickbat; while playing basketball he got a floor burn which eventually turned into blood poisoning; in football he busted a few blood vessels.

Newhouser has the greatest respect for Vern Stephens, the St. Louis Browns' shortstop, considering him the best all-around player in the league. This is because Stephens pulverizes him when they meet. He has the usual trouble with Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams but thinks Lou Boudreau of Cleveland is the smartest hitter of them all.

Joe Gordon has always given him trouble, but his headache for years was Bob Johnson, old left fielder for the Athletics and Red Sox.

"He used to murder me," says Newhouser. "Batted .500 against me."

Newhouser is something of a Ring Lardner you-know-me-Al character with Boy Scout attachments. Like all players who have acquired the modern lore of the game, he finds Steve O'Neill the best manager in baseball, Mr. Briggs the finest owner in baseball and Detroit the greatest town to play in. He says he has never dickered over salary or held out for a better contract, but the Detroit writers lift a questioning brow at this.

In any event, Detroit has treated him well and he has treated Detroit well. He is said to have been paid $45,000 in 1946 and to have signed for $50,000 this year. In addition there have been bonuses.

"He's not the gentlest character out there," says Tebbetts, who used to catch for him, "but he wants to win. I know a lot of pleasant guys who never win."

THE END

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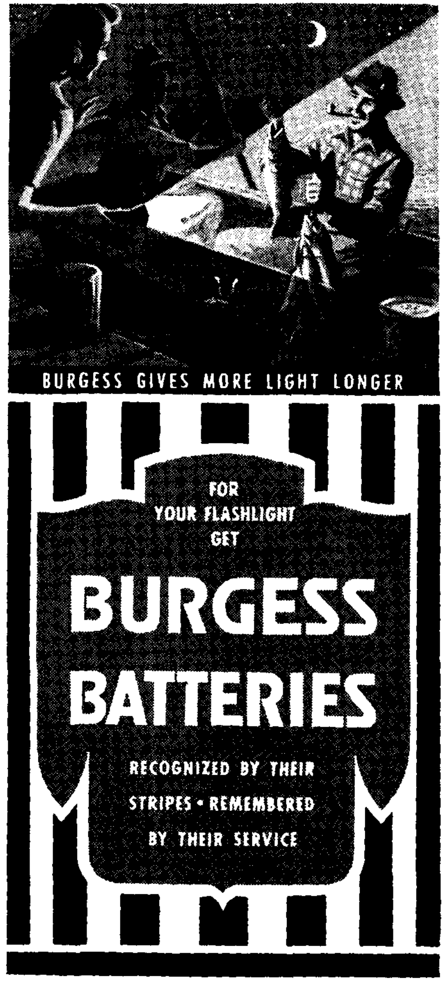
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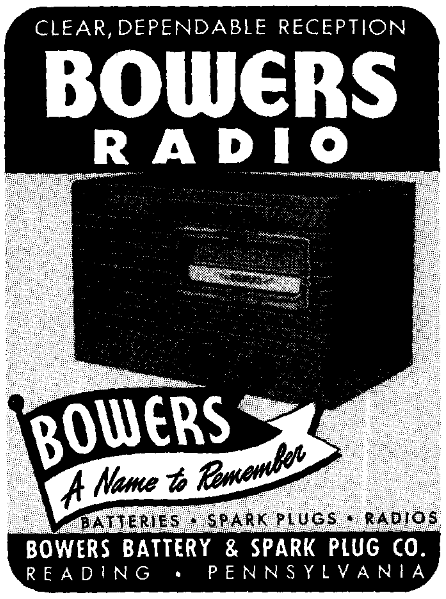
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## TOO LATE FOR LOVE

Continued from page 66

Marjorie jumped up, feeling a little ashamed for it. "Hello, Cass."

They stood side by side, but not together, then he lightly touched her arm and held out the violets. "Last bunch in New York," he said dramatically; "or so the old man on the corner told me."

Marjorie took them and held them against her cheek. They were cold and damp and full of perfume. She remembered the young boy with the full basket. Still painting pictures, she thought quickly, telling half-truths for romantic effect. She gave a little sigh. "Thank you, Cass," she said, in a level voice. "They're lovely."

Cass ran his fingers through his thinning hair. "How about a drink?"

"Fine."

THEY crossed the lobby and went into the bar. It was a dark room and they found a table in the corner.

He ordered, then he sat back. "You're looking quite enchanting. You must have had lots of sun."

"Yes," she said, ignoring his extravagance. "Arizona's full of it."

"The Cape was wretched," he said. "Nothing but fog and rain."

"I wasn't sure you'd get here," Marjorie said. "You know how you are about dates!"

"This was a very special one, Marge."

"Yes," she said. "I know. Three months to the day."

They looked at each other and smiled. They were being almost painfully gentle, treating each other like invalids.

"Did you get my wire on your birthday?" Cass said, as the waiter brought the drinks.

"Yes. It was sweet of you."

"Not so sweet," he said. "After all, my dear, you are my wife." He raised his glass in a gallant gesture.

She nodded and sipped her drink. He looks tired, she thought, and his color is bad. A wave of protectiveness swept over her, but she quickly pushed it away. "Did you get any work done?" she asked.

"A couple of landscapes," he said. "Getting that Cape dampness on canvas is slow work."

"Yes," she said, automatically falling back into the habit of accepting his alibis for laziness. "It must be."

"Every one has trouble with it," he said, authoritatively.

"Do they?" she said, quietly, remembering that last year "every one" had trouble with "the Cape sunlight," and the year before, "the curious texture of the Cape sand."

They were silent again. Cass had started idly sketching with a match on a napkin. "What did you do?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I fell off an enormous gray horse and I burned my fingers in a camp fire."

"You!"

"Yes," she said, lightly. "I've changed my type."

He gave a little laugh. She noticed that his hair hung untidily over his collar and that there was a button off his shirt.

She reached for her drink and, this time, took a big gulp.

"This is pleasant, Cass," she said, "but it isn't what we're here for."

Cass stopped his sketching and glanced up. "No," he said, after a moment, "it isn't what we're here for."

"Do you want to start," she said, "or shall I?"

"You start," he said, in a low voice.

All right, she thought, taking a deep breath, I'll start. She rubbed her cheek with the violets, then she put them down and folded her hands in her lap. "Cass," she said, "how much did you miss me?"

Cass hesitated, but when he spoke there was a sudden softness in his voice. "I missed you a lot, Marjorie." She caught the change in his tone. "Did you miss me?" he asked, after a pause.

She swallowed hard. "Yes, of course. I missed you, but that doesn't have anything to do with anything."

"No?"

"No," she said, "that's just habit."

"Oh," he said, fingering his glass. "Just habit."

"Yes," she said, "the important thing, Cass, was that although I missed you, I was happier than I have been in years."

"Oh," he said quietly, "were you?"

Marjorie nodded. Lord, she thought, I should never have come. I'm bound to hurt him this way. A letter would have been much kinder. "You see, Cass, I'm really such a very different kind of person from you. You live so much in your dreams and private thoughts that, quite unintentionally, you cut anyone out of your life. I'm the—opposite. I don't have many dreams, but those I do have I want to share."

Cass moved uncomfortably in his chair. "What are you trying to tell me, Marjorie?"

She reached for the violets and held them up to her nose. "I don't think we ought to go on, Cass. I think we will both be happier living like this."

"Apart?"

"Yes," she said, "apart."

"You want a divorce?"

"Yes," she said, gently.

Cass raised his glass and emptied it.

"I'm sorry, Cass, with all my heart I'm sorry. I'd do anything not to hurt you."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I'm sure you would."

"Can I have another drink, please?"

He beckoned to the waiter and gave the order, then he sat back. Marjorie glanced at him. His eyes were closed and his lips were drawn tight. I'd no idea he'd take it so badly, she thought. She started to put out her hand, then she drew it back. I mustn't give way now, it's bound to be painful for a while, but it's the best thing for both of us.

The waiter brought the drinks.

"Is there anyone else?" Cass said, opening his eyes and looking over at her.

Marjorie shook her head. "Of course not, Cass, you know that."

"What is it, then?" he said.

SHE put her head back against the cushioned seat. Oh, she thought, so many, many things, my dear. Your thoughtlessness, your conceit, your sharp, bitter tongue that always says the one thing that will hurt the most, and then the baby—the baby we couldn't have—and all the tenderness you've never shown me—so many things.

"You know as much about it as I do, Cass."

He sipped his drink. "You've got a short memory, Marjorie."

"What do you mean?"

He put down his glass. "I thought we'd had a pretty good life together." He half closed his eyes. "Remember that house we had our first summer on the Cape—the one near the playhouse?"

"Yes, I remember. You wanted the only cool room for your studio."

He gave a little laugh. "I remember other things, Marjorie, midnight picnics with red wine—the time I took you to Hyannis to the dance—and your brick-red slacks. I painted you in them once against a dune—remember?"

"Yes," Marjorie said, "I remember."

"Were those days so bad, Marjorie?"

"No, Cass," she said, "there were wonderful moments, but—"

"But what?"

"There were other moments, too. Whole days at a time when you would hardly say a word, when you would cut me so completely out of your life I might never have existed. And then, sometimes when you did speak, it was worse still. I was stupid, I was ugly, I was common—I was everything you didn't like." She paused. "It's no use going back over all this, Cass."

"No," he said, "I guess not."

There was a silence. Cass' shoulders had slumped and he sat quite still staring down into his glass. Marjorie touched the violets and all of a sudden there was an ache in her throat. We've wasted so much time, she thought, and now, at the end, all I'm doing is hurting him. But what else is there to do? I've got to get away and try to live again.

Cass saw her expression. "No," he said, regretfully, "there's no use going back over anything." He brushed his hand lightly over his forehead. "But there's one thing I want you to know, to remember always, anything I've ever done that's been worth doing has come from you."

"Me?"

"Yes," Cass said, "you've shown me how to get inside people and that's the most important thing an artist has to learn."

"But, Cass—I haven't touched your life—you've never let me."

He gave an ironic little laugh. "I couldn't have done anything without you, Marjorie."

Marjorie turned slowly. Was it possible, after all, that she really had been important to him—*was* important to him, that back of all the quarreling and bitterness there was a solid basis for their marriage?

As if sensing her thoughts, Cass put out his hand and touched her fingers. "Dear, dear Marjorie, it's always too late, isn't it? Everything's always too late."

Marjorie sat quite still and up from the bottom of her mind an idea stirred. It's madness, she thought quickly, but I wonder—I wonder if it is too late. If now, at last, you understand yourself, then there's a chance you'll understand me. Oh, Cass—if only there were a chance!

"It takes a long time to grow up," Cass said in a quiet voice.

Marjorie watched him, and into her heart, hesitantly, at first, then with a rush, came a wonderful lightness. He *has* changed, she thought quickly, he really has changed. Cass, dear, if it's true we could start all over again—

She looked down and suddenly she saw the violets. For a moment she stared at them; then, as if a cold wind had hit her in the face, she drew back.

*"Last bunch in New York—or so the old man on the corner told me."*

SLOWLY, the words came up and echoed in her brain. She glanced quickly at Cass, then back to the violets, and as the implications of the childish lie broke through to her—the incorrigible faking that would go on and on as long as he lived—the hope faded from her eyes and they filled with tears.

She turned. You're right, Cass, she thought—it is too late. There's no magic left.

She got up and pushed back her chair, a heavy sadness weighing her down so that she moved slowly.

He had watched her expression change. For an instant, the lines around his mouth drew down. Then, as if he understood, he gave a deep sigh. He put out his hand and laid it gently over hers. She could feel a warmth in his fingers that had not been there for years.

She reached down for his handkerchief. This is the end, she thought, wiping her tears, it's run its course for both of us.

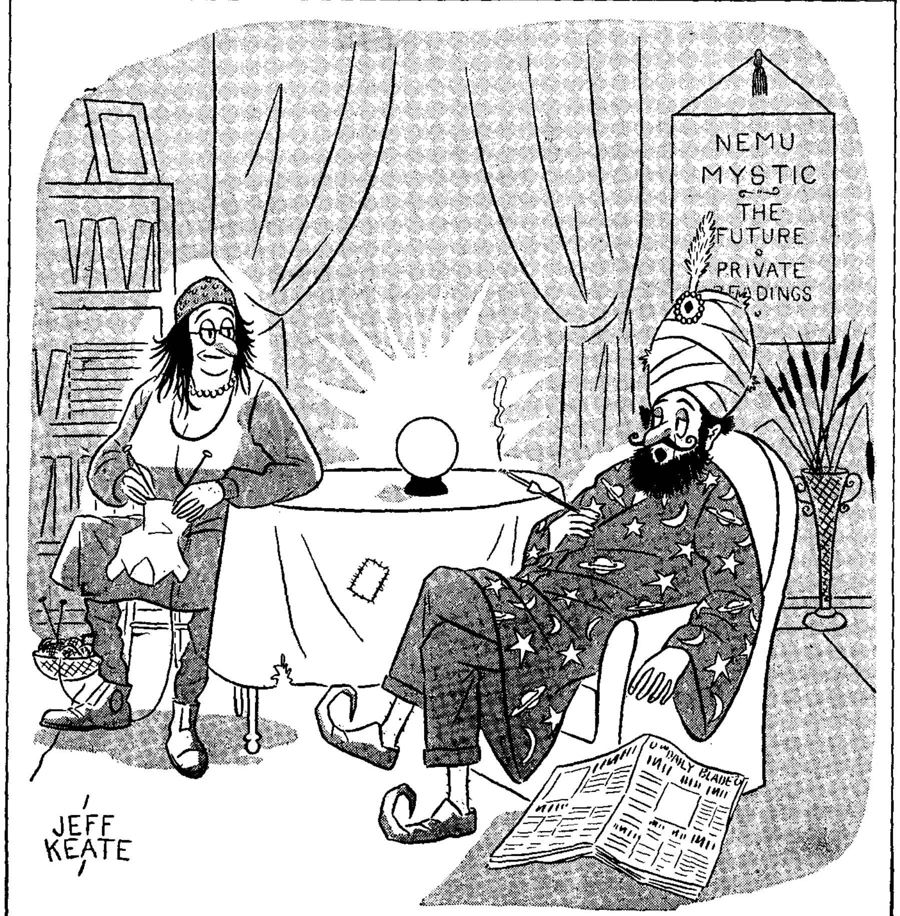
Their eyes met, and for the first time in their lives, they were two people completely together, completely peaceful.

"Goodby, Cass," she said. He looked at her, then he picked up the violets. He held them lightly to his lips, then he gave them to her. She took them and without a word, turned and walked away.

Cass watched her across the room. When she reached the door she stopped and glanced back over her shoulder. He blew her a kiss. For a moment she stood still, her head a little on one side. Slowly, she smiled. She waved his handkerchief, then she went out.

As she started down the street she saw the boy with the violets. He was tugging at the arm of an old lady and his basket was still stacked high.

THE END



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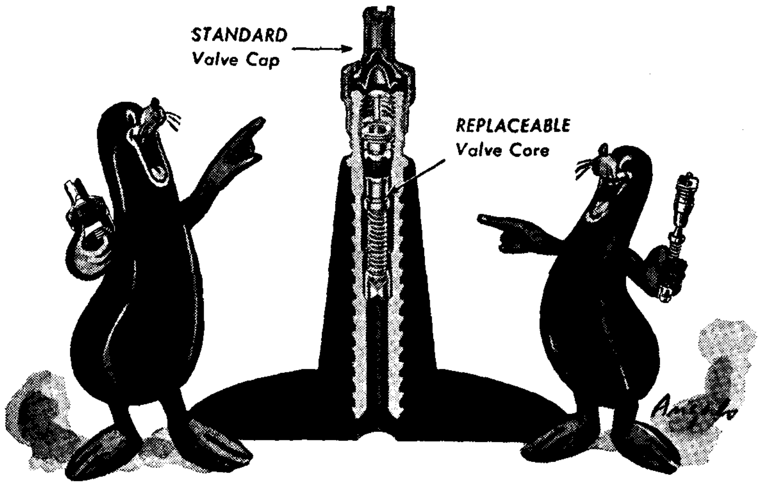

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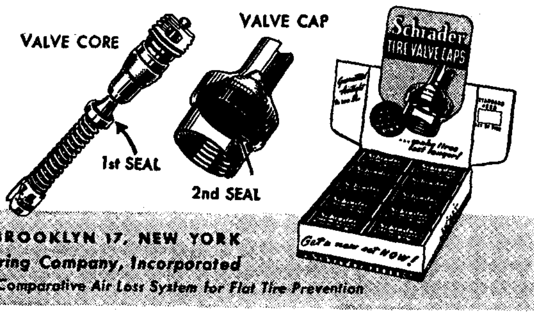

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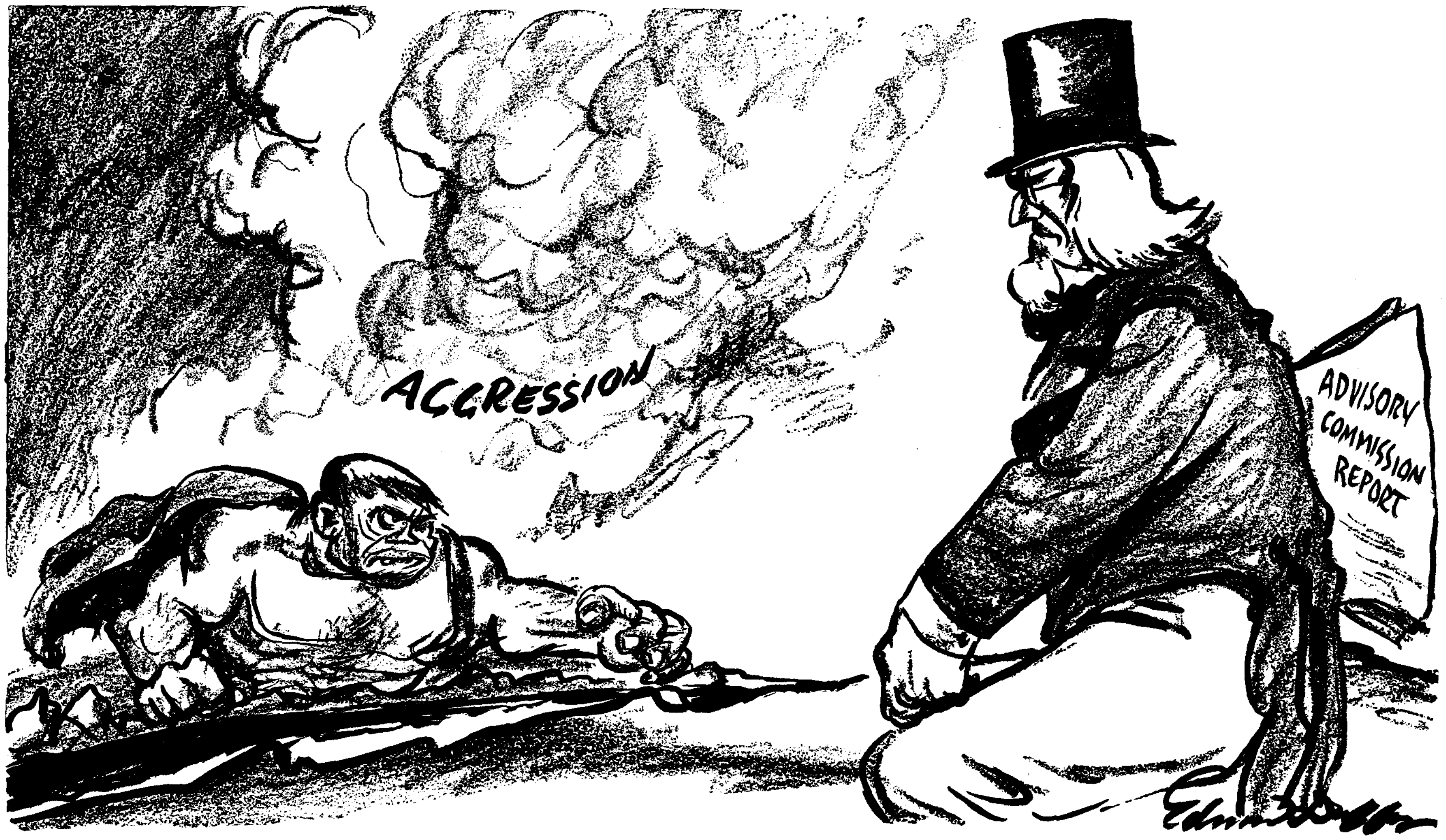

# CAN WE INSURE AGAINST WAR?

THE answer to the above question is: Of course we can't. There isn't any absolute insurance against anything, because this world is a most uncertain place.

However, we can, if we will, take out fairly thorough coverage in an effort to save ourselves from having to fight any more wars, atomic or otherwise, and to make reasonably sure of winning if we do have to fight.

President Truman late last year appointed a nine-member committee, called the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training, to look into these possibilities from all angles.

The commission was a distinguished one, comprising M.I.T. President Karl T. Compton (chairman); Joseph E. Davies, former ambassador to Russia; Princeton President Harold W. Dodds; Attorney Truman K. Gibson, Jr.; the Reverend Dr. Daniel A. Poling of the Christian Herald; Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg of industrial relations fame; Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, onetime adviser to President Roosevelt; the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, vice-president of Georgetown University; and General Electric President Charles E. Wilson.

It investigated and deliberated, and recently came through with a long, detailed and possibly frightening report on what we can do to keep wars away from our door in future or win them if they succeed in kicking the door down. The report is now being discussed far and wide by American lawmakers and military men, and no doubt by the leaders of potential enemy nations.

Much of the emphasis is placed by the President's commission on universal military training for American young men. It is recommended that each of our boys start a year's hitch at age 18 (or 17 with parents' consent), and spend the first six months in basic training in camp or aboard ship.

Under this proposal, he would then pass the other six months in one of several optional forms of training. Or, if qualified and ambitious to do so, he could make the Army, Navy or Air Force his career.

The object would be to provide this country with large numbers of men who would know what to do when and if an air-borne attack by atom bombers, followed up with air-borne infantry, were to surprise us some morning in a super-Pearl Harbor and blast a lot of our cities' gizzards out.

What we are chiefly afraid of is that if the American people consent to such a system of universal military training they may be lulled into a feeling of smug, false security.

To do that, it seems to us, would be to commit as suicidal a mistake as the French people did before World War II, when most of them concluded that the Maginot line was a 100 per cent insurance policy against any more invasions by the Germans.

The President's commission also wants this country to have an adequate Regular Army, Navy and Air Force, "capable of dislodging enemy forces from bases near this country" and of establishing new bases "anywhere in the world for new hammer blows against the enemy homeland."

We are also strongly advised by the commission to build and maintain a powerful mobile force of long-range bombers, their avowed job being, in case of necessity, to carry atom bombs to any point or points on the globe, for swift and merciless retaliation against any attack on us.

Needless to say, we would maintain a large and growing stock pile of the newest in atom bombs for these planes to carry.

Almost as important as the fighting services, according to the President's commission, is an efficient and thousand-eyed Intelligence service—in plain English, a spy system—to counteract the efficient spy systems of various other countries, and "to discover war plans of a potential aggressor or extension of his sphere of influence to replace the cushion of time which the United States no longer enjoys as a result of the speed of atomic attack."

Along with all these recommendations goes a warning that our monopoly of the atom bomb technique probably will not last beyond 1951, and that by 1955 a large-scale, all-out atomic attack on us will be possible.

This would be a grim and costly program.

We tried several easier and seemingly cheaper alternatives between World Wars I and II. The United States led the disarmament parade in 1922; promoted the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact in 1928; adopted stringent neutrality legislation 1935-36, and clung to it till after World War II began in 1939.

All these things were expressions of a sincere American abhorrence of war and desire to promote peace. But all that they accomplished was to spread around the world the impression that the United States for some reason would never fight again. In the end, we got into the worst fight in world history.

It may be that the United Nations—the latest expression of American abhorrence of war—will grow to be a powerful agency for war prevention. Someday perhaps U.N. may make big national armaments unnecessary. But that time is not yet, nor even in sight.

Until that time arrives, we can see nothing for the United States to do, alas, but to concert its defenses along pretty much the lines mapped by the President's commission. The plan isn't perfect; but it is at least a carefully considered basis for discussion—and action.

Whatever we do, it seems to us the most important thing of all is to avoid, persistently and always, the Maginot line state of mind—meaning never to kid ourselves that we can go to sleep defensewise because of some slick weapon, whether it be universal training or the atom bomb or any other. France did that once.

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